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Vol 2

GLEANINGS

THROUGH

WALES, HOLLAND, AND WESTPHALIA;

WITH

VIEWS OF PEACE AND WAR

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

HUMANITY:

OR

THE RIGHTS OF NATURE.

A POEM.

THIRD EDITION, CORRECTED.

BY

Mr. PRATT.

VOLUME II.

"TRULY to know Places and People it is abſolutely neceſſary to reſide "amongſt them a conſiderable time." MOORE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1796.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

OF VOLUME II.

LETTER XXVI.

NECESSARY information for the use of all sorts of travellers, respecting themselves, their baggage, and carriages, before setting out, and immediately on their arrival at Helveotsluice—Advice to growling *travellers—List of inevitable expences by land and water—Some good-natured hints.* p. 1.

LETTER XXVII.

"*Speak well of the* bridge *that carries you safe "over"—Thereby hangs a* pun*—Farther necessary intelligence for the patience and the pocket—Dutch deliberation—English hurry-skurry—Fine opportunities for triumphs of temper—An infallible receipt to please and displease every body.* p. 9.

LETTER XXVIII.

Several more condescending pages, wherein the Author accommodates himself to the humblest part of his character, *for the service of his friends*

friends and readers, touching their farther progreſs through the provinces—Preparations for fire and ſmoke—Stoves, and tobacco-pipes—The paſſage by water to Delft, pictureſque and agreeable, with adventures and remarks by the way. p. 13.

LETTER XXIX.

Dutch money—Exchange—Cautionary Hints—Pecuniary Obſervations—A mere Pounds, Shillings, and Pence Letter; in which the reader's intereſt is preferred to the Author's amuſement. p. 33.

LETTER XXX.

Reſemblance of the Dutch language to the Engliſh, with ſome matters as neceſſary to travellers as their daily bread, and yet very little attended to, except by dictionary-makers—The Author's Embarraſſments, and ludicrous mode of relieving them—A pantomimical breakfaſt, dinner, and ſupper—Ingenious device of a gentleman in a ſimilar dilemna—Omiſſions of lofty-minded *travellers, and the* lowlineſs of the Gleaner, *who promiſes to lay down a plan, by which his friends and readers may eat and drink, without being reduced, as he was, to* dumb-ſhew *difficulties. This is a very good-natured and well-intentioned letter, and picks up "the refuſe of thoſe harveſt-"fields," which ſublime travellers have gone over*

full gallop, disdaining utility—*The Author's Address to his travelling readers—He courteously takes leave of such as have had enough of his company, and invites those to go on that are pleased with his society—The Author communes with a friend.* p. 38.

LETTER XXXI.

Remarks on the route of thoroughfare *travellers—The plagues of memory, and pleasures of forgetfulness—The Author indulges a little in egotism—An account of what the Author does* not *mean to describe — Houses — Churches — Bridges—— Palaces — Hospitals — Brick — mortar — Fine sights—fine folks—and other old stories—The reader is carried incontinently to the Hague, where he arrives just in time for the fair—Dutch Dogs—Their industry.* p. 52.

LETTER XXXII.

The Author takes a walk with his reader to Scheveling, where they glean the environs of the Hague—Luxury of the foliage and vegetation in Holland—Picturesque scenery of wood and water, and a variety of matters it would be impolitic to anticipate; but the reader, who is of a social disposition, may expect happiness from a perusal of this letter, which describes the happiness of many both by sea and land—Dutch doctors

reprobate the ſea air, in the proportion that Engliſh ones recommend it. p. 67.

LETTER XXXIII.

The Author's ſoliloquy—and his eulogy on the ſea, with his defence of that element againſt the attacks of the Dutch doctors—The Author waxeth wrath, but gleans violently—Dutch prejudices—Dutch waggery—Hiſtory of old Pomm—Dutch impoſition—Dialogue betwixt the Author and a publican—A warning to travellers—Sea-ſide paſtimes—Marine pictures—Herring fiſhery—and other particulars, which it would be wrong to foreſtall. p. 76.

LETTER XXXIV.

The Author takes his friend and reader into a wood-walk, where he luxuriates in deſcription, of which, as it is impoſſible to give any ſummary account, he begs leave to recommend the whole, and has only to wiſh his recommendation may be taken. In point of variety, it cannot well fail, as the ſaid deſcription includes obſervations on the ſea—the ſhore—a nightingale—a cuckoo, and numberleſs other fine objects—alſo, a ſoliloquy—a panegyric—a ſatire—and a hiſtory of the Author's imputed inſanity—together with a poſtſcript almoſt as long as the letter, giving a farther proof of the Author's imputed

diſtraction—and an hearty wiſh that the reader may be as happy and as mad as himſelf. p. 93.

LETTER XXXV.

The Author goes to the theatre—his remarks on the Dutch drama, and the Dutch actors—the Dutch Hamlet—the Dutch Elfrida—and the Dutch audience. p. 110.

LETTER XXXVI.

Farther obſervations on the Dutch ſtage—public entrè *of General Boetzlaer, after the preſervation of the fortreſs of Williamſtadt—the reception of his two daughters—parallel betwixt a real and a fancied hero—an inſtance of Dutch urbanity—another—a third—a fourth—a fifth, from all which it is expected the reader will entertain more liberal ſentiments of the people of Holland, if peradventure, he has hitherto harboured any prejudices.* p. 125.

LETTER XXXVII.

Obſervations on the adminiſtration of juſtice in Holland—puniſhment of ſtate criminals—ſtory of the maiden and goblet—account of the general government of the Seven Provinces—of Dutch negociations—the power of the Stadtholder—his influence, patriotiſm, and almoſt boundleſs authority—general character of the Republic—its wonderful im-

provements, and industry—parallel betwixt Holland and the ancient Republics of Greece and Rome. p. 148.

LETTER XXXVIII.

The Author's observations on, and adventures at, the Hague fair—one of his soliloquies among the empty booths—moonlight remarks—strolling musicians—Punch—His panegyric on the House of Orange—Indecency and general clumsiness of Dutch toys—Personal indelicacy, a continental defect—In this letter the Prince, Princess, and family of Orange, with their Courtiers, make the grand tour of the fair, and regale the populace by eating in public—with the farce of the Courtiers' fetching and carrying—An essay on Great Folks and Little Folks—The dignity of Literature, and shameful slavery of Authors—The notions of Equality stated—A proposal for Great Folks to attempt exciting the admiration of little Folks, rather by not eating at all than by eating, which should be considered as an operation only adapted to the vulgar—Character of the Princess of Orange—Review of the Dutch Militia—Procession of the Stadtholder's Family and suite—The forces of Holland. p. 174.

LETTER XXXIX.

The Hague—its Wood held sacred by the natives, and by foreigners—When devoted by the States, ransomed

ranſomed by the People—The Author's tribute of juſtice to it—Anecdotes concerning it. p. 200.

LETTER XL.

An enquiry into the Poetry and Literature of Holland—Illiberality of neighbouring nations towards the talents and genius of the Dutch—Their pretenſions fairly examined—Specimens of their Epic—Character of ſome of their Poets—Divines—Civilians—Phyſicians—The ſimilarity of the Dutch and Engliſh Language accounted for—Specimens of their reſemblance. p. 205.

LETTER XLI.

View of Holland in Winter—Its ſcenery and diverſions at that time of the year—Froſt-pieces at Rotterdam—The diverſion of the Sledges, Scates, &c.—Deſcription of Rotterdam—Miſcellaneous ſubjects—National head-ſhaking—Sobriety—Induſtry—Obſtinacy, &c.—The ſmall Birds in Holland particularly domeſticated—The Author's intimate friendſhip with ſeveral of them during the hard froſt. p. 219.

LETTER XLII.

Of the hoſpitality of the Dutch—their character defended againſt the aſperſions of more plauſible *nations—Inſtance of diſintereſted generoſity in a Dutchman—The Hollanders no way deficient in liberal*

liberal ſentiments and actions—The ſpirit and energy of Trade—Obſervations on that ſubject, applied and illuſtrated—Cauſes of National Proſperity—Aſtoniſhing effects of the reiterated Induſtry of the Dutch—Parallel betwixt Alexandria and the Republic—Voltaire's character of the latter. p. 242.

LETTER XLIII.

Prejudices combated—The Dutch reſcued from unjuſt cenſure in ſeveral inſtances, wherein they have been unfairly treated—Their imputed Inſenſibility—The effects of Letter-reading, *with ſome remarkable illuſtrations, leading to the knowledge of the human Heart—The integrity of Conſcience even in Hypocrites—Parental fondneſs of the Dutch—Examples—The death-bed of a dutiful Daughter—Apoſtrophe to Candour—Of the Countenances of the Dutch — Neceſſary travelling expences — Tables d'Hotes averaged, &c.* p. 249.

LETTER XLIV.

Summary account of the Seven Provinces—Diviſions, Privileges, and Powers of the Republic—and many other matters, for the advantage and curioſity of the reader. This Letter is to ſerve as a Supplement to the Sketches of Ancient and Modern Hiſtory of the State, in the firſt Sheaf. Recapitulatory remarks on the Agriculture, Literature, Commerce,

Commerce, and Military Affairs of the Dutch—Apoſtrophe from Thomſon applied to Holland—Contribution of each Province to the State—Impoſts—Taxes—Religion—Proteſtant Clergy—Catholics—Tolerations—Rigours—Magiſtracy—Opinion of St. Evremond—Barrier Treaty—Union of Utrecht—Subſtance of the latter, with animadverſions—Liberty and Licentiouſneſs, their line of ſeparation the true point of good Government—Eminent men educated in, or natives of Holland—Hiſtory of the wild Girl of the Woods—The beautiful Province of Guelderland is gleaned with particular pleaſure, as alike favourable to the Eye and the Heart. p. 263.

LETTER XLV.

The Gleaner paſſes on to Leyden, which noble town he adds to his ſheaf—The Author's account of a Dutch bride—Marriage Offerings and Furniture—Nuptial Preparations—Bravery of the ancient inhabitants of Leyden—Remarkable Privileges and Charters in conſequence—Eminent Painters of Holland, with curious Anecdotes concerning them—The hiſtory of John of Leyden—his Conſpiracy—his Wives—his Coronation—his Tryal and Execution—The Dutch are too civil by half—*The fatiguing ceremony of bowing—and to put an end to the ſubject, the Author makes his bow to his friend.* p. 304.

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

The Author meets with a friend, who contributes a valuable Gleaning of the town of Leyden, and of the mode of Graduation in its Univerſity, principally with regard to Students in Phyſic—as well as a ſketch of the preſent ſtate of that Science—Alſo a converſation on the Dutch in general, touching their Hoſpitality, concerning which the Author and his friend, after ſome amicable ſtrife, come to a compromiſe.* p. 326.

LETTER XLVII.

Aſtoniſhment and incredulity of the Germans, Dutch, and others, on the ſale and quantity of Engliſh News-papers—The Author's account of them—A ſmoaker's reply to it—Obſervations on the Author's death, written by himſelf—The Horſes' Verſes. p. 338.

LETTER XLVIII.

A viſit to Haarlem—with the character of Mr. Hope—Character of Mr. Haſtings—Story of the Ants and Governor-General. p. 352.

* Dr. Pinckard, to whom the Author is indebted for the moſt valuable part of the above Letter, has been appointed Phyſician to the Army; and is now with the forces deſtined to St. Domingo: and who is moreover an ornament to his profeſſion, and a triumph to his friends.

LETTER XLIX.

Verſes written at Beaumont Lodge—Beaumont Lodge to Mr. Haſtings. p. 366.

LETTER L.

Viſit to Haarlem continued—Haarlem Linen Bleacheries—Haarlem Meer—Haarlem Heroines—The Mermaid—Hiſtory of the Counteſs of Hennenberg, and her 365 Children—Story of the Counteſs of Altorf's twelve Sons, twelve Puppies, and the origin of the preſent Royal Family—concluding theſe marvels with an account of a Sea Monſter. p. 370.

LETTER LI.

The city of Amſterdam—The Author's apology for omiſſion of dates—Journal of a preciſe Traveller from his ſetting off to his arrival at Helvoet—Deſcription of Amſterdam—The Wonders of its Conſtruction, Population, and Commerce—its Arts, Charities, &c. &c. p. 384.

LETTER LII.

Amſterdam continued—its aſtoniſhing Induſtry—its Attractions—The Author continues his Tour——Gleans a variety of Dutch Faces and Hearts—The Merchant and the Jew, the poor Tenant and the rich Landlord—Men of buſineſs vindicated from the charge of Inſenſibility—Origin and Progreſs of

of Amſterdam—its univerſal ſpirit of Toleration Deſcription of ſeveral Sectaries—The Muſick Houſes—The pretty Friezelanders—Riſe and fall of Seduction in Holland—Adieu to Amſterdam.

p. 397.

LETTER LIII.

The Beauties of North Holland—Saardam Paper and other Mills—Ladies—The delightful Villages of Alkmaar — Hoorn — Enkhauſen — Edam —and Monnikendam, &c.—The juſtly celebrated Town of Broek particularly deſcribed—The ſingular cuſtoms of North Holland—The painful neatneſs of the place and people—The Vicar and ſlippers—The women of North Holland—The remarkable dams of Medemblic and its ſurrounding ſcenery.

p. 426.

LETTER LIV.

Remarks on the different impreſſions and ſigns of Grief on different Minds—Diſtreſs of a German family—The Author again gleans himſelf. p. 450.

LETTER LV.

Return to Amſterdam—Effect of Contraſt—Bad behaviour and general ill manners of young Engliſhmen reſident abroad—their Coarſeneſs, Rudeneſs, and Folly ſtigmatiſed—Various examples. p. 458.

LETTER

LETTER LVI.

Anecdotes of the German Timber-merchants—The Duchy of Guilderland—Nimeguen—Arnem—and their beautiful environs—The ſuperior opportunities of a Traveller to indulge in a ſurvey of the Univerſal Benevolence of Nature and Providence—More ſelfiſh delineations. p. 467.

LETTER LVII.

The pleaſure of loſing one's way—Advice to the reader to take the right inſtead of the left, and the left inſtead of the right—The Woodman—A viſit to the Villas in the neighbourhood of Arnheim—Arnheim itſelf deſcribed—its Tolls—Taxes, and Impoſitions, for the good of the Republick—A tour to Roſindale—Beljoien—Brouverge, and Backhauſen, with ſome Scenery which you will wiſh to viſit, and it is expected, thank the Author for gleaning—Petrarch to Laura Maria. p. 478.

LETTER LVIII.

Prince of Orange, and celebration of his Birth-day—An Eſſay on Dutch and German Warming-pans—Republican Storks—Quails—Swans—and other birds protected by the Dutch—Nimeguen Ravens. p. 493.

LETTER LIX.

General History of the Revolutions and Disturbances of the Republic, from its foundation to the present time. p. 505.

ERRATUM, Vol. I.

P. 62, line 6, of the Introduction,—for,—*I* forgot,—read—*be* forgot.

GLEANINGS, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. B.

Helveotfluice.

I DO not think we can enter on the SECOND SHEAF of our GLEANINGS better than attending to what a traveller is moſt embarraſſed about on his firſt landing—the beſt and cheapeſt mode of proceeding on his journey: ſince it is but too certain, that all the information which he can get from books on this ſubject, is very inſufficient.—The tour-makers, indeed, have hurried on, as deeming the firſt port too trifling to merit their notice: and either diſguſted with what they have called impoſitions, fatigued with their voyage, or wiſhing to "ruſh into the "midſt of things" all at once, they have made a ſort of *running fight*, from whom they conceive to be enemies of their purſes, and ſit down "in the "ſick fit," to give ſplenetic accounts of their ſkirmiſhes with boatmen, porters, and waggoners, *currente calamo*.

In all this, there happens nothing but what muſt be expected from ſo much haſte, namely, folly and ignorance. The direct reverſe of ſuch conduct would be knowledge and truth: the effects would alter with the cauſes.

So far from the *place of landing* in *any* country being unimportant, it ſhould be looked upon as the key to every other, by whoſe aid alone we can open the cabinet of its curioſities, and become acquainted with its ſecrets. A general may as well affect to ſlight a frontier town as a traveller his port of arrival; the poſſeſſion of which, in both caſes, is of the firſt conſequence.

Under this aſſurance I ſhall take it for granted, neither you nor any perſon into whoſe hands theſe papers may fall, will deem the time miſuſed which is to be occupied in giving full inſtructions on this neceſſary ſubject; and you ſhall judge, from what follows, whether travellers have not left more *Gleanings* than they ought to have done at the port of Helveotſluice.

For the ſake of a thorough intelligence, let us ſtoop a little to take up the ſubject in the outſet. On *your* ſide of the water, a common

London

London Directory will inſtruct thoſe who cannot pleaſantly afford the luxury of a chaiſe, that the coach goes to Harwich every mail-day at ſeven in the morning, from the Spread Eagle in Gracechurch-ſtreet, and arrives in time to give the paſſengers refreſhment before the packet ſails, as well as to get the paſs from the king's agent in that town. This paſſport coſts twelve ſhillings and ſix-pence, on payment of which there is uſually a demur on the part of my countrymen, to aſk *what it is paid for?* when this anſwer as uſually enſues—*for the King!* Hereupon follow, commonly, the *whys and wherefores*, by the reverberation and multiplication of which, ſomething, even more valuable than money, is loſt—time and temper; and after *they* are gone, the ſaid twelve ſhillings and ſix-pence muſt nevertheleſs actually be paid. A man about to be decapitated, may as well reaſon with the axe while his head is laid upon the block by the ſtrong hand of the law, as diſpute with an agent of government about the payment of a tax; and yet, I fear, ſcarcely one traveller out of one hundred, departs without growling at the ſhameful impoſition of the legiſlature in *this fine for quitting the country*.—Thus, my poor, dear, argumentative countrymen are put out of humour even on the edges of England.—I wiſh, therefore, to *prepare* them for this grand

event; and, moreover, to assure them, that, if they are in wrath with the Minister who *imposes* the tax, they ought to be so with the agent who *receives* it, only in the proportionate ratio of *eleven shillings to eighteen-pence*, as the *latter* pittance is; truly, the whole of the sum on each passport that finds its way into the said agent's pocket—But, that my angry friends may know the whole of their misfortunes at once, which is always something, I will be generous enough to apprize them, that they will have the *same* taxation to pay for *returning* to their native country—so that upon the whole, unless each person can, well and duly, make up his or her mind to the *entire* loss of five-and-twenty-shillings, LAWFUL money of Great Britain, principal and interest for ever, I really think he, she, or they, had better stay at home, by which, not only this, but a number of other difficulties travel "is heir to," will be avoided. But, I give warning, there is no other alternative.—A very long acquaintance with the curious debates which I have heard on this topic, on both sides of the water, has made me deem it worth *gleaning* thus circumstantially.

So now to the rest of *inevitable* expences. A guinea must be given to the captain of the packet-boat for the accommodation of a very good bed,

and

and generally, as good behaviour, and one may certainly add, for the comfort of knowing you are under the protection of good ſailors; it being no leſs remarkable than true, that ſince the eſtabliſhment of theſe veſſels, the courſe of which is environed with difficulties, there has never been a ſingle wreck or accident that threatened it, although their neceſſity of braving *all weathers*, with the mail, has expoſed them to every violence of winds and waves. They are about ninety tons burthen; have a complement of ſixteen able-bodied ſeamen, and are conſtructed to anſwer the double purpoſes of ſpeed and ſecurity.

In moderate weather, the paſſage is about ſixteen hours, with a fair wind; if contrary, forty-eight. —I have, however, many times known it performed from port to port in thirteen or fourteen. The pacquets can accommodate twenty-five perſons in the cabin and ſtate-rooms; and ſhould a female wiſh, what delicacy often ſuggeſts, a place to herſelf, the Captain reſigns his own room, where ſhe is as much ſecluded from the reſt of the company, as if ſhe were in her own apartment. If any perſon chooſes to appropriate the *whole* cabin, he pays the captain ten guineas and a fine for every carriage.

Each paſſenger takes his own proviſions, with plenty of which the inns, on both ſides, are furniſhed, and have little baſkets ready to pack them up. But as the ſea uſually takes away the appetite of freſh-water ſailors, in the degree that it renders men ſeaſoned to that element voracious, ten ſicken at the *ſight* of that which the experienced mariner delights to *behold*; and it is a ſettled cuſtom which cannot well be diſpenſed with, to leave the baſkets full or empty as a little perquiſite to the ſhip's ſteward, who, if a paſſenger can make uſe of them, will provide plates, diſhes, glaſſes, knives, forks, &c. &c. dreſs the meat, warm up ſoup or broth; and if none of theſe are wanted, he ſupplies you with all the little aids that this miſerable ſickneſs ſtands in need of; on all which ſcores, *he* muſt be a churliſh paſſenger who refuſes to leave that recompence which can be of no ſervice to himſelf; for who can drag a baſket of ſtale victuals to an inn? or carry it on the road? and yet I have not ſeldom heard honeſt *John Bull* quarrel with this cuſtom, as

"More honour'd in the breach, than the obſervance."

But as it is only adding the acid of ill-nature to avarice, and after all as the thing *muſt be done*, I hope this condeſcenſion, on my part, to enter into the uſeful minutiæ will be graciouſly received.

If

If you arrive on the Tueſday or Friday at Harwich, which is generally the wiſeſt way, there is time for all theſe little preliminaries; but if you do not—that is, if you get there on the Wedneſday or Saturday, be careful you are not too late. The pacquet ſails as ſoon after the arrival of the mail as poſſible, and is frequently out at ſea early in the afternoon of thoſe days.

There are porters who take your baggage to the Cuſtom-houſe to paſs the *ceremony* of being inſpected; and as one good turn *always* deſerves another, it is at a paſſenger's option whether he *chooſes* to have his things diſplaced or not. The *ſtipulated* fee for the *examination* is very trifling—the compliment for *indulgence* is no object of conteſt. One point is certain; the caviller and niggard is ſure, in all caſes, to diſappoint his own intentions.

The pacquet lies a little off in the ſtream, for being rowed to which, including property and perſon, you pay one ſhilling yourſelf, and ſixpence for each trunk, box, or parcel—a charge ſo abſolutely pre-ſettled by the commiſſioners, that, though at the water's edge you were to begin thoſe adjurations which continue to your reaching the ſide of your veſſel, as is often enough the

caſe, all you will get for it is, that on board that veſſel you *cannot be put* till the uttermoſt farthing is paid.

Thus then ſtands your account:

	£.	s.	d.
1 Coach-hire from London to Harwich - - -	0	18	0
2 Baſket of proviſions - - - -	0	5	0
3 Paſs for yourſelf - - - - -	0	12	6
4 Servant - - - - - - -			
5 Cuſtom-houſe civility money -	0	2	6
6 Compliment to captain -	1	1	0
	£. 2	19	0

N. B. Calculate 3l. 3s. including coachmen, &c.

Luggage and living at Harwich cannot, of courſe, be aſcertained, but the whole buſineſs, independently of thoſe contingencies, may be thus calculated.

And now having put you ſafe, and, if you are diſpoſed to take advice, in good humour on board your pacquet, I can only wiſh you a pleaſant voyage, and in my next letter ſhall be ready to offer you my welcome, and my ſervices, like a courteous *Gleaner*, on your arrival in Holland. In the mean time,

I am, dear Friend,

Faithfully your's.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

TO THE SAME.

Helvoetſluice.

FOR my own eaſe as well as your's, I *chooſe* to ſuppoſe

" The favouring winds,
" Have kiſs'd your ſails to make your veſſel nimble;"

and that, on your gaining this town, however you may find yourſelf *ſick*, you cannot compleat the proverb by being *ſorry*.

Should it be high water, the pacquet will convey you into the centre of the town, ſo that you ſtep on the quay, and from thence into one of the inns, of which there are ſeveral, but none better, either for treatment or accommodation, than that of the *Prince of Orange*, the landlord of which is a ſon to a captain of one of the packets, which bears the ſame name, and which is certainly a very noble veſſel, as indeed they are all—only, if you will ſuffer me for this once, to *pun* on the commander's* name, which is " obnoxious to punning," I ſhould obſerve, that having made myſelf

* Captain Bridge.

ſome

ſome proſperous voyages in this Prince of Orange packet, it is but grateful to ſpeak well of the BRIDGE THAT HAS CARRIED ONE WELL OVER, at the ſame time it were unjuſt not to obſerve the reſt of the packets are excellent. Remember I diſarm your criticiſm by pleading *guilty* to this pun; but it lay in my path and I could not *help gleaning* it. If you find it chaff, winnow it from the wheat and let us go on.

Inſtantly on your getting on ſhore, the porters of the place apply to take your baggage to the inn. For each parcel, ſuppoſing your own ſervant does not carry them, you pay, according to the ſize, a price ſtipulated by the commiſſary, whoſe printed or ſigned order they produce in caſe of a diſpute. A large trunk is ſettled at four * ſtivers, a ſmall one, or portmanteau, at three.

Should you wiſh to proceed immediately, without taking any repoſe or refreſhment; though, by the bye, the environs of this town are very well worth ſurveying; it will be beſt to order your baggage to the commiſſary's at once, where it will be perfectly ſafe, other-

* Pence.

wiſe

wiſe you have to pay porterage a ſecond time, as it *muſt* go to the Commiſſary's prior to your departure; the carriage in which you are conveyed being obliged to ſet off from that officer's door.

There are a few other ceremonies to be attended to before you are in actual progreſs. You muſt, if in an hurry to be gone, ſend to have the bell rung for a waggon; as it is a buſineſs of a *long half hour*, as they call it here, to aſſemble the drivers, who caſt lots for the honour of conducting you. The ringing the bell is ſix ſtivers: the charge of the waggon is a commiſſary regulation; the compliment to the driver, ſomething, or nothing, at your option; but, uſually, a ſkelling, (ſixpence) or ſeſthalf, (fivepence halfpenny.)

Should the packet arrive *after ſunſet*, there is an additional charge for paſſing the gates; till ten o'clock, in Summer, each perſon pays a ſtiver; after which, three guilders, a perquiſite to the ſoldiers on guard. As the difference is great you ought to be prepared.

From a perfect knowledge of my good countrymen, who have, for the moſt part, a ſufficient

ficient portion of national prejudice to laſt them ſome thouſands of miles good travelling, I feel it here neceſſary to enter a caveat againſt their taking *offence* at many ſtrange matters they will now meet with. I would, if poſſible, *glean the way before them*, by clearing it of all impediments which may *actually* lie in it, or which are only the work of their own *unreaſonable* fancies.

And firſt, as to the ringing for this *waggon*. A waggon it literally is, though bepainted and befigured all over, ſo as to "ſeem the thing "it is not." Helveotſluice, however, affords no other conveyance either in wet or dry, winter or ſummer; and in this conveyance, if you do not walk—you really *muſt* go in all weathers, ſome ſix or ſeven miles, generally at a very ſlow pace; becauſe the roads, except in a very dry ſeaſon of the year, levy ſuch a heavy tax on your wheels, that neither man or beaſt can turn them round faſter.

To be ſure, a finer opportunity never offered itſelf, to try the patience of a mere Engliſhman, who comes from the fineſt public roads and carriages, perhaps in the whole world, to—as it will by compariſon to him appear—an immenſe

immenſe bog interſected by ſtagnant ditches—and if any thing be wanting to the climax of filling up the meaſure of his chagrin, it would doubtleſs be the inveterate patience of the *conductors* of theſe waggons: they ſit amidſt the wreck, almoſt, of wheels, and in all the "majeſty of mud," while the poor ſhivering paſſenger is trembling behind, with a compoſure ſo provoking, whiffing their pipes, that demonſtrates they are totally exempt from all thoſe *fine feelings* which render ſo many of their ſuperiors *elegantly wretched*. One piece of advice ſhould be particularly noticed, viz. whatever is your fear of being overſet—which by the bye you will *not* be—or your hope of diſpatch, not to attempt exciting *their* feelings, or animating their ſpeed; ſince to touch them with a ſenſe of your ſituation, or to put them out of their pace, is, among *impoſſible things the moſt impoſſible*. There is a time limited for their given ſtage, that time they will keep; but were your neck to diſlocate, or your nerves to ſhatter, they will only ſmoke and jog on;

"Laugh at the whirlwind, and enjoy the ſtorm."

This will not ſuit the expectations of men, about, perhaps, to make the *grand tour*, and in the habit of running at the rate of from ten to

ſixteen

ſixteen miles in the hour. Whereas, in Holland, either by land or water, your movement is *pre-ſettled at three*; inſomuch, that the diſtance from place to place is meaſured by ſo many hours; each hour implying a league.

Tireſome enough *you* will ſay!—unleſs you happen to be a *deliberate* traveller, which it is always ten to one that a traveller is *not*. Yet, to what end does a perſon travel at all: but to ſee the DIFFERENCE of manners and cuſtoms? Now it is the cuſtom in Holland to go ſlow; and for a tolerably good reaſon; becauſe they *cannot go faſt*. Why ſwear at them and their country for this? Were all things ordered as they are in England, you would have no object of travel. At any rate, now you are *told* theſe matters are to be expected—and you are told the truth—you muſt either take a country as you do wedlock, *for better and for worſe*, or remain contented where you are, and like the Virtuoſo in the comedy, only "travel in your "books."

Amongſt the *pains* of a reſidentiary Britiſh traveller are to be reckoned thoſe which he derives from being a ſpectator of the *prejudices* of his countrymen; ſome of which are ſhewn off

off almoſt immediately on his ſetting his foot on a foreign ſhore. Nor are theſe, by any means, confined to people of low education, and of courſe low ideas; but inſinuate themſelves into the moſt enlightened minds and underſtandings, when trained up at *home*.* That impoſitions are always and every where practiſed by natives on foreigners, cannot be doubted; that when detected they are more inſulting to our good ſenſe than injurious to our fortunes, muſt alſo be admitted; and that in the provinces of Holland, ſuch things are, I am ſo far from denying, that I mean, in their due times and places, *to point them out*. But is not England, dear England, under the ſame impeachment?—Does ſhe not over-reach and play upon both the property and perſon of a new-imported ſtranger in the ſame manner? and as many little circumſtances are leſs cogniſable by magiſtracy—are not ſome of her impoſitions even greater in degree? Does ſhe not add ſcorn and ridicule to thoſe impoſitions? Can any ſingularity in dreſs, air, manner, or language, eſcape her criticiſm?—and, though, happily, theſe outrages on national urbanity are practiſed only by the *mob*, or the giddy and *worthleſs* part of the wealthy, they certainly ſhould induce all orders

* Home-keeping Youth, have ever homely wits. SHAK.

of

of Engliſhmen to *allow for a little retaliation*, as well as laying their account to find ſome of that chicane and vulgarity *abroad*, of which they have ſo plentiful a ſtock at *home*.

As a very little candour and fellow feeling, will rather lighten your baggage than make it heavier; as it will even be a ſort of letter of credit through all the countries you mean to traverſe, I ſtrongly adviſe you to take a little of it with you; becauſe, the omitting to do ſo will be attended with two of the worſt conſequences, viz. render *you diſſatisfied with every body, and every body diſſatisfied with you.* Be ſure, therefore, you find room for it as one of your *neceſſary* articles: with which piece of good council, I bid thoſe farewell, for whoſe uſe it is intended.

To you, my friend, ſuch a caution would be unneceſſary. Were I to give *you* warning of any thing, it would be to guard you againſt the *exceſſes* of Philanthropy. May you meet with objects to deſerve them!

LETTER XXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

SINCE I have got thus far into the ſtyle of *compagnon de voyage*,—albeit the office of *guide along the dykes*, is not a bad tranſlation for this country,—I will e'en go *humbly* on, till I have like an honeſt guide enabled you to pick your way, till you have got firm footing: for as a ſtranger, I muſt conſider you at preſent as going over *trembling* ground.

If after what has been ſaid you are neither reconciled to the bad roads nor worſe vehicles that go over them, your only alternative is walking; which in Summer is really pleaſant; and in all ſeaſons is preferable to an healthy perſon; as you have a little village at which you can pauſe midway betwixt this town and the Brielle, and go upon a path of powdered cockle-ſhells all the way; for the moſt part as firm and well bound as if it were of Engliſh gravel. Should your baggage conſiſt of a ſmall trunk, portmanteau, or travelling bag, a man may be hired to take it, unleſs there be ſeveral in company; in which caſe the better way will be to have one waggon for the baggage—clubbing the

expence; and all proceed on foot to the Brielle, which is preciſely ſeven Engliſh miles.

That the better, at leaſt, fairer part of yourſelves ſhould you travel with ladies, may not exclaim at this diſtance—though in a party of pleaſure, where a woman enters into the true ſpirit of a ramble, ſhe makes, perhaps, fewer difficulties than men—I muſt not forget to tell them, there *is* a ſort of thing, faſhioned coach-wiſe, covered at leaſt, in which they may go dry, and as Apollo ſays in Midas, will have "no bones broke, though ſorely peppered." When the roads are at their beſt, (which is indeed the only time theſe ſlight machines are to be truſted; ſo that when *moſt wanted they are uſeleſs*,) the novelty, &c. &c. &c. renders an experiment in them not unpleaſant. They have curtains of leather, but no glaſſes; are wholly open before, and far from being well ſhut behind.

Having now got you through the very worſt part of your journey, and cleared off the diſagreeables of it as much as I could; you are to be informed, that there are two ways of your going from the Brielle to any part of the Provinces.

There

There are public boats called ſchuyts, which go every Monday and Wedneſday from the Brielle to Rotterdam. If in a hurry you may leave your luggage to follow by thoſe veſſels.

And here let me recommend it to all thoſe who propoſe to make a viſit of curioſity, ſimply to perform the tour of the Provinces and return, to bring over as *little luggage as poſſible*; as every trunk not only coſts nearly as much as a paſſenger, but on account of the almoſt conſtant tranſitions by land and water makes it exceſſively troubleſome; and the porters are allowed as much for carrying half a ſcore yards as a mile. I will not take upon me to ſay how far Yorick's ſix ſhirts, and proviſionary pair of breeches, may anſwer to *other* travellers; but as I am ſure a perſon who does not ſquander his time, may ſatisfy GENERAL curioſity very ſpeedily; ſo far as relates to theſe Provinces, I ſhould think a ſack or bag made of pluſh or carpetting, and lined with leather, known in France by the name of a *ſac de nuit*, and very much in uſage here becauſe it pays nothing, being conſidered as an abſolutely *neceſſary part of the paſſenger*, might do extremely well. In Summer thoſe who are deſirous to get to Rotterdam the moſt expeditiouſly, may hire a waggon or a waggon-*chaiſe*, and go to a place

oppoſite Rotterdam where they croſs the ferry, and are there in a ſhort time; the price from Helvoetſluys is ſixteen guilders.

But ſhould they wiſh to go at their eaſe and as cheap as poſſible, they muſt go in the manner before mentioned: firſt to the Brielle, and from thence at low water in one of the ſchuyts, which goes every Monday and Friday; each paſſenger paying only thirty ſtivers (two ſhillings and ſixpence Engliſh) and a proportionate price for baggage.

Or ſhould they not arrive at the Brielle in time for the *public* ſailing days, a *private* boat may be always hired for ſix guilders and ſome ſtivers, and ten people may go in it; but when the ſchuyt is ordered, always have the precaution to take it as for *ten*; becauſe if you ſay two or three, and ſhould afterwards wiſh to admit a fourth he muſt pay ſix florins. The Dutch you ſee, are very *exact* dealers; you muſt therefore

"Speak by the card, or equivocation will undo you."

With a fair wind you are at Rotterdam in leſs than three hours; otherwiſe in about five. But as there are in different parts of the year, obſtructions

ſtructions to this mode, ſuch as high ſeas, (waters at leaſt,) ice, &c. &c. and you are ſtill preſſed to proceed; you deſire the landlord of the inn at the Brielle to take your baggage to the *heads*, from whence you croſs to the ferry-houſe in the iſland. When you are *half over* the water in your way to this ferry-houſe, if you do not mean to walk acroſs the iſland—the ſpace exactly of a league—and if your ſervant cannot carry your baggage, you requeſt the boatman to call a waggon, which is generally got ready by the time you arrive, and for your conveyance in which, if only one perſon, you are charged eight ſtivers; more in proportion to the number. Luggage, remember, is *always* in this country a ſeparate article.

You will be ſtruck with two awkward novelties in this buſineſs of croſſing the water.—The firſt is, that when you direct the boatman to order, while on the water, a waggon to go over the iſland, he holds up a *mop* as a ſignal to the waggoner. If *two* waggons are wanted, *two* mops are hoiſted, and ſo on to any number of perſons in the boat, which will carry over fifty perſons; and all the time he is elevating theſe ſigns, he bawls to the extent of his voice till his breath inſiſts upon quarter. I

once ventured to ſuggeſt, that a trumpet, or French-horn, giving as many diſtinct vollies as might be neceſſary to aſcertain the number of waggons wanted, would be a great relief to his own lungs, and to the ears of the company; but this hint was thrown out too much in the ſpirit of an *impatient* traveller, and before I had thoroughly gleaned the Dutch character; which is in all things uncompliant,

"Stubborn in wrong, inflexible in right."

The ſecond *Gaucherie* is, that when the boat has arrived on the other ſide, and a freſh freight waits its return, an ugly old hamper is drawn up to a long pole to give notice. I could not help *thinking*, but did not hazard a remark, that a flag, or any other ſimple article that could be diſtinguiſhed, would have a better look—but adherence to a cuſtom is ſo *inveterate* here, that I am perſuaded theſe mops and baſkets would not have been yielded for the fineſt French-horn in the Prince's band, nor the beſt pair of colours in his armies.

Having croſſed the iſland, you paſs a ſecond ferry to Maeſlandſluice; I ought previouſly to have told you—as no conciliatory circumſtance in

in this part of your tour (which is certainly the moſt diſagreeable) ſhould be forgotten—that there is a good poſt-coach to be had at the ferry-houſe, which will take four perſons, if you prefer it to walking, or waggoning it over the iſland. At Maeſlandſluice, which is a very large, but pretty fiſhing town, you will find good accommodations, *en paſſant*, at the *Moreain*, or Blackmoor's Head, from whence you can take your route in ſchuyt, or land carriages, to any part of the provinces.

You may depend upon the following being the exact order for the boats to *Delft*, which is your firſt ſtage, whether you go to the Hague, Rotterdam, or any other place; and as water-travelling is by far the moſt agreeable and reaſonable mode of making your excurſion, you will probably adopt it. The ſtatement of this order, therefore, will be very generally uſeful.

In Summer, at half paſt five in the morning—again at eight—at half paſt eleven—at two in the afternoon—at four, and at ſix.

In the Winter, at eight, and at twelve—in the evening, at one, three, and five. The price to each paſſenger in the *roof*, as it is called, eight ſtivers, excluſive of luggage.

Although I have more to ſay of theſe Trecht-ſchuyts hereafter, being indebted to them for ſome picturesque and characteriſtick Gleanings, I will here obſerve, generally, that they are large paſſage-boats, drawn by one horſe, like our coal and other common traffick barges.—They are divided into two compartments, the largeſt of which, of inferior price, as of inferior accommodation, is for all ſorts of paſſengers, of which each boat will hold from fifty to ſeventy perſons, allowing even for the tremendous trowzers of the men, and the prepoſterous petticoats of the women. The ſecond diviſion is appropriate to whoever chooſes to pay accordingly. It will hold from ſix to eight people with eaſe—but as the admiſſion of a ſingle Dutchman would fill it with ſmoke (a pipe being always ſuppoſed welcome, inſomuch that *Love me love my pipe* is a Dutch proverb, anſwering to *Love me love my dog* in our country) it will be always the ſafeſt way to *hire the roof*, that is the whole cabin—for which you apply to the Commiſſary, who lets it to you if not taken for an expence well worth incurring, till you are thoroughly *ſmoke-dried*—which if you become, as I am, a reſidentiary traveller, you will ſoon be, and no more regard a whiff of tobacco ſhot at you than a ſea-breeze. The force of habit is omnipotent; and

it

it was from a thorough knowledge of its power that Shakſpeare made Othello ſay,

" Cuſtom, moſt grave ſeigneurs,
" Has made my flinty and ſteel couch of war
" A thrice-driven bed of down.

You remember I dare ſay the ſtory mentioned by Dr. Plot, and retailed by the Spectator, of an ideot who chancing to live within ſound of a clock, and always amuſing himſelf with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock ſtruck; but this inſtrument of his entertainment being ſpoiled by ſome accident, the ideot continued to ſtrike and count the hour without the help of it in the ſame manner he had done when it was entire. And Bacon obſerves in his Natural Philoſophy, that our taſte is never better pleaſed than with thoſe things which at firſt created our diſguſt—a remark which Mr. Addiſon illuſtrates by informing us, that one of the greateſt geniuſes this age has produced, and who had been trained up in all the polite ſtudies of antiquity, upon his being obliged to ſearch into ſeveral rolls and records, confeſſed, notwithſtanding ſuch an employment was at firſt very dry and irkſome to him, he at laſt took an incredible pleaſure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil and Cicero.

Now

Now though I cannot ſuppoſe this mechanical effect can render the violent fumes of tobacco half ſo agreeable as a cup of tea or coffee taken in unobſtructed air, were you even to ſit enveloped in a Dutch boat till you were blackened and ſeaſoned like a ham upon a hook in a kitchen chimney, I have not a doubt but a little time will reconcile you to bear and ſcarcely to notice this really univerſal practice in Holland and in Germany. Brats of eight or nine years old will take out their pipes with much formality, and whiff it out in a few minutes. In the great department of the boat fifty are ſitting on oppoſite benches, their pipes almoſt touching each other, and puffing vollies of ſmoke from their mouths and noſtrils as if they were in the midſt of an engagement at cloſe quarters. In the coffee-houſes of Rotterdam, Amſterdam, and the other great towns or cities, where it is cuſtomary for the merchants to meet before and after change, there are ſometimes five hundred ſmokers at once; amidſt the cloudy atmoſphere of whom, I, who found it almoſt ſuffocating, aſſimilated to it ſo tolerably by the force of habit, that, though I believe I could go through a ſtreet on fire ſooner than ſmoke a ſingle pipe, I wrote out ſome of my pleaſanteſt gleanings in the midſt of the ſmokers.

Not,

Not, however, to run the riſk of being overwhelmed all at once make yourſelf maſter of the roof if poſſible—and if not poſſible, and peradventure a pipe or two ſhould be levelled at you, think of the ideot and his clock, and the philoſopher with his rolls and records.

In ſhort, think of any thing but ſuppoſing (whatever be your rank and ſtation, character, or ſex—a great man, or even a beautiful woman) think not, I ſay, a true Dutchman—untravelled—will ceaſe levelling at your eyes and noſe till he has ſhot the contents of his mouth-gun full at you. And then—thank God!—yes, thank God that you are, by the way your boat has made, ſince that *firſt* pipe was ſmoking, ſo much nearer the end of your ſtage—for every ſmoker is ſupplied with a ſtove and generally an enormous box of ammunition, and fills and empties with almoſt as much dexterity, and more perſeverance, than a ſoldier charges and fires.

Not that a Dutchman wants good manners or civility, but that his whole family, and all his connexions, male and female, are ſo entirely in the habit of this practice, that it never enters into his imagination it can be offenſive to any body elſe. Indeed the offer of a pipe is as common a mark

mark of courteſy in this country, as the offer of a chair in our's; and in the maſter's abſence the miſtreſs of the houſe preſents it as an introduction to hoſpitality. You are not, however, to judge from hence, that in the polite houſes this cuſtom equally prevails: there are no ſet of people who conduct an entertainment with more good breeding, if you allow for a few pomps and ceremonies, ſuch as I ſhall have occaſion to mention as we paſs on.

At preſent we muſt return to our Trechtſchuyt, out of the cabin of which if you are a rapid traveller, you will, perhaps, think I have detained you with matter irrelevant to neceſſary ſubjects, unſeaſonably long. Yet this will be a little ungrateful in you too, becauſe I have been at ſome pains to fortify you againſt fire and ſmoke, and arm you cap-a-pee for the day of battle; and have moreover been a mere *matter-of-fact gleaner*, intent only in bringing you forward at the leaſt charge and inconvenience—not to lay any ſtreſs on my examples from the Spectator. And to fall out with me by the way for interweaving a few remarks on cuſtoms and ideas, that if you do not ſtay long enough with the natives you may never know, would be churliſh indeed to a guide ſo friendly.

I have

I have prepared you againſt the worſt, but I will rather ſuppoſe you are lucky enough to meet the beſt by hiring the roof, and that you are ſole monarch for the time being, of that ſnug little apartment which moves upon the face of the waters, without your being ſenſible of the motion, permitting you to feel yourſelf as if in one of your ſmall parlours or cabinets at home: and giving equal freedom to think, read, talk, write, or work, or even repair your dreſs if it is deranged: for this gliding room which is extremely clean, well faſhed and cuſhioned, is provided with a table, looking-glaſs, and every other convenience:—if you wiſh to take wine, you are ſupplied with goblets and glaſſes—if tea or coffee, the cups, ſaucers, and warm water, like Edwy's Fairy Banquet,

"Come with a wiſh,
"And with a wiſh retire."

This without all doubt is in Summer the moſt agreeable method of making the tour of the Provinces, as it not only affords you an opportunity of ſurveying the moſt beautiful villas, gardens, and pleaſure-grounds, (moſt of theſe being near the banks of the canals,) as likewiſe of the voluptuous paſtures, and of the fine herds that graze on them; but of ſtaying any number of

of hours or days you chooſe in the towns, cities, or villages that moſt pleaſe you, with the advantage of quitting one reſting-ſpot for another almoſt any hour of the day.

On entering each town of deſtination, your luggage is committed to the care of one of the porter men or women, for the inn, if you deſire to ſtop;—to the Commiſſary, ſhould it be your deſire to proceed—and the boat-maſters have contrived that ſoon after your arrival at one place, a ſchuyt is ready to ſet off for another; ſo that you are never detained by any wheedling landlord, unleſs at your own option. In a word, the paſſage-boats here form a chain of which each ſchuyt is a link, by whoſe connexion with the reſt, you make with as little trouble as poſſible the circuit of the Provinces.

At Delft, for inſtance, where I will now ſuppoſe you landed, there are ſchuyts which carry you to Rotterdam by one canal; to the Hague by another. That to Rotterdam ſets off every hour in the Summer, nearly from ſunriſe till long after ſunſetting; and in Winter from eight in the morning to ſeven o'clock at night; in the roof the price is eight ſtivers; in the other part five;—boxes and trunks, nearly as much as yourſelf.

yourſelf. If your deſtination be the Hague, a barque goes every half hour in the Summer, and its ſtarting is announced here, as elſewhere, by the tingling of a bell.

Should your route be Amſterdam, and you prefer going at once by water, you will find at Delft, a barque that goes every day at three in the afternoon during the Summer; and arrives at half paſt ſix the next morning. In winter—January and February, at leaſt—they ſet off only three times in the week, Mondays, Wedneſdays, and Fridays; returning alſo on the ſame days from Amſterdam. Theſe barques are very commodious; take large freights of goods for tradeſmen; have an excellent cabin, in which are good beds, where you ſleep as in your own chamber; and the expence is only three guilders three ſtivers each perſon. If you take the whole roof, which accommodates ſix perſons and ſix beds, fifteen guilders muſt be paid, and fifteen ſtivers; but, if the captain is not excluded, the price is only twelve guilders twelve ſtivers; ſomething more than the uſual change of a guinea.

Taking with you a baſket of proviſion and a bottle or two of wine, this is an excellent way of getting to the capital of Holland, if you can

reconcile yourſelf to paſſing by *night*, ſome of the intermediate ornaments and labours of the country. You ſave, however, the trouble of paſſing from ſchuyt to ſchuyt, and ſhifting luggage, as by Leyden, Haerlem, &c. but then again you miſs the ſurvey of thoſe beautiful towns, unleſs you take them on your return.

Thus, gentle traveller, having conducted you to Delft, which is a centrical point in the Seven Provinces, I might conſider the dues of urbanity and compatriotiſm fairly performed, and leave you to yourſelf, wiſhing, that whatever be your tract, ſatisfaction may be the reſult. But before we part, I have other ſervices to render you:— the firſt of which ſhall be to ſet you right, with reſpect to the *money* of the country; a taſk which has not yet been accurately performed.

This, however, muſt be the object of another letter. The preſent has carried you over ſo many difficulties, I think you will readily allow me a reſpite; and, poſſibly, if you really happen to have encountered them on the day you peruſe this advice, you may be glad of a little repoſe yourſelf: for of all kinds of fatigue, that which is attendant on the eager purſuit of pleaſure wearies us the moſt.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

TO THE SAME.

IN the deſcription of the different monies uſed in the United States, I propoſe, as nearly as poſſible, to give you an eſtimate of their value in Engliſh currency.

SILVER COINS.

A Doyt. Is about half a farthing.

A Stiver. Something more than a penny at *par.* For inſtance, twelve ſtivers are equal to a ſhilling: at many places, however, they will not give more than ten ſtivers for a ſhilling; therefore the leſs a perſon brings of ſilver coin from England the better. A ſtiver is a little piece of the ſize of a ſilver penny; but is of baſe metal.

Dubbeltje. This coin of the ſame metal, is exactly double the value, and is extremely handy in ſmall change. I, therefore, recommend the traveller to get about five ſhillings of change in theſe two ſtiver pieces to pay ferries, poſtage, and other trifling charges.

Five Stiver Piece, or Quarter Guilder. Of the ſame impreſſion as the guilder, but very rare. You muſt occaſionally, however, meet with it.

A Zeſthalven, or five Stivers and four Doyts, is a piece of baſe metal equal to an Engliſh ſixpence in value. The more of theſe you can get the better; becauſe the preciſe value being known, you can better judge of what you are paying in your little bargains, the ſettling of which is very embarraſſing at firſt. The zeſthalven is alſo very handy in paying for baggage, water carriage, &c. &c.

Schellingen. This is of various ſorts, ſome the ſame as the zeſthalven; but with a little ſtar ſtampt on it: if not larger, in which caſe, the ſize determines the value; others have a ſhip on them. They are of tolerable ſilver.

Six Stiver and one-half Piece. Is a ſilver piece a little larger than an Engliſh ſixpence, and the eighth part of a rix dolder.

Eight Stiver Piece. A larger and thinner piece than a ſchellingen; not often paid you, but now and then falls in your way.

Ten

Ten Stiver Piece. A ſilver coin, very ſcarce, value half a guilder.

Twelve and one-half Stiver Piece. Not much in currency.

Thirteen Stiver Piece. This is a coin of Zealand, and much in uſe.

Twenty Stiver Piece, called a Guilder, or Florin. Silver, and the true coin of Holland; and a great pity it is that the confuſed ſilver currency of the Republic was not regulated by this piece of twenty, another of ten, and another of five ſtivers; but one may as well expect they would baniſh money altogether as that they will enter into ſuch a reform.

Twenty-five Stiver Piece. Is ſilver and half a rix dolder.

Twenty-ſix Stiver Piece. This aſcertains itſelf.

Twenty-eight Stiver Piece. Of this there are ſeveral ſorts; it is Holland currency; when you receive a ſum in this coin, which is frequent enough, they generally pay you five in a lot, making ſeven guilders each lot.

Thirty Stiver Piece. This is the piece called the Dolder, is Dutch currency, value about half a crown Engliſh, and of equal ſize; there are various ſorts.

Thirty-one Stiver and one-half Piece. Half a ducatoon, and ſo called; but you will not meet it often.

Forty Stiver Piece, or Two Guilder Piece. Not common.

Fifty Stiver Piece. The old rix dolder; not liked, and not much uſed.

Fifty-two Stiver Piece. This is the modern rix dolder, extremely current, and what you will receive in the payment of almoſt every guinea. But as they will not paſs current in Amſterdam and ſome other places, for more than fifty, or fifty-one ſtivers, you ſhould avoid having too many of them. In Zealand they will fetch fifty-three.

N. B. The beſt ſilver money is the guilder, or twenty ſtiver piece.

Sixty Stiver Piece. Called a three guilder piece, very much in uſe.

Sixty-

Sixty-three Stiver Piece, or Ducatoon. Made at the time the Spaniards got footing in this country.

GOLD COINS.

A Ducat. This is of admirable good, and of great ſervice to a traveller; but ſometimes ſcarce and bought at diſadvantage. Its currency is univerſal—the general value five guilders, five ſtivers—but being of the pureſt gold is caught at eagerly by the Jews, and not to be got out of their hands, or even the bankers', without paying them two or three ſtivers profit on each ducat. But though this appears an impoſition, when you get beyond the Provinces, into Germany, Pruſſia, &c. they increaſe ſo much in value that your general portable caſh had better be in this coin, which is ſterling in value, and light of carriage.

Double Ducat. Is ten guilders ten ſtivers.

Rider. Fourteen guilders.

Half Rider. Seven guilders—all theſe are current, without any drawbacks through the Provinces.

LETTER XXX.

TO THE SAME.

I WILL employ this letter on a ſubject which can ſcarcely be comprehended under the article *Gleanings*, becauſe I do not remember to have ſeen a ſyllable ſaid upon it by any touriſt, trippiſt, or traveller whatſoever; though from experience I am convinced, as muſt every one who has been on this part of the continent, it is one of the moſt neceſſary to be diſcuſſed, and for every ſtranger to be prepared in. I allude to the ſimilarity of the Engliſh and Dutch languages, and the uſe of being ſupplied with a few queſtions and anſwers in the latter for daily exerciſe, which in ſome parts of Germany, and even of Holland, is as neceſſary to a ſtranger as his daily bread. It is impoſſible not to perceive almoſt immediately, not even to *feel* the general reſemblance of the Low Dutch and the Engliſh.

The words in any language which a traveller picks up, and tries to get a knowledge of, are of courſe thoſe which enable him to aſk for the neceſſaries of life, and amongſt theſe he will find when his ear is a little accuſtomed to the difference of accent, ſo great a ſimilitude betwixt the

the words which are uſed at home and abroad (I include Germany in this remark) that he will ſoon underſtand the general *ſubject* of converſation amongſt the natives; and if he mixes with them in their ordinary ſocieties a ſhort time, will be able to take his ſhare in them. There is indeed, ſcarce a ſentence in which the manufacturers of language, whether Dutch or Engliſh, have not borrowed from one another. The rights of etymology it is not my place to ſettle. Suffice it to obſerve to you, that in taking the circuit of Holland or Germany, an Engliſhman muſt return ſatisfied that there exiſts a very great degree of verbal reſemblance. Certain words indeed, ſo approximate, even in pronunciation, eſpecially in Freezland, that they have a proverb in that country which purports

"Good bread and good cheeſe,
"Is good Engliſh and good Freeze;"

of which truth though told in rhyme, I ſhall in its place preſent you with a pleaſant example.

The reſult of a great deal of obſervation then is, that ſuch of my countrymen as poſſeſs a vagrant ſpirit, and who meditate the tour of Northern Europe, would do well to equip themſelves with a few queſtion and anſwer phraſes,

peculiar to the country or province they intend to traverſe or to reſide in: for although a common knowledge of the French language is certainly a very uſeful and *general* paſſport through all parts of cultivated Europe; and is ſpoken much more amongſt *all* ranks of people in other countries than in our's, it is as I have found, by no means *univerſal* enough to guard you againſt very uncouth accidents: ſince there are *very many* ſmall and even great towns, both in Holland, Pruſſia, and other parts of Germany, well worth being viſited, where if a ſtranger had not leiſure to go in *ſearch* of ſomebody who could ſpeak French, or ſhould not be fortunate enough to take up his lodging at a public table *(table d'hote)* he would experience great inconvenience.

In one of the largeſt and beſt inns for example, in the circle of Weſtphalia, even in its capital (Cleves, concerning which I ſhall in due time expatiate) had I not, during my *firſt* reſidence in Holland picked up a little of ſomething *like* Dutch, I might as well have been thrown upon Robinſon Cruſoe's iſland after it was evacuated. Not a creature in the houſe, filled as it was with ſervants, could ſpeak either French or Engliſh, and for the firſt day or two after my arrival, notwithſtanding

ing the little mongrel Dutch with which I was fortified, as neither the maſter nor his ſervants were ingenious enough to make two or three ill pronounced words into an intelligible ſentence (although a Frenchman would have interpreted the worſt French I could have made uſe of, and accommodated me at *half* a word) my entertainment was in pantomime, and was amuſing enough after a few rehearſals.

This little extemporaneous drama was ſupported indeed by a very few characters, the principal of which were myſelf and an honeſt Swiſs boy appointed to attend me, and who really had all the good-humoured foolery, and whimſical trick of a ſcaramouch. When I wiſhed for breakfaſt, dinner, or ſupper, I opened my mouth then ſhut it, then opened it again, putting my finger backward and forward, to imitate the action of eating. When I wiſhed for drink I held up my head, and ſeemed (glaſs in hand) to be pouring its contents down my throat. The Swiſs boy incontinently did the ſame, nodded his head and went laughing down ſtairs; very ſoon ſhewing he underſtood me. Every thing elſe that I wanted was expreſſed in dumb ſhew, which ſo amuſed the Swiſs that I ſuſpect he was much diſappointed when this mode of communication broke off.

Thus

Thus as I could not "ſuit the word to the action," I ſubſtituted the action *for* the word. We certainly might have gone on in this manner for a twelvemonth, and I ſhould have been well ſerved; illuſtrating all the time the Roman's aſſertion, that the three grand principles and powers of oratory conſiſt in action; but as Gay's monkey who was alſo a traveller, and had made the grand tour, and was as eloquent on ſuch occaſions doubtleſs, as either me or my young Swiſs, I muſt own I felt myſelf rather ambitious to make uſe again of that faculty, of which with all his ingenuity, the moſt accompliſhed pug is a poor imitator; and moreover I muſt repeat, that my ſcaramouch *would* not underſtand many expreſſions, on purpoſe that he might prolong the pantomime.

Some days after, changing my abode to an hotel where I found a good *table d'hote*, I amuſed the company with this ſcene, and an Engliſh gentleman preſent informed me, that in North Holland he was put very often to the like difficulty, ſmoothed only by the like means: to prevent which in future, he had thought of an expedient, which was on his return to Amſterdam, to form ſuch queſtions and anſwers as were hourly occurring relative to culinary, chamber, and other domeſtic

domeſtic matters, and to get them put not only into good but to bad Dutch; that is to ſay firſt, as *properly* ſpelled; ſecondly, as pronounced without any attention to the *ſpelling*; thereby preparing himſelf as well for thoſe who could NOT READ, as for thoſe who *could*. He added that his buſineſs calling him into ſeveral of the ſame towns about a fortnight after, he took no guide but his new-made tablets, reſolving to try their uſe, and went through the very places at which he had before been embarraſſed perfectly at his eaſe, creating by the way a great deal of harmleſs merriment amongſt the people with whom he communicated, particularly in one family, the maſter of whom had been churliſh in the gentleman's firſt viſit: It was a ſmall inn kept by a ſurly purſe-proud Dutchman, who had ſaid (rudely, but not without point) if he was to find *language* as well as other things, he muſt *charge it in the bill*.

The gentleman had not forgot this rapid ſtroke of Dutch traffic, and by way of retaliation determined to go to the man's houſe again, prepared however with this firſt queſtion and remark—"*Will you anſwer me now?*—I ſhall point to what "I want of you without deigning to ſpeak to you, "marking the article deſired by very good Dutch.

"If

"If you do not anſwer it immediately I ſhall "diſcover you are as ignorant as you were in- "ſolent."

"Now it really happened," ſaid the gentleman, "that this fellow could neither write or "read, upon which I burſt out into a laugh of "triumph; and after expoſing him to a good "deal of company who happened to be aſſem- "bled, I left his houſe and was very well under- "ſtood in another. I uſually ſported my *bad* "Dutch which was generally comprehended, and "where it was not I pointed to my tablets, in "which might be read the good; and am con- "vinced that by adoption of the ſame plan, "accommodating my queſtions to different lan- "guages, I could make my way through Europe "with no actual ſkill in *any* language but my "own."

I was much taken with this device, and although I had predetermined to poſſeſs myſelf with enough of the language of *every* country through which I meaned to paſs, to expreſs my wants and wiſhes, and to *ſtop long enough* at a place to render this practicable—(a plan which included a ſufficient reſidence to *glean*, not *only* a little of language, but a great deal of the man-

ners

ners and of the cuſtoms of thoſe to whom ſuch language was natal—) I determined likewiſe, to follow up this gentleman's plan by way of *immediate ſupply*. Accordingly I put together a number of ſuch queſtions as I *muſt* aſk, the replies to which required, in general, nothing more than obedience to the orders they implied, and I found it of ſuch infinite uſe, that I ſtrongly recommend others to do the ſame, merely as a *ſuccedaneum*, till they can make ſome progreſs.

Indeed I conſider ſome knowledge of this kind ſo eſſential to common comfort and accommodation, that a traveller ſhould acquire it *ſe defendendo*. He will otherwiſe find himſelf like a man unarmed in the field of battle, obnoxious to every diſguiſed and every open attack of impoſition, againſt an enemy too accoutred at all points againſt his pocket. The countleſs number of guides, tours, journeys, &c. &c. collected, would form (at leaſt fill) a library, with which a man cannot poſſibly emigrate; and I am really aſtoniſhed, that amongſt all ſuch of theſe as have fallen under my inſpection, there has not been one traveller who has thought it worth his while to give a ſingle dialogue in common interrogatory and reply on ſubjects that are as neceſſary to be aſked and anſwered, as it is to do thoſe offices to which

which they lead, *viz.* eat, drink, and ſleep. Dialogues of this kind, or rather the queſtions and anſwers that form a part of them, may, it is true, be found ſcattered up and down the different grammars; but beſides that the things wanted lie too widely diſperſed, it implies a neceſſity of taking a library with you, and after that is done, hunting about from page to page for the thing wanted, inſtead of having them brought together cloſe under your eye, and within compaſs. To have done this might poſſibly deduct from the dignity of a travel writer, but would add importantly to his uſe. It ſeems, however, to be a taſk very proper for a Gleaner who is reſerved

"to pick up the refuſe of thoſe *harveſt* fields,"

the lofty-minded travellers have gone over with the nobler views of conducting their readers to pictures, palaces, temples, turrets, mountains, and other pieces of magnificence; which, after all, a common *valet de place*, a ſixpenny catalogue, or the perſons appointed to ſhew theſe fine ſights—theſe ſuperb *national lions*, would deſcribe full as well aſſiſted by your own ocular evidence at the ſame time. But even theſe auguſt Journaliſts muſt confeſs the uſe of that information they have diſdained to beſtow.

Conformably,

Conformably, therefore, to the unaſpiring humility of the character I have adopted in this work, I ſhall by way of Appendix in the laſt volume, before I bring my Remarks to a *final* cloſe, offer a couple of colloquial letters, conſiſting of Dutch, German, (that is, Low Dutch, High Dutch) and Engliſh, containing neither more nor leſs than a ſet (ſeries) of thoſe *orders*, *queſtions*, and *commands*, which every traveller, who is not *immortal*, and I have never heard of any preternatural ones ſince the excurſion of Jupiter and Mercury to old Baucis and Philemon, muſt give, aſk, and receive every day, and almoſt every hour of his life: and I will take care to place them as nearly as poſſible in ſuch diurnal arrangement, beginning with the riſing, and finiſhing with the repoſing hour, that it muſt be a ſtranger's own fault if he ſtands in need of the ordinary comforts or conveniences: becauſe, if there is a being in the houſe where he ſojourns who can read, he has but to point to the object deſired, and if attainable to get it; or if he ſhould meet with a whole family of ignorants, he may follow the *accented* rule of *properly pronounced, but badly ſpelled*, order, queſtion, command, &c. which will be put *immediately below* the ſame queſtion in its *proper* orthography, and his own ear muſt be very defective if he cannot

ſo expreſs himſelf as to be ſufficiently underſtood, which is the ſole aim of this very humble endeavour and experiment, the good effect of which I have tried myſelf before I recommend it to others. Neither let the erudite critic frown on it. Should it ever be his fortune to come into thoſe parts of the Continent, armed as he may be with all the ſacred knowledge of the ancient world, and the more refined graces of the modern (by which I would be underſtood to mean the polite languages of France and Italy,) I am well convinced, even he would relax of his lettered gravity, and not only ſmile upon, but derive great benefit from this certainly doggrel and whimſical mode of *making himſelf intelligible*; ſince all the wiſdom of all the fathers could not effect it half ſo well. Without, therefore, making any *apologies* (what has been hitherto ſaid I conſider as neceſſary explanations) for a good-natured intention certainly not very amuſing to the writer, I here promiſe to execute it in the beſt manner I am able in its due time and place.

Of one thing while it is in my memory let me warn you. The common Dutch innkeepers, porters, boatmen, and that claſs of people are as great goſſips and babillards as any in France, in our own country, or in any other upon the earth,

earth, and will talk "about it goddeſs, and "about it," on the moſt inſignificant occaſions, for an hour together, while minutes might ſettle all they can have to ſay to or to do for you. Never therefore ſeem to liſten. Fix to your point—point to your order, or your queſtion, or elſe pronounce it and ſtick there—hold him to it as to the one thing needful; and if he flies off into irrelevancies bring him back to the point by the aid of the remark I will put into your mouth. This will ſave you the hearing "an infinite deal of "nothing," and ſave *time* as well as *patience* for much better uſes.

I will at preſent put an end to this very neceſſary ſubject with one general remark on the Dutch language, namely, when a perſon ſpeaks very bad, broad, and coarſe Engliſh, it will for the moſt part,—ſeven words out of ten,—be good pure Dutch. But, of this, the pronunciations I mean to ſet down for you will ſufficiently convince you. And were the natives to ſpeak ſlow, (every language to a perſon ignorant of it *ſeems to be ſpoken faſt*,) an Engliſhman, though he might be at fault as to particular words, would be *au fait* as to the general topic, and the turn it was taking; which reminds me that you will derive a double advantage from my

little vocabulary:—while you are trying to make out meanings by *falſe* orthography you will inſenſibly get into the *true*; and thus accommodate the wants of the preſent and future: with which encouraging hint we will releaſe one another from this ſchool-boy's exerciſe, and get to ſomething more entertaining to us both: for you cannot ſuppoſe theſe ſchool-maſter leſſons have been very delightful to their author. What I promiſe in an appendix ſhall ſerve as a pocket companion reſpecting ſome points neceſſary to be immediately known to the traveller: it may be all-ſufficient to ſuch purpoſe—which aſſuredly has not been effected by any guide, trip, or tour hitherto made public. I propoſe to annex it to my Gleanings.

And now, courteous ſtranger, the Seven Provinces are, "all before you which to chooſe." In theſe primary pages you will find them needful for your ſafe guidance. Suppoſing this and the two promiſed queſtion and-anſwer-dialogues to become a *ſeparate ſheaf* from my general Gleanings, I am here to bid you farewell. On the contrary, if you deſire to ſee objects and read of circumſtances as they ſtruck me in a ſurvey of them at different times and ſeaſons,—amongſt which I truſt many will be not unpleaſant, and

not a few uſeful, particularly if you paſs beyond the limits of the republick into other countries,—we ſhall ſtill in a manner be converſing together, and the whole of my Gleanings will be a part of your company. In this caſe I repeat we ſhall ſtill *travel together*.

But at all events from you my friend, and *your* dear circle whom I more *particularly* addreſs, and from whom if I ſeem to deviate a little to admoniſh others, it is but in imitation and adoption of that bounty which has induced you ſo often of late to tell me our correſpondence, by being occaſionally broadened in its application, may become more extenſively uſeful and amuſing. From you and your's I ſay I am ſure of finding a hearty good will, let me wander about with you where I liſt, and ſhift the ſcene upon you as irregularly and rapidly, taking you backwards and forwards as I think proper. Under ſuch encouragements we will now take a trip to the Hague, which indeed I have already thrice viſited ſince my quitting that fire-ſide where I have always found "a ready chair," and ſo long as circumſtances permitted, a delightful home. "May "eternal bleſſings crown" the owners of it!—a prayer of ſuch "earneſt heart," that I will not ſuffer it to be "mixed with baſer matter."——Adieu!

LETTER XXXI.

TO THE SAME.

Hague.

AT the firſt bluſh the following fact, my dear loved friend, may ſeem ſtrange. There is far more diligence of attention required of a Gleaner, to pick up any thing worth carrying to his ſheaf in great and populous towns and cities, than in the undiſtinguiſhed villages, and "ſtill "ſmall" receſſes, where the broad and common *highway*, *thoroughfare traveller* ſeldom goes; and where, though the violet perfumes the air, and the freſh graſs ſprings up in the beautiful paths, thoſe "gariſh beauties of the world" are wanting, that are alone gratifying to a heart devoted to the publick. For although in this latter ſcene every thing is in motion before you, or ſtanding fixed in proud but mute magnificence for your inſpection—as if almoſt to inſiſt on your paſſing homage; they have yielded up their charms to ſo many ſtrangers, that like one of our fair drudges of faſhion, whoſe face has been ſo long in publick exhibition, it is become "familiar as one's "garter;" and to give *another* deſcription would be to *force* on you what memory would perhaps turn from with diſguſt.

Ah!

Ah! my friend, what honours—what mines of wealth would roll into the coffers of the man, who when the objects of this variable life have loſt their wonted power of giving pleaſure, but by change of circumſtances have acquired unexpectedly the power of giving pain—what of riches and fame I ſay would *he* deſerve, who could command our once-dear but now ſlighted objects to quit thoſe cells in the brain, where they have not only,

"A local habitation, and a name,"

but a fixed lodging, and—bitterly againſt our will—are become tenants for life therein? We ſee, we admire, we love, we poſſeſs: our felicity ſeems entire. Alas! an idea, an opinion, a diſpute, the ſatisfying power of poſſeſſion itſelf, the frequency of ſeeing, of enjoying,—a new fancy, a new object, firſt diminiſhes, and at laſt deſtroys the eager delight with which we beheld our fineſt parks, gardens, pictures, and all our earthly paradiſes, as imagination in her fineſt ardours is wont to call them.

Theſe nevertheleſs remain the ſame; the verdure is as refreſhing, the flowers as ſweet; the hand of time mellowing the tints has even thrown new graces on the canvas—and yet we are weary of

them. What fault can they have committed? "What committed?" The greateſt. They are our own, and they have "outlived our liking."

Shall I aſcend from inanimate objects to ſuch as have life? to ſuch as bound themſelves even like a charm round our necks—round our hearts—but which *now* (perhaps more truly filled with enchantment to all the world beſides) are nothing to us, or worſe than nothing, a mill-ſtone round our necks—a galling chain round our feet? He who could make us at the word of command, forget even theſe, or rather the keen rebuke with which conſcience employs memory, over whom ſhe has control to puniſh our frivolous and inſatiable inconſtancy—what would we not offer him?

But I am o'erſtepping the bounds of my intention. I bleſs God this latter is not an univerſal fact. I bleſs God too that individually it applies not to you or to me my friend. Ah! I never poſſeſſed *any* good, that I (who could alone be the proper judge of it) *found* ſo to be, but I cheriſhed it with my whole heart, and ſo far from indifference growing out of *poſſeſſion*, I loved it but the more for having given me happineſs! Gratitude became a new motive of attachment;

and the thought of its having made me often bleſt, inſtead of diminiſhing, augmented my affection. Nor have I a friend on earth who is not the more dear to me on this very principle. Ah! carry this aſſertion towards yourſelf my friend, and read in it the increaſe of my love for you.

But I have loſt myſelf.—The thread is broken but eaſily repaired.—To thoſe who *wiſh* to forget whatever is become inſipid to them—has been too often ſeen, heard, or poſſeſſed; you will agree that a perſon, a magician, endowed with the powers of granting to us that wiſh, would indeed merit recompence. Streets, villages—nay whole cities are eaſily ejected from the memory; but how ſhall we pluck out that *thorn in the mind,* which is left to feſter, after our once faireſt roſes of imagination and of the heart,

"Fade in our eye, and pall upon our ſenſe!"

And which remain ſometimes for years, perhaps for life, to ſcourge us in all the tyranny of recollection?

O Fortunatus! how poor were thy vaunted powers, even had they been realiſed, in compariſon of his who could thus teach us to *forget* our once fondeſt wiſhes, and, *with them,* the

ſharp reproof of our weak infidelity and fooliſh baſe ingratitude!

But leſt even you my friend ſhould have ſomething to loſe, and be trying at

"That hardeſt ſcience, to *forget*;"

this digreſſion will but bring it back on your remembrance; ſince it is certain, the diſcourſing ſtrongly on any one object forces on an idea of its oppoſite. To return therefore to the firſt occaſion of theſe reflections, which was, as I am convinced you know already, that I am now writing from one of the nobleſt towns (in proud humility and affectation called the fineſt * village) in

* Judge for yourſelf, as to the *degree* of that affectation. The Hague it is true, like lordly London itſelf, was once only a collection of miſerable cottages, (and where is the city that *ab origine*, was not?) but when you conſider that by a charter paſt ſo long ago as the reigns of the celebrated Charles the Fifth, and of his ſon Philip the Second, each aſſigning to it the dignity of city; taking into your mind at the ſame time, its having for ſo long a ſeries of years been the ſeat of government, grandeur and faſhion, with the full enjoyment of all municipal rights and privileges; and that it is in effect the pride of an Hollander's heart, and ſpoken of with fondneſs even by the gainful tribe;—the queſtion—have you ſeen the Hague?—being amongſt the firſt things demanded of a ſtranger by a native of the Provinces; I ſay when you join theſe facts together, you

in Europe, I ſhall neither carry you into any one of its famous churches, nor to the Jewiſh ſynagogue; but ſimply remind you that whenever you are diſpoſed to thank your God for your ſafe arrival, you may do ſo in your own way, manner and language, at ten o'clock every Sunday morning in the Engliſh church, which is at the entrance of the ſtreet called Noord-Einde (North-End), near the *Plàce*. Neither ſhall I aſk your company to any of the public edifices; nor take you to the celebrated Maiſon de Correction; nor to the Palace of Prince Maurice; nor to that of the Stadtholder; nor to any of the very numerous hoſpitals or alms-houſes; nor even to the Prince's muſeum; nor to the Princeſs's houſe in the wood; nor to any other fine ſights; becauſe I am well convinced all theſe Dutch lions have ſtared you in the face, in various prints, books, diſſertations, &c. &c. &c. till you are as well acquainted with their

you will not heſitate to lay the account of this egregious affectation (of giving the name of village to a city, larger than Mancheſter, and perhaps York; certainly more elegantly conſtructed, and more the reſidence of general faſhion), to that not uncommon *artifice of vanity*, which to entrap the greater praiſe aſſumes the air of diffident modeſty. The Hague is one of the fineſt and largeſt towns in Europe, and the Dutch univerſally wiſh it to be thought ſo: And were you to ſpeak of it as only a village, they would ſoon aſſert its pretenſions to vie with the proudeſt of our cities.

their diameter, circumference, ſituation, diſtance from each other, riſe, fall, ruins and repairs; and that you are as intimate with the far-famed cabinet of curioſities; its moderns, and its antiques, its birds, beaſts and fiſhes, urns, buſts, medals and minerals, pictures and paintings, ſculptures, engravings, and other rarities of art and nature; as are the ſtudents of Leyden with the wonders of *that* town; the tree—adorned foſſe, Eſplanade, Tumulus, the trophied caſtle of the Saxon Hengiſt, (memorial of his victory over our own country); the 186 magnificent ſtreets; the 145 ſtone bridges; and all the curioſities of their academy; from the fire-conquering Aſbeſtos to the egg of the crocodile; as well as all that is to be ſeen of thoſe greateſt of *all* curioſities, the ſkeletons of human nature in the ſchool of anatomy.

No my friend, you are a woman of too much reading and converſation, not to conſider theſe things as old ſtories, and inſtead of being put again in mind of them, would perhaps be glad to throw a public building or a few royal palaces out of your head, where amidſt ſo much better furniture, you may juſtly look on them as uſeleſs lumber. But were it even poſſible that you know nothing of them, you would on your coming over have reaſon to exclaim, ere you had been here eight-

and-

and-forty hours—" ſomewhat too much of this!" —For guides, companions, hiſtories, deſcriptions of the *Hague*, ſtare at you through almoſt every bookſeller's window in all languages, though principally in Dutch. Jacob de Riemer, for inſtance, juſt to begin with, has publiſhed a *ſhort* ſuccinct deſcription of the Hague, in three volumes *folio*. Another Dutchman by way of rendering it more commodious, has given an abridgement of it in two volumes *quarto*, one of which indeed might be ſqueezed into each breeches pocket of a true Dutchman; his tobacco-box being much ſuch another pocket companion. Then again you have your Valet de Place, who on your arrival at the inn, the beſt and moſt reaſonable of which is the Mareſchal de Turenne, kept by Mr. Baume:—offers himſelf to your ſervice, intellectual and temporal; and will for thirty ſtivers a-day (half a crown), retail all his knowledge and experience of men and things, places and people; and for ought I know, give you more real, certainly more various information than Jacob de Riemer. So that every way I take it for granted, you have had or will have, more than enough of intelligence touching theſe oſtenſible objects.

My

My intention is and has all along been, to mention to you, from every place, thoſe things which it is moſt likely, neither your fixed nor your walking guides will ever think of ſhewing you; or if ſome of them are ſet down in the books, you muſt loſe a greater proportion of time in hunting them through the hiding places of ſeveral hundred pages, about *le plus beau, et la plus belle* (the nauſea of every panegyric

"Where pure deſcription holds the place of ſenſe,")

before you can get at them; like a ſquirrel running through a wilderneſs for a kernel when there is ſcarcely a nut tree in an acre of ground. Now having done all this myſelf I am willing to ſpare you the trouble; for which courteſy I have only to deſire, that in imitation of the above-named ingenious and pleaſant little animal, when I lay before you any literary nut which has not anſwered to you the pains of cracking, throw it aſide and depend on the next; peradventure the next after that being more to your taſte; and remember too, that even that which diſpleaſed you, and which you condemned as inſipid, may exactly ſuit the palate of whoever picks it up after you, and think it even a *bonne bouche* gleaning.

I have

I have one general remark to make upon all the books in the way of guides, which have ever fallen under my examination; and I have had the fortitude in all countries to ſtruggle through all ſorts and ſizes. You will note that I ſpeak only of ſuch as are written by the natives or foreigners reſident, or rather eſtabliſhed till they are as it were naturalized—to the place they deſcribe. Their accounts of kings, queens, palaces, theatres, churches, charity houſes, walks, and public entertainments, &c. are doubtleſs for the moſt part juſt; as may be thoſe of laws, government, police, &c. &c.—As far as it goes, this intelligence is ſatisfactory; and the leſs it is clogged with remark, or encumbered with ſentiment the better; but a very great number of thoſe objects moſt intereſting to a ſtranger, they totally paſs over; and aſſuredly for a good and (to them) ſufficient reaſon; becauſe they cannot ſuppoſe the manners, cuſtoms, and peculiarities which ſtrike travellers, *can* be intereſting; ſince being amongſt the moſt ordinary occurrences, in the midſt of which they were born, they cannot even imagine them to be ſingular.

"What can we reaſon but from what we know?"

And as ſuch authors ſeldom leave their own country, the very articles which diſcriminate that from

from every other they must be in total ignorance of.—This reflection is so extensively true, that I will venture to say there is scarcely a book written by a native historian of the Hague, or of other towns, who has noticed any one of those peculiarities that would fasten *principally* on an English traveller's observation; supposing him not to be inveterately attached to brick and mortar. For instance, a Dutch author would—all commercial as is his country—never think of telling you that the very *dogs of Holland* are constrained to promote the trade of the Republic; insomuch that save the Great Dogs of fashion and state, which run before or after their lords and ladies' equipages, and in imitation often of their betters, are above being of any use; there is not an *idle* dog of any size in the Seven Provinces. You see them in harness at all parts of the Hague, and some other towns tugging at barrows and little carts with their tongues almost sweeping the ground, and their poor hearts almost ready to beat through their sides. Frequently three, four, five, and sometimes six abreast carrying men and merchandise with the speed of little horses. And in your walk from the Hague Gate to Scheveling,—whither we will presently make an excursion,—you encounter at all hours of the day an incredible number loaded with fish *and* men, under the burden

burden of which they run off at a long trot, and ſometimes when driven by young men or boys at full gallop the whole mile and an half, which is the diſtance from gate to gate; nor on their return are they ſuffered to come empty, being filled not only with the aforeſaid men or boys, (for almoſt every Dutchman hates walking when he can ride though half a mile); but with ſuch commodities as cannot be had at the village.—I have ſeen theſe poor brutes in the middle of ſummer, urged beyond their force, 'till they have dropped on the road to gather ſtrength; which is ſeldom the caſe, however, except when they have the misfortune to fall under the management of boys; for the Dutch are the fartheſt from being cruel to their domeſtic, dumb animals, of any people in the world; on the contrary, an Hollander, of whatever rank, is ſo merciful unto his cattle; whether horſe, dog, cow, &c. that they are the objects of his marked attention, as ſleek ſkins, happy faces, and plump ſides, ſufficiently demonſtrate. The cows, and oxen for draft, they rub down, curry, and clean till they are as gloſſy as the moſt pampered ſteed in England. Nay, you frequently ſee them with a light fancy dreſs, to guard them from the flies and other annoying animalcula, in the meadows, which are the fineſt in the world, and in a warmer ſuit of cloaths

cloaths during the winter; even theſe canine ſlaves look hale and well, as to condition, and being habituated to labour, feel little hardſhip in it. Happy, however, thrice happy, is the dog, who has the luck to be born of humbler and lowly parents, and is ſacred, by his inſignificance, from labour. Like many a man, who, having neither talents nor ſize for a hero, derives a ſnug enjoyment from his unfitneſs to take an active part in the toils of ambition. But dogs of this deſcription have yet greater privileges in Holland than you may imagine. Like other *little* things, they are held precious, and ſo fondled and patted, that either a lapdog, or a lover in England,—where thoſe animals, you know, are ſometimes neglected, as indeed, in that country, are all favourites,—might envy them; for if you think a Dutch woman and a beautiful woman are incompatible, you are miſtaken, as I ſhall take occaſion to ſhew.

In my firſt viſit, a winter one, to the Hague, I entered into the intereſts of theſe poor day-labouring dogs ſo truly, that I wondered they did not go mad, or that I did not hear of the canine diſtraction more in this country than in ours; and on being told there were certain times (the dog days) when a heavy fine was to be paid upon

upon any dog being ſeen in the ſtreet, I ſuppoſed this *was* the caſe, till the ſummer following, being at this delightful ſea-ſide village of Scheveling, I obſerved ſeveral times in the day theſe draft dogs brought down to the beach and bathed; a practice, which no doubt equally prevented them from the dreadful diſorder beforementioned, and gave them ſtrength to go through their work.

It is fortunate, alſo, that Holland is a country ſomewhat prone to be ſtrict in the ceremonies of religion, by obſervance of which the dogs, like their maſters, find the ſeventh a day of unbroken reſt: for "Sunday ſhines a Sabbath-day to "them." The firſt impreſſion, which is allowed a grand point, you know, being much in favour of theſe induſtrious creatures, I had an eye on them as well in the hours of their repoſe as toil; and felt my heart warm to ſee ſeveral, whom I had obſerved very heavily laden on the Saturday, taking a ſound nap, out ſtretched and happy at their maſters' doors, on the day in which their leiſure is even an allotment and bounty of heaven. All the morning and afternoon they have remained baſking in the ſun, or in the ſhade, in profound tranquillity; while a number of unthinking whelps, and lazy puppies, who had been

paſſing their time in idleneſs all the week were playing their gambols in the ſtreet, not without a vain attempt to wake the ſeniors, and make them join in their amuſement. Towards evening I have, in my ſunſetting rounds, been much pleaſed to notice the honeſt creatures ſit at their reſpective threſholds, looking quite refreſhed, giving occaſionally into a momentary frolick, and the next morning returning to the labours of the week abſolutely renewed.

Reader—Stranger—art thou too proud of heart—or too full of the dignity of human nature—to enter into theſe brute concerns? Paſs on then, and pity my weakneſs, but not without remembering that

" Dogs are honeſt creatures,
" Ne'er fawn on any that they love not;
" And, I'm a friend to dogs. They
" Ne'er betray their maſters."

If therefore thou haſt no feeling for their ſufferings, reſpect at leaſt their virtues:

" Mark but his true, his faithful way;
" And in *thy* ſervice copy Tray."

Since I have adopted your ſo frequent hint, my lov'd

lov'd friend, of making theſe papers publick, after they have ſerved the once ſole deſigned end of your private amuſement, I of courſe, occaſionally yield to addreſſes, as from an author to his very different claſſes of readers; many, indeed moſt, of which can apply neither to you nor yours. For example, could I have thought of entering a caveat againſt the rigour of your heart, or the lofty vanity of your feelings, in conſecrating a few pages to theſe dumb ſervants? It would have inſulted that tenderneſs which is the moſt grateful mark of a female temper. Adieu.

LETTER XXXII.

TO THE SAME.

AS I have thus haſtily, and almoſt imperceptibly, run with you out of the Hague, and got into the environs, indeed, into one of the moſt juſtly celebrated parts of them, the Scheveling Road—let us e'en take our way to that village before we return.

I have already called this walk beautiful. It is ſo in a very high degree indeed: and has not by the moſt laviſh deſcribers been over-praiſed.

The plan of this walk is ſaid to have been laid by Conſtantine Huygens, in 1653. Its length from the Banicre to the entrance of Scheveling, is computed at 590 fathom; from the bridge at the Hague to the Scheveling beach, it is 916.—Its breadth is 18 fathom. It is divided into three *obvious* paths and two concealed:—Of the former, a ſpacious one in the middle is for carriages; one on the right ſide for horſes of pleaſure, and one on the left for foot paſſengers. The whole are in a ſtraight line; ſo that the centre path ſhews you, on entrance of the avenue, at exactly half a league's diſtance, the ſpire of Scheveling church; forming a viſta; and the extreme end on either ſide forms an opening, Gothic-faſhion, not unlike the entrance of an hermitage, the effect of which, aſſiſted by the frequent gloom of the ſurrounding trees, which form a canopy all the way, is very ſtriking.

Of this foliage, as, indeed, of all other in Holland, the Republic is with good reaſon extremely jealous. Conſider but the time and labour neceſſary to procure it, in the firſt inſtance, and you will not be ſurpriſed when I tell you that, as you paſs along their "allies "green," you will obſerve idle boys, and others, corrected in effigie, or in paintings, and ſtuck up

up in *terrorem*, to warn them of the penalties attendant on the leaſt depredation of this conſecrated verdure.

You are told, with great truth, by the guides, that every body comes to ſee this walk.—It is pleaſant at all times of the year; becauſe it is a defence equally from the ſummer's ſun and the winter's ſtorm. You pay a farthing for entering, and a farthing for returning, and unleſs you have a ſettled antipathy to ſcenes of this kind, would think your money advantageouſly laid out had it been ten times the ſun. On the working days it is little frequented, except by the fiſhwomen, who run through it in ſhoals, with turbot, cod, ſoles, and ſhrimps, all the morning ſome hundreds together; their heads loaded enough to break their necks; and returning after market hours loaded with other things—wood, groceries, hardware, vegetables, and other like neceſſaries, which they have taken in barter or purchaſed out of their profits; not unfrequently hand in hand or arm in arm, half a dozen at a time ſinging *out* of tune, but perfectly *in* temper, with fiſh-looking forms and ſea-bright countenances. "It is a recreation "to be by" and hear their artleſs merriment, ſpeaking to every body they encounter, which is a very general faſhion in Holland; a good-mor-

row, a good-night, and a bow, or a curtſey you get from every body; ſometimes even to tedioufneſs, of which hereafter. The paſſing of theſe people along the different allies aſſiſts the beauty of the perſpective; blended too as it is towards the evenings with the gentry and burghers of the Hague; and on a fine Sunday it is truly a Dutch Jubilee. The throng is prodigious.—The picturesque ſingularity of the dreſſes, the huge hats of the peaſant women projecting literally more than a yard from their heads; their enormous ear-rings dropping on their ſhoulders; the fiſhermen loaded with ſilver buttons each larger than a crown piece; a felt bonnet on his head, a pipe in every mouth—the people of faſhion in carriages three or four deep to the extent of the walk; the carts and waggons of the country people full almoſt to overflowing, all in motion at once under the umbrage of the fineſt oaks, limes, and beach trees I ever ſaw; all this cannot be an unintereſting picture to the moſt ill-tempered perſon breathing.—To a good-natured one—to you my friend it would be—

"A feaſt of reaſon, and a flow of ſoul."

You would ſee though in a ſtranger's land the beauty of vegetation: you would ſee human felicity pourtrayed in a thouſand good round unthinking

unthinking faces, and to uſe the words of poor dear Goldſmith, you would

"Gather bliſs to ſee your fellows bleſt."

I have mentioned ſinging—It is almoſt the conſtant practice of the lower ſort of people in Holland. They ſing in their boats—they ſing at their barrows—they ſing in their churches almoſt inceſſantly—they ſing at pleaſure—they ſing at work; and always in ſongs that either require, or are inſiſted upon allowing ſeveral voices—ſometimes fifty or ſixty people in a ſtring of pleaſure-waggons keeping the burthen at full trot, and for hours together generally making the ſame tune do the buſineſs of the journey, long or ſhort; ſo that when travellers chooſe to amuſe you with the ſaturnine phlegm and inveterate ſilence of the Dutch, you are *bonâ fide* to read for ſaturnine and ſilent a very ſinging ſort of people.

Solemn and auſtere I am ſure *they* would conſider the ſame claſs of people in our country, where except on particular occaſions, as at a wake, a harveſt home, a houſe warming or a Chriſtmas meeting, you do not meet one-tenth part of the like merriment. The ſongs are a little monotonous to be ſure, and the inſtruments through which they paſs are not attuned to the

moſt delicate touches of harmony. Moreover, the whole figure of the group is ſomewhat unwieldy, and the fiſhermen in their boat-dreſſes, and in glee, like bears rampant; and though I have ſeen them paſs fifty times in full chorus along the delicious avenues aforeſaid, I muſt own I never beheld any Orphean miracle likely to reſult from the utmoſt exertion of their vocal powers. Not a tree walked after them; not even a ſhrub bowed its head towards them, except when moved by the magic of the wind. But I ſaw as obſerved already what you would like much better to ſee—a great number of hard-working human beings extremely charmed with themſelves and with each other. Ah! are there not in the higher walks of life many refined and elegant aſſemblies of men and women, the equals of theſe humble children of nature—perhaps the ſuperiors in point of number, but miſerably their inferiors in health, inoffenſiveneſs and joy?

The waggons in which they make thoſe excurſions, are the ſame as thoſe in which their general buſineſs is carried on, and uſually have ſome quaint devices painted behind on a board that faſtens them, at the bottom of which is frequently a line, couplet, or ſtanza, "ſpelled by the unlet-"tered muſe," ſacred to Toil and Pleaſure. But the

the burghers and ſervants of the Hague a little town-ſtruck, commonly club for a ſort of chaiſe which will hold about a dozen on three ſeats, and thus they come ſinging down to Scheveling "as "merry as the day is long!"

But you are prepared to take a view of all theſe different ſorts of people on the beach. There however you would not ſee them, were you to be fixed in front of it like one of the houſes, ſuppoſing that houſe animated and every window of it an eye, which by the bye would make it an Argus; for the Dutch not paying upon (earth for the light of heaven) any ſuch tax as our's, the houſe is bewindowed from top to bottom.

Strange as it may ſeem, it is the Dutch cuſtom to drive from the Hague and other parts of Holland to the Beach Head, there ſtop a little and drive back again. Nay, thoſe valetudinarians (Dutch I mean) who take an airing to the ſea-ſide for health do juſt the ſame, with the additional ſingularity of remaining in the carriages, the glaſſes drawn down, then cloſed, then half opened for about an hour—but I do aſſure you out of more than a thouſand different vehicles, which I have ſeen from the apartment I occupied paſs to the Beach Head, I never obſerved a ſingle

carriage, but the Engliſh ambaſſador's go upon the ſands, though they extend a league at low water to right and left, as firmly bound as a gravel walk in a garden, and as level as a bowling green.

It was impoſſible to let ſuch a phenomenon of ſingularity, as it appeared to me, eſcape enquiry; and I was told, and on the authority of three different medical gentlemen, that one of the favourite and almoſt univerſal opinions of Great Britain, is totally ſcouted in Holland, *viz.* the ſalubrity of the ſea air, or water.—The Dutch, almoſt to a man, nay to a Doctor, contend, that it is the moſt "peſ-"tilent congregation of vapours" a man can poſſibly breathe; that it is fit only for a mad dog. And one of their guide-writers very ſeriouſly tells you, in a book of 340 pages, about the Hague only, that "very fortunately the ſouthern aſpect "is ſkreened by a chain of ſandy mountains, and "intermediate meadows, which *protect* the beauti-"ful Hague from the *malign exhalations of the* "ſea!" And in another place he aſſures his readers, that "the air of the Hague is pure "and wholeſome—*malgré la proximité de la* "*Mer.*"

Now, without pretending to enter the liſts of medical

medical controverſy with theſe learned gentlemen, if it could poſſibly have been done, without getting into a diſquiſition (which on all ſubjects is my dread, becauſe it uſually tends only to "words, "words, words," as Hamlet ſays), I ſhould have been glad to aſk them, to what the ſuperior health of the inhabitants of the Hague, the Brielle, and other Dutch towns in the neighbourhood of the ſea, is to be attributed, *but to this very circumſtance?* Yet the whole nation have ſet their faces againſt it, in my opinion, very ungratefully; ſo I ſhall not attempt vindicating what they are ſo ſturdily bent upon conſidering as an enemy—though conſidering both their trade and their ſituation, the ocean is ſcarcely more a friend to one of its own fiſhes than to a Dutchman:

"Who ſhall decide when doctors diſagree?"

On my firſt tour to the Hague, two things ſtruck me as pre-eminently abſurd; and not then knowing their pique againſt ſalt-water, and the vital ſpirit of that reſtoring breeze, which I had ſo often felt blow from, or fly around it, I argued upon them thus:—Suppoſe me, if you pleaſe, in one of my ſoliloquizing ſolitudes, in deep converſation with myſelf, and walking, faſt or ſlow, in corre-

correſpondence to the temperature of the ſubject, as was actually the caſe, and in returning from the very village which has afforded us theſe obſervations.—But I will give you a reſpite. You have had a long walk.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

YOU are now to imagine yourſelf an inviſible ſpy, upon your ſelf-amuſing friend.

——What a ſtrange contradictory race, after all, are the Dutch! Here at the ſeat of politeneſs, at their court, the reſidence of the repreſentatives of Emperors and Kings—the reſidence of a Prince from the Houſe of Orange, and of a Princeſs of the Houſe of Pruſſia—even while the town is in full faſhion, at this ſeaſon of its chief gaiety and ſplendour, the *windows*, ſave the ordinary ſitting-rooms, are all barred and bolted at mid-day from the air, even of the nobleſt houſes, and are not again to be uncloſed till a formal day of company. Pray what may this be for? They conſider air, as well as water, unwholeſome, and the ſun,

ſun, forſooth, is unfriendly to furniture. Thus two of heaven's richeſt diſpenſations they abſolutely exclude.—Can there be ſuch perverſity? What! ſhut out the air and the ſun in Holland! where the breath of the one, and the genial warmth of the other, ought to be prayed for as a beatitude! (very long ſtrides towards the cloſe of this apoſtrophe). Then they appear to me to aggravate the offence by their indifference about the ſea *water*, the bleſſing of which flows into their very arms. Such an ocean wafting health over ſuch a town! Yet at this Scheveling, how vainly have I attempted accommodation? What, no lodgings? No bathing machines? no—no bathers? a few common people, and a ſtraggling Engliſhman or two, who daſh, ſtark naked, into the open ſea!

What! inſenſible alike to air, fire, and water! Surely no people upon earth have greater occaſion for each of theſe bleſſings—a cold ſituation—a cold temperature—fogs over their heads—ſtagnant water on each ſide of them; the ocean viſiting them but at few points, and thoſe few not attended to!—(violent walking, and the tones riſing, a little chafed by the ſubject.)

None of our Britiſh watering places, even on our

our ſea-beat ſhore, can ſhew a fairer beach than that of Scheveling; and yet the inhabitants of the Hague, amounting to many thouſands, living within two miles, cut through the moſt delicious walk or ride, ſhaded alike from heat and cold, juſt beſtow an inſenſible look, and leave it to fiſhermen and fiſhes!—(almoſt a run).

I perceive you might as ſoon expect to ſee the Thames take fire, as a Dutchman, except in the way of his trade, take to the water. Not even the having a number of leper-houſes can indicate to them the neceſſity of ablutions—a ſet of people, too, who waſh every thing *but themſelves* almoſt to pieces! How prepoſterous! and then how provoking to ſee them, as I did laſt night, ſit by hundreds in the damps of the evening at their doors, with their inſenſible noſes hung over a thick "mantling pool," a ſtinking canal—inſtead of inhaling the breeze, freſhened by the waves at *only a mile and an half's diſtance!* Good heaven! that I and the ſea-gulls ſhould have had the whole ocean to ourſelves ſuch a day as this has been!—(vehement action, and tones that made many paſſengers ſtare, more laugh at, and one or two pity me.)—No wonder then that the villagers, ſo far from affording me a chamber, occaſioned a general apprehenſion amongſt the inhabitants, either

either that I must be bit by a mad dog or have evil designs upon myself; in either case no safe inmate. "What, sir," said an inn-keeper to me, "would you leave the Hague to come and lodge "at such a place as this? We never had any "people of your appearance come to sleep here, "but a rheumatick old lady that tucked herself "neck and heels into a great tub in which she "used to parboil two or three times a week; "but she died of it for all that; and we suppose "she was boiled to death. Nobody lets lodgings "here: you may eat and drink and pass the day, "but must sleep at home."

This provoking fellow talked English too, just as I have given his remarks. By this time my enquiries after a room, and running from house to house had gathered people, and I found myself in a mob from which I turned away and ran off at full speed, justifying every suspicion that had been raised against me touching my insanity.

But to escape from these Dutch wags and converse with you my friend—

* The village of Scheveling consists of one very

* The following anecdote respecting this village is worth notice. The Dutch were saved here in 1612 by an extraordinary

very long pretty ſtreet, and two or three ſmaller ones branching from it, each of which like the parent

nary circumſtance. When Louis the Fourteenth came down upon them he promiſed to enter the province of Holland by land, that his fleet in conjunction with that of Great Britain might make a deſcent on the ſide of the Hague by the ſea. When the united fleets came within ſight of Scheveling and were preparing to land, the tide changed its uſual courſe and ſtopped for ſeveral hours, though at other times very regular. The inhabitants were amazed. The next morning De Ruyter the brave Dutch Admiral came up, and the Engliſh and French fleets were diſperſed by a ſtorm.

On this fact which is unqueſtionable, we are preſented with ſome moral animadverſions by thoſe who attribute it to the immediate interpoſition of Providence, while others, who "hate miracles" ſays the moraliſt, pretend that it happened at a great ebb. But then, adds the advocate for miracles, was not this very ebb in itſelf a Providence, as the terrible deſcent which muſt have exterminated the Republick was to happen punctually at that and no other time? Indeed one of our own writers (Biſhop Burnet) ſeems to favor the then general opinion of its being amongſt the peculiar protections of a ſuperior power. In his Hiſtory of his own Times we find the following paſſage, confirming the truth of the event; though poſſibly with ſome others you may not conſider the teſtimony of our wonder-loving prelate as adding much ſtrength to a modern miracle. "Soon after the Engliſh fleet had refitted themſelves" ſays his lordſhip, "they appeared in ſight of "Scheveling making up to the ſhore. The tide turned, but "they reckoned that with the next flood they would certainly "land

parent one goes directly to as fine a beach as ever was washed by salt water. A town of much less size in any part of Great Britain so auspiciously placed, would be fitted out into apartments to receive some hundreds of strangers, who would in turn contribute very materially to the subsistence and comfort of the native inhabitants, as in Hastings, Lymington, Wivenhoe, East Bourne, &c. &c.

But precious as are riches to a Hollander, there are things yet more dear—his *prejudices*. He detests, dreads, shrinks from innovation; and if he is *tempted* into it, he revenges himself on you by enormous retaliation. As for example—

"land the forces that were on board where they were like to "make no resistance. The States sent to the Prince for some "regiments to hinder the descent, but he could not spare many "men, having the French near him. So between the two, "the country was given up for lost, unless De Ruyter should "come up: the flood returned, which the people thought was "to end in their ruin; but to all their amazement, after it "had flowed two or three hours, an ebb of many hours suc-"ceeded, which carried the fleet again to sea; and before that "was spent De Ruyter came in view. This they reckoned a "miracle wrought for their preservation."

You are not ignorant that some years prior to this event, our King Charles during his long exile embarked twice at Scheveling.

invited by the ſea-gale which renovated me after a couple of torrid viſits to the Hague, in the very centre of the canals which in the hot weather are literally in a *putrid fever*, I was ſo ſtruck by the ſeducing power of contraſt—I felt the exchange ſo forcibly,—a ſtagnant ditch for a flowing wave of living water, that I could not but hazard a ſecond trial to get into ſomething like a ſleeping room, though it ſhould be in one of the fiſhing-boats. An Engliſh gentleman who at that time accompanied me and who ſpoke Dutch fluently, took me to an inn-keeper, who he informed me had many chambers unoccupied; "chambers" ſaid he "that never feel ſunſhine or air but on ſabbath "days." With much difficulty he was brought into *my* plan, but to preclude the poſſibility of my acceding to *his*, he deſired my interpreting friend to inform me, that for *once* and entirely to *oblige* me, he would accommodate me with a bed-room for twenty-flour florins (more than two guineas) per week, and if I made it up thirty, he would give me a bit of fiſh for my dinner. Before I had time to expreſs my aſtoniſhment at this demand, which more than doubles the beſt apartments for ſingle men at the Hague, he conducted us to a cat-hole of a place, where the cat would have panted for breath without any hope of getting it; and in this curious cabinet in the darkeſt

darkeſt corner was crowded a ſomething by way of bed, ten times more diſordered than that which held the unfortunate Villers Duke of Buckingham. "Will do?" aſked the Dutchman with a gravity provokingly inflexible. "*Do!* (ſaid I) DO?" "What you do not approve of it then? There's "no harm done," quoth the Dutchman, ſhutting it up and walking off; "an old friend of mine "however, and who once ſaved my life, has ſlept "on it ſome years; and if it was good enough "for him, it might ſerve your turn I ſhould "think, who are a ſtranger I never ſaw before."

I really was indignant *beyond* ſpeaking. We had now gained the ſtreet-door; a huge Pomeranian *dog* lay at it: "O, *here* he is," exclaimed the Dutchman; "what do you think my poor "old *Pomm?* this *heer* (gentleman) though a "perfect ſtranger aſked me for a bed, and I was "juſt going to let him have your's: but luckily "he did not accept it; and I am glad of it, for "I ſhould have been an ungrateful fellow to have "turned you out of your bed for a man I never "ſaw before in my life.—Poor old *Pomm!* do you "remember what you did for me off the Dogger-"bank when I was waſhed over-board? Do you "remember how you pulled me and held me by "the nape of the neck, till my meſſmates got

" me out of the water? You left your marks on " me. Look here Pomm; and while this is in " my fleſh, ſhall I turn thee out of thy bed? No, " d——n me, Pomm—not for all the *beers* (gen- " tlemen) of Chriſtendom!"

My companion aſſured me this was as nearly a literal tranſlation as poſſible: and from my knowledge of the Dutch language ſince, and of the impreſſion made of the ſounds on my memory at the time, I find it was ſo. But there were other ſigns of the fidelity of the tranſlation, and the action which accompanied the words, the careſſes which the Dutchman laviſhed on his dog, the rebuke with which he loaded himſelf, and the tears which fell from his eyes—not uſed to weep—when he ſhewed to the preſerver of his life the marks in his neck, were antecedent and ſuperior to all the language yet ſpoken by human beings.

I was diſarmed. I ſaw very plainly that the Dutchman, yielding to my importunities, which were very earneſt, had no way of putting an end to them but by a ſtroke of waggery and *apparent* extortion, which he was ſatisfied I could not give into, and his ſtratagem ſucceeded. I conſidered poor old *Pomm* as a benefactor, and the Dutch-

man

man as a grateful fellow—though I ſtill think old *Pomm* might have been better lodged.

Touch my affections and do what you will with me; but excite my diſguſt by cold, deſigned impoſition, neither enlivened by frolick, nor recompenſed by humanity—I revolt at, and whenever I am able, puniſh it.

Of this kind is the behaviour of a fellow in the village, which has yielded theſe little adventures. His houſe is ſituated ſo commodiouſly to the ſea, of which it has the entire command, as it has of every thing within many leagues moving on the face of the waters, that it would *juſtify* a moderate ſhare of impoſition, and I am ſorry to be under the neceſſity of letting you know this man indulges in ſuch an unreaſonable extortion, that neither you nor any of my countrymen ſhall become his victims, *if I can help it.*

Wearied with ſauntering along the beach I ſat myſelf down at this man's houſe to repoſe, after which I followed the example of a Dutch gentleman then in the ſame room, and whom I had juſt obſerved pay *four* ſtivers (four pence) for a glaſs of milk and geneva, and a plate of ſhrimps —a common refreſhment here, and to be had in great perfection.

Having regaled and reſted, I demanded my reckoning—which is, ſaid the

Inn-keeper.

Eighteen ſtivers.

Gleaner.

Eighteen ſtivers! For what?

Inn-keeper.

For my houſe; *for the windows*; for the fiſh; for the geneva; for the milk; for the bread; for the SEA!

Gleaner.

A great many articles certainly, when ſo ingeniouſly ſpread out! But the gentleman who has recently left this very houſe, theſe windows, this ſea, and taking a little proportion of your bread, milk, fiſh, and Hollands along with him, paid only four ſtivers.

Inn-keeper.

What is that to you?—he is a cuſtomer; he often comes to my houſe; he is a Dutchman! Do you think I can afford to treat ſtrangers as I do my own countrymen?—a man from God knows where, like a gentleman who lives at the Hague—and who is a magiſtrate?

Gleaner.

Gleaner.

I only wiſh I was a magiſtrate for half an hour, and lived at the Hague too, for your ſake my friend.

Inn-keeper.

Eighteen ſtivers I demand—eighteen ſtivers I will have—or my goods back again.

Hereupon he ſlapped the door upon me, and as I did not know well how to manage the curious alternative—the goods as he called them, though dearly bought, ſitting perfectly eaſy on my ſtomach—I paid eighteen pence for a ſmall tumbler of milk, into which I infuſed about a tea-ſpoonful of Hollands, bread in proportion, and about forty ſhrimps. The original coſt to the publican might (a little over-rated) ſtand thus, Engliſh money:

			£.	s.	d.
Shrimps,	-	-	0	0	0¼
Bread	-	-	0	0	0½
Milk	-	-	0	0	0¼
Geneva	-	-	0	0	0½
		Total	0	0	1½
Fair allowable gain on three pence, (juſt half price),			0	0	1½
Extra for extortion on a ſtranger			0	1	3

On getting down ſtairs he deſired to ſee no more of me. O were all commands as eaſy to be obeyed! On enquiry and repreſentation of this fact at the *table d'hote* where I that day dined, I found ſeveral gentlemen had met the ſame extravagance accompanied by the ſame inſolence. As well therefore in juſt reſentment, as in patriot good will to the Engliſh publick in general, and to you my friend in particular, I have *marked* this man and his houſe*; and farther inform you that the name of the former is Grevers, and the ſign of the latter, the Heeren Logement.

Beware; it is a duty we owe ourſelves and ſociety, not to be the dupe of an impoſition in *any* country. I ſhould not have even known to what a degree this was one, had I not been preſent at the Dutch gentleman's payment for preciſely

* It ſeems as if extortion were hereditary here; for we find it recorded that this very houſe which had been an inn half a century ago, ſtood empty a number of years on account of the impoſing charges of the inn-keepers. "The man that kept "it laſt (ſays an authentick traveller) broke. He treſpaſſed "grievouſly on the ſtranger's pocket; and in conſequence "came to nothing, unlamented, after having made his rapacity "ſufficiently known to drive every body from his houſe, not-"withſtanding the beauty of its ſituation." But notwithſtanding this example before his eyes mine hoſt has not profited of it. If my friend and reader takes warning that will be ſufficient.

the

the ſame articles; though common experience muſt have conſidered it as inſufferable, being within two ſtivers (two pence) exactly what you give at the *table d'hote* of the Mareſchal de Turenne for as good a dinner, conſiſting of two excellent courſes and a liberal deſert, as you can have in any part of London for half-a-crown a-head. As the firſt part of this adventure then ſerves as a warning for the Scheveling inn, let this concluſion of it operate as a recommendation to the hotel at the Hague.

But judge not from theſe individual inſtances, either way or at either place, that all is fair dealing at the Hague, or all extortion at Scheveling. I have very pointed inſtances in reſerve where you will ſee an exact inverſion of the exceptions: abominable extortion at the Hague, and excellent behaviour combined with a reaſonable charge, at Scheveling.

And as I am ſure I ſhall do a more eſſential ſervice to the Britiſh traveller by occaſionally, as they occur in my path, gleaning for him theſe remarks for the government of his purſe and perſon, than if I were to preſent him with the name of every painter and the hiſtory of every painting, with the natural hiſtory of every butterfly and

and bug in the Prince's muſeum; I ſhall in the proper times and places remember to hold out to him hints of both theſe examples.

At the preſent moment, if you pleaſe, we will amuſe ourſelves on the beach, where you will ſee upwards of an hundred large fiſhing boats, Dutch-built, of courſe, drawn up in array, equidiſtant from each other, their nets ſpread for drying to the ſun, the colours of their Provinces flying; their ſails, yellow and deep brown, drying alſo; and making, thus aſſociated and arranged, a very agreeable appearance,

During the ſhort vacation which the tide allows, it is curious to obſerve the employments and paſtimes carried on by theſe ſons and daughters of induſtry, who not only live *by*, but almoſt *on*, that various element with which they are encompaſſed. Football, cricket, quoits, races, by men, women, and children, the aged and the young; dances on the ſand, the fiſh-carriers and the fiſhermen becoming partners, joining hands, ſome of them apparently joining hearts (cheeks and lips very often); boys bathing the draft dogs, girls thoſe happier puppies doomed to favouritiſm; little creatures without ſhoes or ſtockings ſwimming and diving like the fiſhes amongſt

amongſt which they live; ſome as if the ſea ſervice was an innate idea, though it is more like imitation, converting their very hats and ſabots into boats, and their ſhirts into ſails, ſwim out with them in tow ſo far into the ſea that an Engliſh mother would tremble to behold them. The ſetting the boats off when the tide ſerves, is likewiſe another pleaſant proſpect. They are all in extreme good fellowſhip, and ſtart as nearly as may be all at once; then ſpread and ſeparate, which is a freſh marine picture; and when the weather is fine is truly amuſing; the more ſo as on account of the different figure, faſhion, ſails, colours, and courſes of the boats; the appearance is very diſtinct from what we obſerve on the ſea coaſts in the Engliſh fiſhery. While they are gone, the ſports—though by the abſence of the ſailors—

"Maim'd of half their joys,"

are reſumed. The incredible ſhoals of children in this little town begin to make me think it was with good reaſon, the ancient poets made the queen of love ſpring from the ſea; and it is an obſervation, that I fancy every coaſt town corroborates. But *this* exceeds all I ever beheld; though I muſt confeſs few of them ſeem to have been the deſcendants of Venus; for a more abhorrent

abhorrent ſet of little naked cupids never waſhed themſelves in their parent waves. Yet they are all healthy and all happy.—The *return* of the boats is a ſcene of buſy expectation. Hundreds of baſket-women, barrow-men and barrow-dogs are ſtretched along the beach even to the edge of the waters, but no farther; for none of theſe women or very few go unſhod, or unſtockinged. On the contrary they are remarkably neat in their blue worſted ſtockings and ſlippers; and however many of the former may ſhew the marks of houſe-wifry, an hole in them is not only extraordinary but ſcandalous: nor are theſe girls or women in any reſpect indecent. They nod, ſmile on, jeſt with every paſſenger they meet—all through Holland unleſs you obviouſly ſhun their harmleſs familiarity—but never paſs this bound; it is a kind of courteſy here belonging to this claſs of people; and is perhaps a better way than having to pull your hat off every other moment, which is the caſe in their great towns, in exchange of the troubleſome civility of the citizens and gentry.—Even the female *children* are only permitted to dabble without their ſtockings, while the boys aſſert very early the privileges of the hardy ſex, and grow adventurous by preſcription. On the unlading of the boats, every barrow and baſket is filled to the brim, ſometimes by ſix o'clock

in

in the morning, and dogs, boys, men and women ſet "doggedly to work," as Dr. Johnſon expreſſes himſelf, and run or rather trot to the Hague market with earneſt activity. This ſhuts up the amuſements of the beach; ſo with your permiſſion after a pauſe we will return alſo.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

YES my friend, we will return, but not exactly by the ſame way we came, enchanting as it was. After you have taken a peep at our re-entrance of the before deſcribed walks, to ſurvey the moving picture (and a very ſingular one it is) of the ſwarms of fiſh-boys, fiſh-men, fiſh-girls, fiſh-dogs, and fiſh alive, filling every path in the long avenues; ſtriving which ſhall arrive with their loads firſt at market. I beg to take you by the hand and conduct you as entirely out of the ſight of theſe and *all other* public objects, as if you were in the deepeſt receſſes of Windſor, or any leſs faſhionable foreſt. You gueſs already, I allude to what I called the *concealed* walks in the outſet of my deſcription.—Yes let us glide into one

one of theſe—both are of equal beauty—and—

" The world forgetting, by the world forgot;"

let us have this little green regalia wholly to ourſelves. In this ſequeſtered ſpot of half a league, ſituated as it is in a land which may almoſt be conſidered as " in the flat ſea ſunk,"—even in Holland; and within a few furlongs of that very ſea—we ſhall be preſented with as verdant paths, as redundant foliage, as impervious glooms, as agreeable openings to the ſun, and as rich a variety of objects in *keeping* with ſuch ſcenery as in the moſt happy woodlands of our own country; even in that delightful part of it Wales, which occupied ſo large a ſhare of our earlier correſpondence. *There* it muſt be confeſſed Nature is a volunteer. Here ſhe has been preſſed into the ſervice; in Cambria ſhe has " fixed her ſeats of deareſt " reſidence;" ſhe is a native.—In Holland ſhe is an exotic dragged reluctantly from home, and made to eſtabliſh in a foreign ſoil. In Great Britain ſhe conſents willingly to yield up her blooming beauty and is enamoured of the clime. In Italy yet more—there ſhe luxuriates. In Holland the vegetable goddeſs like many of her ſex, has been ſo long and ſo aſſiduouſly wooed, that after unavailing reſiſtance and refuſal ſhe gives up the point to her perſevering lover, and makes him

him happy to get rid of his importunity. And in this country ſhe has been ſo careſſed, invited, and cheriſhed,—the whole Republick have, indeed, paid ſuch homage to her, ſince ſhe ſettled amongſt them, that it is no wonder ſhe is, at length, conciliated,—beſtows a gracious ſmile over ſuch parts as are ſuſceptible of her influence, and aſſimilates to the ſoil.

The ſpot we are ſurveying is, indeed, pre-eminently favoured. Our path, you obſerve, is on the ſurface of a fine terrace, wide enough to admit half a dozen perſons abreaſt in ſome places, and narrowing, imperceptibly, in others, ſo as to admit only what is uſually more agreeable in ſuch ſort of walks—a *tête a tête*. Nay, one ſide,—the left, returning to the Hague,—runs off into a variety of woody receſſes, the footway of which is adapted only to a ſoliloquy—ſuch, as ſome few minds know how to turn to even ſocial advantage —ſuch as yours, my friend:

" Thou who art fitted,
" Or in Courts to ſhine,
" With unaffected grace, or walk the plain;
" With innocence and meditation join'd,
" In ſoft aſſemblage,"

It

It would employ more time than we have to ſpare, were we to turn into any one of theſe winding walks, and ſuffer ourſelves to be led away by its ſeducing deviations—It is involved in ſo many vernal labyrinths, that I can only recommend them to you, when Solitude and her companions, Poeſy, and let me add, Philoſophy, concur with leiſure, to devote a morning or evening to ſuch aſſociates. Keeping the terrace, we ſhall for the time that is on our hands, be ſufficiently gratified. As we go along, you who are new to the ſcene will be ſtruck with rural objects, not often to be found in any country in the vicinity of the ocean; and of one of the moſt *populous* as well as *popular* towns in Europe. Among theſe the ſound of that ocean, at firſt loud and paſſionate, moderating its wrath as we go farther on, till at length it ſoftens as if into ſounds of regret at having, in its anger, ſent us away, and perſuaſively murmuring to invite our return. How eaſily, without ſtraining the alluſion, may one apply this to the wayward, little animoſities of this little life! in which, how often does the violence of rage—the moſt foaming diſſonance, melt into the whiſpers of love! On the right hand of us but many a foot beneath, for the terrace is extremely elevated, you perceive the *obvious* roads; you catch a glimpſe of them, and of the paſſengers; and but a glimpſe, the next three or four

ſteps ſhuts up the view, and you are again under covert of what Milton has called "a verdant wall." But were the public paths *filled* with *living* beauties we might ſuffer this excluſion from them,—your pardon, fair ones, our excluſion is very temporary,—while "on ſuch a night as this;" for I *chooſe* to have the evening we are taking this walk a very fine one; added to the diverſified ſounds of the ſea, we have the ſong of the nightingale, the note of the cuckoo, (whoſe very hoarſeneſs has a charm for us; we are in the education, you know, of loving his voice to the laſt;) the concert of the ſmall birds to amuſe the ear—the perfume of the wild flowers, which are here in profuſion; the magnificence of the trees, many of which are "of the firſt order of ſizes;" the oaks for example, which are even of Druidical dignity; the beeches, the American poplar, and a very luxuriant growth of underwood. The traveller who has but a reliſh of the charms of verdure in him, cannot be weary of admiring theſe, and many other objects; though, (when he reflects on the general character, and indeed, the general ſurface of Holland,) he will be apt to wonder

"How the devil they got here."

You ſoon arrive at the barrier from whence, to your ſurpriſe, and it may happen to ſome diſpoſitions of mind to your diſlike, you find yourſelf in

the ſtreets of the Hague; a rapid tranſition from umbrage ſo profound might induce you to fancy yourſelf "in depth of woods embraced;" and then by another ſtroke of magick conveyed to a large town, which is the reſidence of courtiers, and the ſeat of the Dutch government. Before we wholly loſe ſight of this charming promenade, let us take a retroſpective view of it from the barrier, which ſhews us the perſpective of Scheveling church as a terminating object; and which leads me to ſay a few parting words of the village.

The hiſtorians of the place all ſay that this little town is extremely ancient; and that it was more than double the ſize it now is. In 1470, the ſea (which I have ſometimes ſeen more terrible here than a roaring lion; and in a very few hours after it might have been likened to the ſleeping lamb;) not only waſhed away one of its churches, but inundated more than two thouſand paces beyond it; and carried deſolation and ruin in its courſe. In 1530, the reſidue of the village and the villagers, very narrowly eſcaped being ſwallowed up in the middle of the night. And notwithſtanding the extreme height of the banks, formed by the ſand-downs, the furious element in diſdain of controul, broke over them, and deluged half the town ſucceſſively in the years 1538-46-51, and above all in 1570,

1570, on the day of All-Saints. On that fatal day one hundred and twenty houſes were either buried under the ſands, or dragged into the main: and the other church, which ſtood in the heart of the village, was now left almoſt upon the beach, in which ſituation it ſtands at this moment a ſacred but ſolitary monument of the ſtorm; and looks to fancy's eye, as if it ſtill mourned the event. Since that time, however, the ocean has flowed within its bounds; the village is in part rebuilt. It is inhabited entirely by fiſhers and publicans; the firſt confine themſelves to the markets of Rotterdam and the Hague; the laſt depend chiefly on the parties of pleaſure which reſort to it in the ſummer ſeaſon. Such a thing as a private family building, a pavilion in its neighbourhood, nor ſcarcely a lodger, except the old lady who boiled in the tub and myſelf, I really believe has not been heard or thought of theſe two hundred years; but then you know, it is too near the "*noxious vapours of the ſea.*"—O, ungrateful Holland! thus to turn your back on your beſt friend! notwithſtanding he has ſwallowed up ſo many of your fiſhermen's houſes, ye ought to build a temple to Neptune in every town of the Republick; and in thoſe within reach of his purifying breath, ye ought to erect one in every ſtreet! and on the portals,

" * This great inſcription ſhould be written,
" Remember him that keeps ye all from *ſtinking*."

Theſe poor *remains* of Scheveling ſtill boaſt the *charities*. There is one devoted by the courts of Holland to poor *old* people, ſo long ago as the year 1614, and flouriſhing ſtill; the other is conſecrated to orphans.

But I have mentioned myſelf as a lodger; one of thoſe beings, who as I obſerved before, the boiled lady excepted, never appeared on the coaſt: and being a ſolitary wanderer on the ſhore, and moreover a ſelf-talker, holding long and loud conferences upon the beach, in the market-place, in the wood-walks, and according to the different feelings of my mind—

" Now drooping woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
" Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love;"

and now "ſmiling as in ſcorn," or in ſport, on men, women, fiſh, fiſhing-boats, or the ocean, without uttering a ſyllable; all theſe peculiarities I could plainly perceive, made me looked on by the inhabitants, many of whom followed me whiſpering to one another, as much as to ſay, poor fellow, thou art a much greater curioſity than the ſkull of the

* Parody of a Couplet in Otway.

the huge fiſh, which we keep in the choir of the church, and ſhew as a ſight, though we are told it is fifty-ſix feet long, and was thrown on ſhore here near one hundred and fifty years ago. But I have no manner of objection to the forming part of other people's amuſement, provided they do not interrupt mine, which the Schevelingites did not; except that a few boys would ſometimes, but at *awful* diſtance, attend my wanderings, and ſhake their little heads at each other in manifeſt pity of my ſituation: and I perceived they always compaſſionated me moſt, when I was in effect the moſt to be envied; at moments, for inſtance, when my heart was pardoning an abſent enemy, or yearning after an abſent friend; yielding to the effuſions of the muſe—or repeating the ſtrains of a favourite poet! —*Was* I to be pitied? Even if I ſometimes wept? Ah, no. May the fountain of ſuch tears never be dried up!—Are they the offspring of weakneſs? Then may I never be ſtrong! I have one drop of this weakneſs at this moment in my eye, and another "in its chryſtal ſluice ready to fall," at the thought that you and I, my friend, have been long divided; and that the date of embracing each other again muſt be added to the uncertainties of human life. Adieu.

P. S. Do permit me—indulge me—in the egotism, by way of poſtſcript to this letter, to relate to you a little perſonal anecdote, that I am reminded of by this "*wonderment*" amongſt the common people of Scheveling, on the ſubject of my *ſoliloquies*, which I have already remarked to you, are like thoſe on the ſtage *heard by every body*. If I do not hitch it in here I ſhall never give it you, and I would not have you loſe the trait of honeſt tender heartedneſs in a poor daughter of Nature which it includes.

Some ſummers ago being on a viſit to the excellent * poet and venerable man, on whoſe recommendation I bought the poor old horſe, whoſe hiſtory I gave you in a former letter. It was "my cuſtom always in the afternoon" to go forth into the fields, cottages, farm-houſes, while my friend was at his ſtudies; he being at that time furniſhing his tranſlation of the third and laſt of the † three great fathers of ancient poetry. One day our diſcourſes fell on our Engliſh Pindar, whoſe noble Ode, founded on the pathetick tradition of the maſſacre of the Welſh bards, my friend recited ſo as to divide the glory of the ſong betwixt the

* Rev. Mr. POTTER, Prebendary of Norwich.

† Eſchylus, Euripides, and Sophocles.

reader

reader and the author: and after this he ſtood forth the champion of this ſublime compoſition; entering into a warm and juſt vindication of his favourite poet who had been attacked with ſuch critical ſeverity, or as ſome think with barbarous fury, by Dr. Johnſon: This manly defence is now in the hands of the publick: it is, therefore, unneceſſary to mention its energy, its eloquence, or its juſtice.

Full of the ſubject I ſet off on the evening of the day on which it was brought upon our ſocial carpet, as replete with materials for a long and loud ſoliloquy as any hero could deſire even on the French theatre, where he takes a whole ſcene to himſelf, that he may expatiate at large on thoſe *ſecret conſpiracies* which he communicates to pit, boxes, and gallery. Every thing *without* alſo conſpired to aggravate the ſtate of feeling *within*: a lovely evening was drawing to its cloſe; and really brought into effect and cloſe under the eye, and into the heart many of the objects ſo exquiſitely deſcribed by this enchanting poet; literally, therefore, I was

"Wrapt in ſome ſtrain of penſive Gray."

It was at Scarning near Dereham, in Norfolk,

from which laſt mentioned place, ſoon after I had got into the environs of the former, I *heard*

" The Curfew toll the knell of parting day."

I *ſaw* too at the ſame time,

" The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea."

And obſerved,

" The plowman homeward plod his weary way."

Of the ſecond ſtanza every image was illuſtrated by the ſcene before me; and I exclaimed without in the leaſt attending to a knot of ruſticks ſitting round a bench that encircled a large tree, which " rear'd high its old fantaſtick roots,"—

" Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
" And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds;
" Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
" And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds."

I might have added, had I not been elevated far above ſuch low-thoughted interruption, a few more exceptions to the general tranquillity, ſuch as the titter and then the violent laugh amongſt the villagers of the green, which broke upon the air juſt as I had mentioned its ſolemn ſtillneſs.—Poſſibly this might have a little diſcompoſed me had I not in the ſucceeding inſtant obſerved

"a moping owl," as if ſhe came on purpoſe to

"Soothe the gloomy habit of my ſoul,"

fly over my head, and after wheeling about a little, take up her lodging in preciſely ſuch an "ivy-mantled tower," as that immortaliſed by the poet. Some children who ſeeing her alight, threw up their hats after her; for which though angry with them at firſt, I felt much obliged, as very ſoon after ſhe hooted away moſt delightfully; and as the moon now began to ſhew herſelf, and the brats kept annoying the ivy-tree, I had every reaſon in the world you know, to conſider my owl was

"Complaining to the moon,
"Of ſuch as wandering near her ſecret bower,
"Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign."

In high good humour to find every line *tell* in this manner, I paſſed on, quickening my pace as moſt people when walking and ſuddenly put into high ſpirits generally do: This I ſuppoſe to the audience of peaſants, might increaſe the ridicule and the cauſe of it; for on turning my back on them and ſtriding away, they changed their object from the owl to me, whom they hooted in much louder notes than the owl had hooted the moon; but I believe verily had they *pelted* me at that moment, I ſhould have forgiven them.

Yet

Yet I was now too much warmed to content myſelf with the Elegiack Muſe—My "ſober "wiſhes had been taught to ſtray" too far not to be ambitious of the Pindarick; and what ſo proper, ſo natural to me, at ſuch a time and under ſuch influences as the noble ode to which my friend had ſo lately been doing homage? This had no ſooner ruſhed on my fancy than I burſt forth with the moſt indignant violence of utterance and action,

"Ruin ſeize thee ruthleſs king!
"Confuſion on thy banners wait!"

which couplet I repeated ſeveral times, and at each repetition with an aggravated voice and manner; and then I went on in the ſame ſtyle,

"Tho' fann'd by conqueſt's crimſon wing,
"They mock the air with idle ſtate;
"Helm not Hauberk's twiſted mail,
"Nor ev'n thy virtues, tyrant, can avail,
"To ſave thy ſecret ſoul from nightly fears,
"From Cambria's curſe, from Cambria's tears!"

Judge what an impreſſion all this muſt make upon a poor old woman whoſe clay-raiſed hut ſtood by the ſide of the road; and who could juſt make ſhift to draw open a gate that ſeparated the boundary of one little pariſh from another; for which courteſy ſhe frequently received nothing; and

and occaſionally an *enpaſſant* penny. She had opened the gate; but with ſuch a countenance of alarm and commiſeration, fear for herſelf and pity for me, that a painter might have acquired immortal fame by drawing it. It "beggars *my* "powers of deſcription ſo entirely," that I ſhall not attempt it.

Poor ſoul! poor ſoul! ſaid the old woman as I paſſed through the gate, the cord with which ſhe drew it open trembling in her hands!—How long—added ſhe in faultering accents—how long, poor luckleſs gentleman, have you been in this way?

"Confuſion on thy banners wait!"

Ever ſince I could *walk* ALONE, ejaculated I.—Good lack, good lack, born fooliſh mayhap, quite a natural!

Even ſo—

"Tho' fann'd by conqueſt's crimſon wing,
"They mock the air with idle ſtate!"

Even ſo good mother—exclaimed I, thruſting a ſhilling into her hand, and paſſing furiouſly on—recommencing with

"Ruin ſeize thee," &c.

Heaven

Heaven keep all good Chriſtians in their ſenſes! —how he raves and curſes! ſaid ſhe.

I went home when the fit was over by another road, and ſaw no more of my pity-ſtruck dame; but on my relating it at ſupper to my friend, what was my ſurpriſe to find that the identical old lady had juſt left the kitchen, having out of pure humanity enquired me out, come to know if I had got ſafe back, as ſhe had "a parlous fear "I ſhould lay violent hands on myſelf by the way." —The night turned out cloudy, and the poor creature was both lame and aged; neither of which circumſtances could withhold her from an office of diſintereſted compaſſion; for amongſt other matters ſhe told my friend's ſervant, that I had put a ſhilling into her hands, which being a thing that never happened to her before all the years ſhe had been at the gate, muſt for *certain ſure* be a miſtake; and therefore ſhe would have ſurrendered it as a given evidence of the unſound ſtate of my mind; of which ſhe would not for even five ſhillings take any advantage! and it was not without difficulty the domeſticks reconciled her to the keeping it, obſerving to her that its being returned *would make me worſe.*

For more than a week after this ſhe came, unſeen

unſeen by the parlour people, to know how I went on; and being told by my friend's footman, who had an arch ſort of gravity about him, that upon the whole I continued much the ſame, or if any thing *rather worſe*; my worthy old dame ſhook her head and expreſſed her hopes, and declared I ſhould not want her prayers, that I might with God's aſſiſtance keep out of *chains* and a *ſtrait waiſtcoat*; and then ſhe hobbled away with tears in her eyes.

But pity is communicative; the uſual way of confidence; this anecdote reached the men and women who were ſitting round the tree; it then ſpread to the owl and the ivy-buſh; arrived at the green where I ſo deported myſelf as to be hooted off the premiſes; putting all which together, and taking in the affair of purchaſing the ſuperannuated horſe, had I been in litigation with any man in that neighbourhood for any thing worth an attempt to prove me *non compos*, there is not an old man or woman, boy or girl, within half a dozen miles of Scarning who would not have ſupported the plaintiff in his bill of lunacy; and any defence I could have ſet up, had I maintained my rationality with as much ardour and action as I had recited my poetry, would only have been adduced as freſh proof of my diſtraction.

But

But my poſtſcript is running to the length of my letter, and leſt *you* alſo ſhould vote for an indictment, and be witneſs to the bill when found, I will in my ſober mind and ſenſes, and with all the powers of both aſſure you, I am yours.

N. B. Let me enter a caveat however againſt your imputing the *ſelfiſh* expreſſions which occur in this adventure to any perſonal vanity—Since in this, as in various other places where the author enters into ſimilar delineations, he intends it as the mere play of the pen, proceeding from pleaſant and perhaps ſometimes peculiar modes of ſenſation, but without ever feeling an idea of arrogance or obtruſion.

LETTER XXXV.

TO THE SAME.

Hague.

I HAVE imperceptibly "beguiled the "way" to your hotel my friend, which I will ſuppoſe you to regain juſt in time for the Dutch theatre, which is amongſt thoſe objects of curioſity that no traveller who has but a reliſh of literature in him would, as one would imagine, paſs *ungleaned*; and

and yet I cannot find that any of our numerous Trippiſts have deemed a critique of the ſtage or drama of this country worth their trouble. Unwilling however to impute this negligence to national prejudice, or to a ſupercilious opinion of our own theatre, I will preſume the authors who have viſited this country either had not leiſure to partake the amuſement, or that they were in Holland during the receſſes of dramatick exhibitions.

In this reſpect therefore I am to account myſelf more fortunate; and ſuppoſing you at my ſide, will expect you to join me in the gratulation. But I feel the neceſſity of becoming *ſelfiſh* on this occaſion; you ſee my wiſh to be *ſocial* has led me into ſome confuſion by running the firſt and ſecond *perſons* into one another, and by perplexing the ſingular and plural *numbers*.

Shrinking therefore into *myſelf*, I proceed to inform you, that my firſt viſit to the playhouſe here was on the evening when the tragedy of Hamlet, and the character of the Queen by a celebrated actreſs, held out a double attraction.

The Dutch Hamlet is almoſt a literal tranſlation of the German, but differs importantly from the Engliſh in fable and character.

The ſtory is ſimply this—The King of Denmark has been poiſoned by a favourite of the Queen; and that Princeſs, in the headlong violence of her paſſion, conſenting to the death of her huſband, promiſed to reward his murderer with her hand and crown. The piece opens immediately after the commiſſion of this bloody deed; and the firſt ſcene is allotted to the aſſaſſin, and a friend who is confidential, and indeed an accomplice in the villany. In the ſecond ſcene, a diſcovery of the murder is made to the Queen by the lover, who claims his recompence, which, from the "com-"punctuous viſitings of nature," is refuſed. Many high-wrought ſentiments are given by the royal, ſelf-made widow, to juſtify a breach of her wicked purpoſe, and to determine on throwing the whole regal power into the hands of her ſon Hamlet. This reſolution ſhe maintains ſo ſteadily, that her lover (Clodius) the murderer, is converted into her moſt inveterate enemy.

Various ſcenes of ſevere diſtreſs enſue. An interview takes place betwixt young Hamlet and his mother, in which the conſcience of the latter impells her to relate her ſhare in the death of her huſband to the former, who has been apprized by his father's ghoſt of the horrid deed.—This ghoſt

is

is *ſaid* to haunt him every where, but does not make its publick appearance.

The Dutch Ophelia is the daughter of the murderer, Clodius—of courſe, the ſame principle that prevents the Queen mother from an union with the aſſaſſin of her huſband, deſtroys the intended nuptials betwixt Ophelia and Hamlet. Hereupon the virtuous ſacrifices of paſſion to principle produce ſeveral very tender and affecting ſcenes. The filial piety of Hamlet, and the conſtitutional melancholy ſo exquiſitely touched by Shakſpeare, is by no means feebly ſupported by the German poet, or by the Dutch tranſlator. The introduction of a ſacred vaſe, in which are depoſited the aſhes of the poiſoned monarch, is very happily brought on, and the addreſſes of the pious and heart-wounded ſon to it, preſs cloſe on the ſofteſt and beſt paſſions of our nature. In the midſt of theſe addreſſes of Hamlet to the aſhes of his father, the Queen enters, and her ſon wrought to agony, goes up to her, and, with the outraged feelings of a ſon ſo ſituated, aſks—*Where is my father?* on her refuſing to anſwer which queſtion, he leads her to the urn, and in the ſame ſtyle of eloquent brevity exclaims—See, mother—here is *all you have left me of him!*

This calls forth all the paſſions of a ſon, and all the penitence of a mother. The latter implores her death, the former attempts it; the dagger is pointed at her boſom; the parent kneels to receive, the child to give the blow; but by a powerful working of nature, the ſon falls into the embraces of his mother wholly diſarmed. They riſe together, and Hamlet, unable to execute his purpoſe, ruſhes away, exclaiming—"The wife has killed her huſband, and my father, "it is true; but the mother muſt not be mur-"dered by the ſon!"

The fate of this unhappy princeſs is with more *natural* juſtice conſigned, by the Auſtrian bard, to the hand of her lover, the guilty Clodius, who, failing in the attempt to deſtroy Hamlet, is himſelf ſtabbed by that prince, and the piece concludes with Hamlet's reſolution to prefer life to death for the ſake of virtue, and the good of his ſubjects.

You ſee, then, that the Queen is here a fair penitent, and conſequently appears on the Dutch and German ſtages in a much more amiable light than on the Britiſh theatre; and judging her, even on Shakſpeare's own rule, is to be preferred to Gertrude; ſince,

"The wicked, compar'd with the *more* wicked,
"Seem beautiful; and not to be the worſt,
"Stands in ſome rank of praiſe."

But

But of the two Ophelias, that of Shakſpeare has every claim to pre-eminence. We ſee nothing of the gentle Roſencrantz, or Gildenſtern, nor of Polonius, or of his ſon Laertes. And it is, indeed, no great matter; but I muſt confeſs myſelf Gothick enough to have felt much chagrined at the excluſion of the honeſt grave-diggers, who in their way, are certainly "fellows of infinite "jeſt," and have often amuſed me. The ghoſt, as I have already obſerved, never comes on the ſtage. A gentleman of our party told me, it had made its *entré* laſt ſeaſon, but at the inſtance of ſome of the burgomaſters' wives, though it was not confined to its priſon-houſe, it was now forbid to *walk in ſight*. This inhibition muſt certainly be regarded as a ſingular piece of gallantry in the Dutch magiſtrates; but I do not clearly enter into the *neceſſity* of it. To make me ſenſible of which, however, the gentleman informed me, it was thought dangerous for ladies in *certain ſituations*. Yet, unleſs the Dutch women could contrive to mark their offspring with the *ſhadow of a ſhade*, I cannot ſtill ſee any thing *ſubſtantial* in their complaint againſt this poor ſpectre; "and I muſt own to you, Sir," continued I to the gentleman, "that it is with regret I perceive my old friend Fortinbraſs is baniſhed from your ſtage; and can aſſure you, that the bulk of our Engliſh

audiences would ſooner give up the Prince of Denmark himſelf than the apparition of his father." The fact, replied the gentleman, may be, that our wives in Holland are, in effect, the *magiſtrates*; " and would perhaps," interrupted I, in the words of Shakſpeare, " make a ghoſt of " him who ſhould dare to diſobey."

" But look," exclaimed my companion, " Hamlet SEEMS to ſee the ſpirit of his father now." I was convinced from the geſticulation of the actor on this occaſion, that the ghoſt could not be exiled without injury; for in conſequence of this baniſhment, in courteſy to the female part of the auditory, the attempt of SEEMING TO SEE produced ſuch diſtortions as were truly diſguſting. The actor ſo turned up the ſight, that we could catch only the white of his eyes, thereby, I ſuppoſe, inſinuating that he beheld the ghoſt of his father in his " mind's eye" only; but even then we are to conclude the Dutch mind to take up her lodging very far in the back part of the ſcull, for the performer's eyes were trying to hide themſelves in that direction. Indeed, Prior tells us, that " Alma* (the ſoul) has her principal palace in

* " Alma, they ſtrenuouſly maintain,
" Sits cockhorſe on her throne the brain;
" And from that ſeat of thought diſpenſes
" Her ſov'reign pleaſure to the ſenſes."

" the

"the brain:" if this be true, the actor was right.

But letting this pass, there are many very pathetick touches in the play that would not have dishonoured Shakspeare himself; and, notwithstanding my love of that great poet and my admiration of this his most philosophical drama, I was highly gratified with as much of the Dutch Hamlet as I could understand. With regard to the representation, I should be guilty of a most invidious hypercriticism, were I to cavil at what my feelings assured me was strong, natural, and impressive. The Queen was a very fine piece of acting throughout.—Mademoiselle Wattier is the Siddons of the Amsterdam stage. Before I went to the theatre she was so overpraised (as it appeared) by the party with whom I dined, that the panegyrick had the effect of making me enter the house almost with a prejudice; for such hyperbole, besides that it is very unwise, is in general very untrue. This was, however, a very happy exception, as Mademoiselle Wattier really beggared the loftiest rhapsody of her admirers. She has all the grace and energy of Mrs. Siddons's movement, with equal powers of face and of figure: her eyes are of the same colour, possessing no less fire, no less softness; and every turn of her per-

ſon in the variety of the paſſion to be expreſſed, would ſtill, Siddons-like, have formed the ſubject of a maſterly painter, could he have caught the emotions as they aroſe. Her abhorrence of her lover after he had aſſaſſinated her huſband—her ſcornful rejection of his bloody hand—her indignation againſt herſelf at having promiſed to accept it on ſuch conditions, and her triumph on the breach of her raſh vow, are all ſtrokes highly favourable to the diſplay of tragic talents, and were given by this great performer in the nobleſt ſtyle of that ſublime ſimplicity for which our own Enchantreſs of the Britiſh Drama is ſo worthily celebrated.

Nor was the part of the Prince of Denmark ill ſuſtained. I could not, however, but take notice, that the flowing trains and robes are on the Dutch as on the Engliſh ſtage, of infinite uſe to the performers; each of whom were *au fait* to this tragic auxiliary in the bye-play and trick of the ſcene—little arts that are known to have their effect every where—they might be thought the works of ſupererogation.

A few nights after, the announce of Elfrida drew me again to the theatre. Of this performance, as of the other, I ſhall preſent you with a comparative

comparative view, becauſe this appears to me the beſt way of marking the variations and ſimilitudes which characteriſe the reſpective ſtages; and the Dutch theatre, like the language and inhabitants, has been ſo generally ridiculed for its *ſuppoſed lethargy and inelegance*, that it will be quite a novelty in a foreigner, and eſpecially an Engliſh one, to do it honeſt or even neighbourly juſtice.

The ſtories of Elfrida are nearly the ſame in the Engliſh and Auſtrian plays; and that which I ſaw repreſented at the Hague is nearly a literal tranſlation from the German; but one very marking difference is immediately manifeſt, *viz.* that with all the charms of Maſon's poetry, and with the ſuperadded magic of the muſic, with all the pomps of proceſſion, &c. &c. an Engliſh audience *almoſt* ſleeps, and *abſolutely* gapes over the Engliſh Elfrida; whereas the Dutch—pray forgive me, my dear national friends—the Dutch Elfrida keeps every eye open and every heart throbbing at the "cunning of the ſcene," which at once excites the hope and fear of the ſpectator.

There is, however, one very unnatural incident. After Edgar had detected the falſhood of Athelwold as to his deſcription of Elfrida's beauty, he challenges him to ſingle combat, as the only manly

way left to decide whoſe wife ſhe ſhould be. Athelwold falls, and his body is brought on the ſtage; but even while Elfrida, in the diſtraction of her mind, is weeping over it, the ſanguine mark of Edgar's ſabre full in her view, Earl Orgar, her ambitious father, comes to try all his powers of threat and intreaty in favour of her huſband's recent murderer; and this prepoſterous idea is afterwards, while

" The memory of her lov'd Lord is green,"

followed up by Edgar himſelf, who preſſes the ſuit, and ſeems to think it very hard he is not immediately ſucceſsful. I have ſeldom ſeen even on the ſtage a more groſs violation of nature: a murderer making love to the wife of a tenderly beloved huſband, whoſe corpſe, mangled by that very murderer, is lying in the ſame room, ſtill bleeding, and ſcarcely cold from the wound. Yet even theſe circumſtances were forgotten, amidſt the overpowering excellence of Mademoiſelle Wattier. Mrs. Siddons could not more completely have annihilated them.

The unfortunate Elfrida has no way of eſcaping this ſecond marriage, even before the

———Funeral bak'd meats
" Could coldly furniſh forth the marriage table,"

but by eſcaping from life, which ſhe effects by ſtabbing herſelf, and dies graſping the hand of Athelwold. The laſt act, which falls almoſt wholly to Athelwold's widow, is in point of words the ſhorteſt, and in point of matter the longeſt I ever ſaw, and is acted by Mademoiſelle Wattier up to nature in her boldeſt and ſublimeſt powers. Human genius and feeling, aided by human art, ſeldom have gone higher. I have the tears, the terrors, the aweful ſilence, and the aggregated burſt of admiration in an whole audience in evidence of this aſſertion. Her ſupplicatory addreſſes, in the firſt inſtance, to ſave Athelwold; her delight on receiving Edgar's inſidious promiſe that he ſhould be forgiven the offence of honourable love; her expreſſion of unutterable grief at receiving the news of his death; her tender ſervices over his body; her attempts to ſoothe her father from his cruel purpoſe of hurrying her into an unnatural marriage; her increaſing reſolution to avoid it; her gradual loſs of ſenſe; her momentary returns of intellect; her affecting relapſes; the manner of her drawing the dagger, ſmiling upon and ardently kiſſing it, as the guardian of her deceaſed huſband's honour; the lucid intervals of her reaſon and conſcience, even after ſhe has pointed the dagger at her boſom; the ſudden violence with which conſcience and reaſon are hurled from

their

their throne at the ſight of Athelwold's wounds; her ſecond attempts on herſelf; and in that inſtant the manner of her falling on her knees, to look the prayer ſhe could not utter, every feature importuning the Merciful for pardon and pity; the air of ſatisfaction with which ſhe then plunged the poignard in her breaſt, as if certain her prayer had been granted; the imitated movements of her death; the agony at vainly trying to find the hand of Athelwold; her joy on finding it at laſt, though the King of Terrors ſeemed to pull back her own; and her expiring groan, were repreſented in a manner ſo juſt, animated, and bold, that "take it for all in all," I truly think I have never ſeen eloquence of action, unborrowed of the tongue, imitated with more energy. After ſhe fell, there was a ſilence of ſome minutes—a ſilence that might have been felt. It ſurely could not have been more profound, more impreſſive, had a ſeries of thoſe calamitous incidents which had been imagined actually happened. The audience, indeed, were too deeply moved to expreſs themſelves in the ordinary way of noiſy acclamation; moſt of them left the houſe before the laugh of the farce had weakened the force of their ſenſibility.

And now, my friend, having done an act of juſtice,

juſtice, and no more than juſtice, to the performers, let me dare to extend the principle of equity to the audiences of Holland, from whoſe hearts, as it were by the common conſent of nations, pity, paſſion, and every *capacity* of *ſympathy* has been excluded; other countries proudly and ſelfiſhly deeming them heavy as their atmoſphere, and torpid as their lakes. This imputed apathy has paſſed into a proverb, inſomuch that when any remarkable ſtupor attaches to a man's character in any other country, he is pronounced, by way of ſtigma, *as dull as a Dutchman.*

That there is a general appearance, and that there may be a general languor and lethargy in this people, till ſtrongly excited, is certain; but when the proper objects of the powerful emotions are called forth either by real or fancied events, I have never ſeen in any country, heads or hearts more replete with ſound ſenſe or good feeling; nor did there ever ſit, at the theatrick phenomena of the ſtage—Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Garrick, or Monſieur Le Kain—an auditory who ſeemed to have a better ſenſe of what was ſublime, or a finer touch of what was beautiful, than the audiences of Amſterdam and the Hague, whenever I have been a ſpectator. In truth, the Dutch have, on the ſcore of inſenſibility been ſo much the

the deriſion of other nations, that they may very fairly apply the words of Shakeſpeare's celebrated Jew, and ſay to inſulting foreigners, "Hath not "a Dutchman eyes? Hath not a Dutchman "hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, "paſſions? Fed with the ſame food? Hurt with "the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, "healed by the ſame means, warmed and cooled "by the ſame winter and ſummer as an Engliſh-"man, Frenchman, or Spaniard is? If you prick "him, does he not bleed? If you tickle him, "does he not laugh? If you poiſon him, does he "not die?"

And in good truth, when we perceive how very little the ſpirit of candour influences one nation in its judgment of another, we may farther juſtify the Venetian merchant in his exclamation——

"O Father Abraham, what theſe Chriſtians are!"

ſince a very ſmall proportion of Chriſtian charity would lead us to ſuppoſe

"There may be ſome virtue
"Ev'n amongſt Saracens."

What apology, then, ſhall be found for men of travel, who not only bring over with them, but take back the narroweſt prejudices againſt every other

other people? None can be offered; and we can only avoid cenſure by ſilence—a ſufficient proof you will allow, that I have not recommended candour without feeling its benign influence. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

THE Prince, Princeſs, and whole Houſe of Orange always attend the theatre, but without any pomp, and altogether as republicans. Indeed the ſombrous aſpect of the play-houſe, from that almoſt univerſal complaint, want of light, gives them to the audience only in ſhadow: there is literally but half a pound of candles to illume the royal box, and amidſt this darkneſs viſible, they ſit ſo much incog. as ſcarcely to be diſtinguiſhable from the chairs they ſit on. Two maids of honour, and two pages form their play-houſe ſuite, and they make their exits and their entrances with very few marks of aſſent or diſapprobation. Round the body of the houſe are hung about a dozen reflecting lamps, which emit rather a glare than a pleaſant light. The ſtage itſelf, however, is ſufficiently luminous, which is certainly of the moſt

moſt conſequence to that part of the audience who come to *ſee*; and I only mention it as a defect, as it obſcures thoſe who come to be *ſeen*. And Holland is by no means without its votaries who wiſh to be admired; yea, and can boaſt its coquettes of both ſexes. Not that theſe make the theatre a frequent ſcene of their viſitation.—It is rather ſacred to a *tête-à-tête* than a publick exhibition, though it is more uſually the reſort of people who go ſimply to be amuſed. Juſt while I have opportunity, let me reſcue the characters of the Dutch beaux,—I will aſſure you "ſuch things "are"—from the want of what would be looked upon in the city of Amſterdam as at London, an unpardonable deficiency. Know then there are many fair ladies * *entreteniar'd* in a very high ſtyle of magnificence. Many young Hollanders, yea and old ones too, are faſhionable enough to have and to take care it ſhould be *known* that they have a female of as great expence as beauty in their train, and all *commercant* as they are, contrive to ſtrike a bargain between buſineſs and pleaſure, erecting a temple as well to Venus as to Plutus. Some there are who, contented with the *reputation* of keeping the miſtreſs, and the *eclat* of divorcing the wife, never viſit the former but in publick by way of *exhibition*; and though by habit or paſſion

* The French faſhion word for keeping.

attached

attached to the latter, dare not hazard the loſs of character except by private interview, which by taking the air of an intrigue, makes even a conjugal *tête-à-tête*, as it were by *ſtealth*, at once dramatick and intereſting.

Notwithſtanding this general gloom of the playhouſes, the Dutch,—albeit unuſed to pay homage to mere rank or titles, of which there is abundance, the bulk of an audience being frequently compoſed of the Repreſentatives of Emperors and Kings,—are by no means inſenſible to merit, nor ſlow in affording it the warmeſt tokens of their reſpect and admiration; a very ſtriking example of which I had an opportunity of noticing in their publick reception of the Count de Boetzlaer, the gallant veteran who commanded and ſo bravely defended the fortreſs of * Williamſtadt. I had the fortune to be preſent at the firſt publick appearance of this glorious and faithful ſoldier after his ſucceſsful reſiſtance, and other favouring circumſtances had driven back the French army into their own territories: and to grace his triumph and render it more complete, it was at a time when another General was ſuppoſed to have been leſs ſteady in the cauſe of his country. The Count de Boetzlaer came late into the theatre,

* During the attack of Dumourier.

when a very affecting ſcene in a favourite tragedy, the chief character of which was performed by a popular actreſs, had very ſtrongly engaged the general attention, and when the entrance of all the Kings, Queens, or Potentates of the earth, under leſs powerful circumſtances, would have been thought a ſecondary attraction. But in this inſtance it was otherwiſe; and for ſeveral minutes the ſtage "and all that it inherits," was nothing worth. The Count came in, ſupported by his two blooming daughters, each of whom had already been the well-ſelected object of national gratitude, the States-General and the Stadtholder having accorded them a very liberal penſion for life. Few things could have been a more flattering mark of their father's valour, than theſe rewards of his well-earned laurels; and yet I was near enough to *ſee* that the univerſal ſhouts of a crowded theatre, amongſt which were mingled the plaudits of the Prince, his family, and the Ladies, not of the Court only, but of every part of the houſe, were circumſtances of greater victory than their independence. Believe me, my friend, it was not a merely *ſentimental* tear, which tender fancy had *made* for the occaſion, but it was the genuine drop of bliſs, derived from the fullneſs of the filial heart, that I actually obſerved upon the cheek of one of the daughters; and the other

caught

caught hold of the General's arm, and was hardly withheld by the forms of life, from embracing her father; and it was as I ſaid a conſiderable time before the audience had any eyes, ears, or hands, for other entertainment. With reſpect to the General himſelf, without affecting to be elated beyond the due bound of a ſenſible mind, he received the incenſe thus offered him with a proper ſenſe of what he owed to his own bravery and to the publick, who were proud to diſtinguiſh it. His exit from the theatre was more ſplendid than his entrance, and I could not help making a reflection drawn from the place where it was ſuggeſted, the truth of which I will ſubmit to your deciſion. The hero of the tragedy was a noble ſoldier whom the poet had drawn as deſerving and receiving his country's applauſe; whether on that night repreſented in compliment to Boetzlaer I cannot tell; the actor who performed this part, was honoured, and juſtly, with ſtrong tokens of publick favour, and as he ſeemed to riſe in excellence as he roſe in fame, it is to be preſumed his pleaſure was in proportion to his praiſe. The ſame no doubt was true as to the real General; but what an important difference, nevertheleſs, in the comparative feelings of the two perſonages!—even as great as that betwixt fact and fancy; the ſatisfac-

tion of the actor being that of a man repreſenting for the time being, the atchievements of another *ſuppoſed* character, muſt have been tranſient. When he had ſtrutted his hour there was an end of his glory, and even the acclamation which his imitation excited would give way to the fatigue of acting a long and laborious part, and he would ſeek in repoſe a willing oblivion of his ſhort-lived greatneſs, doomed perhaps on the morrow to aſſume another character—the *reverſe* of that he played the night before—the vileſt tyrant or the meaneſt ſlave; and be the averſion of the very audience who had ſo lately worſhipped him. The *real* General on the contrary, I doubt not, returned home to a ſeries of thoughts and emotions which would be the ſame during the reſidue of his life, and ſweeten its lateſt moments. He had repelled a foreign enemy, and awed a domeſtic foe. He had retired in the fulneſs of honour and of years. He had received the juſtice of the Republick for his ſervices in a period of its greateſt difficulty and danger. His children, his friends, his Prince, and "a whole nation's voice," informed him, what he had done was not followed by the paſſing glories of an evening, but that his name, his memory, the fortunes and the character of his family, would be treaſured up amongſt the proudeſt archives of the Provinces.

On

On going to my hotel, I met with a very glean-worthy circumſtance. It had rained the whole of the evening, and might now be ſaid to pour. I was a mile diſtant from that part of the Hague where I lodged, and I was then a ſtranger to the town. A Dutch Gentleman of whom I enquired my way, undertook to be my guide with an air and voice of courteſy ſo preſſing, that in the dim ſurvey I had of the perſon to whom they appertained, I took it for granted I ſhould *pay for the civility*, and ſo without much ceremony or compliment accepted it. My director was furniſhed with an umbrella which he ſhared with me, and held it over our heads. Still thinking I had encountered a man who would conſider a few ſtivers a ſufficient recompenſe for the ſervice, I ſaid no handſome things on the occaſion, and entered only into converſation about the weather. The violence of the rain continued, and even augmented, when ſo far from yielding any part of the benefit of the umbrella, I deſired my guide to give me more than my ſhare, to which very much to his annoyance he aſſented, by almoſt leaving his own perſon undefended. I felt ſome reproof of heart on this; but rather from a ſenſe of injuſtice than any idea of rudeneſs. We quickened our pace, and at length gained the point of my deſtination, at the

end of which the conductor would have made his bow I find and taken his leave, had I not ſeen the landlord at the door, who bowed to him with the moſt profound reſpect, and begged him to walk in till the ſhower was over, or at leaſt to accept of a great coat, of which offer having availed himſelf, he renewed his farewell, and left me with the beſt nature imaginable, to ſettle my behaviour as I could.—I now perceived I had been indebted to a gentleman of one of the firſt families in Holland for this urbanity, who ſeeing me aſtray, and benighted in a ſtrange land, walked through a tempeſt to guide me on my way, and looking upon me no doubt as a ſtranger ignorant of cuſtoms, paſſed over my incivility without relaxing his own kindneſs. He was diſcovered to me juſt in time to prevent receiving from me the inſult of a couple of *ſeſthalfs*, which I ſhould have thought, deeming him the perſon I had at firſt dubbed him, an handſome gratuity, *as money goes in Holland*, for a good wetting.

You are too penetrating not to ſee that I have detailed this nocturnal adventure, which you have juſt as it happened, to ſome better end than telling a tale. I wiſh it to ſerve as introductory to my vindication of the Dutch from another ill-grounded charge brought by neighbouring nations againſt

againſt them,—their imputed want of urbanity to ſtrangers.

I am aware my loved friend that it would be as *eaſy* to make *you*, as it would be *difficult* to make the bulk of my honeſt countrymen believe, that the current civilities are ſhewn to foreigners in general, and Engliſhmen in particular, with a liberality worthy the adoption of people—their cenſurers for inſtance—who have more *reputation* for thoſe courteſies which ſmooth the path of the traveller, and far leſs honeſt claim. But from a citizen of the world, and a man of a candid ſpirit, we expect and find better things. We eaſily credit others for thoſe virtues which form a part of our own character; we are even apt to ſuppoſe them poſſeſſed, where they really are not —juſt as we impute our favourite foibles to our neighbours; and feeling anxious to have them more faulty than ourſelves, aggravate the quantum of their imperfections and decreaſe their merit.

The ſingle example I have recited above, did it ſtand alone in the travels of an individual, would or ought to be ſufficient to reſcue the nation from the ſtigma under which they labour. —But amongſt the Dutch, did every traveller

tell *all* the truth, he muſt confeſs that the little urbanities he met with in a tour through the Provinces, (were he not himſelf too proud or too churliſh to accept gentle offices,) afforded him not *gleanings* only, but a reaſonable harveſt; and yet ſo genial is the ſoil, this barren ſoil, ſaid to be unfruitful of every thing but what is ſold, and ſold on uſury, that every new gueſt may if he properly cultivates it, go away "filled with good "things."

In my own caſe, I by no means rely on the ſolitary inſtance with which I have preſented you. It is aſſociated with many others, where frequently "I turn the leaf of gratitude" to read them. Accept one or two more. I had loſt myſelf in following my mental rather than my corporeal eye—no uncommon event in this world. I was aroufed from my reverie in a part of Holland which exactly anſwered to a line of Goldſmith's Hermit—it was

"Where wilds immeaſurably ſpread;"

and I was half buried in a bog before I diſcovered this. On looking round I perceived a mill at above fifty paces diſtant, and a man running down the ladder, and then making towards me with his utmoſt ſpeed, calling out, and making ſigns for me to attempt no farther my own extrication.

This, as I afterwards found, was a very neceſſary caution, for my plunging involved me yet deeper in the bog; and when the almoſt breathleſs miller came to my aid, I literally roſe "in all the majeſty "of mud."

My preſerver informed me, I had got into a country where the ſolid and rotten ground were ſo mixed, that it had been the grave of men and beaſts time immemorial; and that even a perſon born amongſt theſe treacherous quagmires, found it ſometimes difficult to paſs them in ſafety. With great good-nature he conducted me to a ſecure path which led to the village from whence I had rambled; but to effect this was a walk of more than twenty minutes; and ſeeing ſome long graſs growing beſide a dyke we had to go over, he plucked a copious handful, and made me a little more fit to enter the abode of human beings. When the town-gate appeared before me in a direct line, he bid me farewell, and went back to his mill.

During the whole of this ſcene, I believe my preſerver did not ſpeak more than twice—once to warn me of my danger, and once to bid me adieu—when he had got me out of it. Could the ſofter courteſy of more poliſhed nations have better effected diſintereſted good will?

And the ſecond ſervice was like unto the firſt. It happened at the little village of Scheveling. I had uſed all my paper to wrap up my Gleanings, and a morning's excurſion had crouded my mind with freſh matter. Not a ſcrap of paper remained, ſave the backs of two letters, which I had loaded to the very edges. My heart is very faithful to its feelings, but the *expreſſion* of them always ſuffers if I truſt long to my memory.—It is hence that I have ever been deſirous to write "warm "from that heart," becauſe then it is that my pen is "faithful to its fires."—What was to be done? —My landlord had not a ſingle ſheet of paper in the houſe. I reſorted to the only ſhop in the village, where there was any hope of my want being ſupplied. Could any thing be ſo unlucky? he was out of paper; but expected ſome from the Hague in the evening! Ere that, perchance, the images which are now ſo lively will be loſt amongſt other occurrences, "and leave not a trace be-"hind." I *thought* this, and the little ſhopkeeper ſeemed to tranſlate that thought: for running up ſtairs, and returning with the ſame ſpeed, after having haſtily ſaid—I no doubt wanted to write a letter to ſome friend by the poſt of the day—he preſented me with a whole quire, which he told me had been put up in his ſon's box to go with him back to ſchool after the holidays; but to accommodate

commodate you, Sir, ſaid the father, a ſheet or two, more or leſs, is of no conſequence. He ſhewed me into a little ſitting room at the end of his ſhop, furniſhed me with a new pen, ſome good ink, opened a bureau, placed me a chair, and taking out his watch, told me I had barely half an hour before the poſtman would ſet off, he ſhut the door, deſiring me, as he cloſed it between us, to make the beſt uſe of my time.

Though I was really not in ſo violent a hurry, I thought it would be a diſappointment to the honeſt man not to profit of his urbanity, which I therefore did in a two-fold manner; firſt, by writing down the heads of thoſe things which I had *gleaned*; and ſecondly, making a memorandum of the urbanity itſelf, as a juſt object of future *gleaning*; and the better to gratify mine hoſt,—for when a kindneſs is intended, one likes to give it its whole weight in the ſcale of gratitude,—I folded up my obſervation in the form of a letter, which I appeared to have juſt finiſhed as the ſhopkeeper came in to apprize me he heard the poſt-horn; offering at the ſame time, to ſtep with it *himſelf*. Bowing only, as an anſwer to this, I laid a two ſtiver piece on the counter; but the good man inſiſted on my not paying for a ſheet or two of paper which was properly his ſon's, and could not be

be ſold—" You are a ſtranger," ſaid the father, " and though I keep a ſhop I know what belongs to the ſtranger; and I hope this boy" (ſpeaking to his ſon, who now came in from his diverſions) " will do the ſame; Peter," added the father, " I have given this gentleman ſome of your paper, becauſe he wanted to write a letter to a friend—take off your hat, and tell him it is much at his ſervice: But he wants to leave money for it. Put on your hat, and tell him if he had uſed half of it, as a ſtranger, he would have been welcome."

Should there be any of my readers whoſe lofty thoughts outſoar this humble benevolence, let them be taught that the violet which flings its fragrance from the valley, is ſometimes ſweeter than the perfume of the cedar; and that a ſtill ſmall action like that of the poor Scheveling ſhopkeeper in his gift of the ſheet of paper, marks the bounty of the individual donor, and ought to ſerve as a trait of national hoſpitality, no leſs truly, than the moſt oſtenſible deed that the courtly Hague itſelf has to boaſt.—It is neither the giver nor the gift, my friend, but the manner and motive that ſhould determine its value, as well as the richneſs or poverty of the *ſoul* from whence it proceeds.

But

But if any of the ſaid *ſublime* readers deſire to have a proof of Dutch urbanity drawn from higher life, I can accommodate him even there, and will aſk his opinion of that merchant's heart, which in a mere dealing of money, could act its part in the following caſe.

A. is in Holland, and diſappointed of remittances: B. a *Dutch* merchant, (to whom he introduces *himſelf* as an Engliſh gentleman,) offers to ſupply him with what may be wanted. A. draws a bill on the ſaid B. for 50l. on London: B. even before its acceptance, or knowing whether it be good, or good for nothing, deſires A. may take its amount, *en argent comptant*.—This is at firſt declined, and afterwards accepted in part; for the bill through an accident is left unpaid ſome weeks. A. unable to account for the demur apologizes. B. anſwers by ſending one of his clerks with the whole fifty pounds, aſſerting confidently that the delay muſt have been unavoidable. The delay however continues, and B. ſtill perſiſting in his offers, A. almoſt tremblingly, receives a quarter of the bill. Another fortnight's ſilence enſues.—A. is perplexed; but though living at the time out of the merchant's ſight, B. neither calls nor ſends about the money. The perſon who ſhould have honoured it recovers from a violent indiſpoſition, and

and the bill is paid. The merchant ſends word of this; and inſtead of paying only the balance, would have withheld his own claim, to a future, better convenience, had it been neceſſary; on calling upon him to take leave, A. could not but expreſs very ſtrongly his ſenſe of his candour. He ſaid it was his duty.

Tell me, ye ſticklers for *Old England*, could the moſt liberal *Engliſh* merchant deport himſelf more generouſly towards any ſtranger ſo circumſtanced? And to be quite honeſt, ſay, would not the majority think they did full enough, by paying the caſh, when they received advice the equivalent was ſafe with their correſpondent abroad? And in the way of trade ſuch indeed would be fair dealing; but let us ſtep a little beyond the *laws of the ledger and counting-houſe* to relieve "the "ſtranger that is within our gates;" at leaſt, if indiſpoſed to "do as we have been done by" in like caſes; let us admit, that the ſeveral good offices here recorded ought to ſet down the people of Holland, inſtead of what they HAVE been ſet down, a kind-hearted and obliging race, neither avaricious, uſurious, nor cold, where it behoves them to ſhew that they are men.

In contraſt to the impoſitions of the Scheveling

ling landlord, who charged me the price of a ſumptuous entertainment for my ſhrimps and milk, as related in a former letter, I promiſed you, I think, an account of better report in the conduct of my *other* landlord of the ſame village. This is the preciſe place for it, and will aptly bring to a period theſe little vindications of a nation that ought to fill a greater ſpace in the map of philanthropy.

At the time I warned you of the knaviſh part that was played upon me at the Heeren Logement, you may remember I glanced at the excellent behaviour of a publican, whoſe houſe I ſhould therefore very ſtrongly recommend to the Britiſh paſſenger, as well in compatriotiſm to the one as juſtice to the other.

The name of this publican is MULY, to whoſe pleaſant houſe I went *perfectly unknown*, and as an *Engliſhman*, conſequently ſuppoſed to be able and probably willing, ſuch is the general reaſoning, to bear any impoſing extravagancy. I had moreover the thoughtleſsneſs to follow my feelings rather than my intereſt, by running into ar hapſody on the beauty of the ſituation, the goodneſs of the air, the neatneſs of the apartment, &c. thereby giving him the hint to make me pay for my being *ſo well pleaſed*. But none of theſe temptations

allured him into exaction. That he might want however no encouragement I could give him, I addreſſed him to this effect. "I wiſh friend "to be furniſhed with board and lodging with "the advantage of being near the ſea; you and "your houſe equally pleaſe me:—I like to live "well but without parade; I hate trouble, ſo "muſt look to you and your family for every "accommodation—what muſt I give you per "week?"

I muſt conſult my wife quoth the publican; and making his bow diſappeared. While the huſband and his helpmate were laying their heads together, to make as one would have thought *the moſt of me*, in driving a good bargain, I did what I ſuppoſe is the buſineſs of every man in the ſame ſituation; anticipated the demand which I ſuppoſed would be made. Forming my judgment on ſome experience, and *allowing* for a certain meaſure of cheating as a matter of courſe, I made my eſtimate I muſt confeſs very little in favour of the people with whom I was about to deal; in which calculation I injured them, and ſhould have done better had I acted up to the good old principle; "Think every man honeſt "till you find him a rogue," inſtead of inverting the maxim. "Sir," ſaid my landlord on returning,

ing, " we have determined that to give you con-
" tent in your breakfaſt, dinner and ſupper, your
" tea in an afternoon, a good ſleeping and a
" good ſitting room; we cannot receive a leſs
" ſum than twelve florins; it is a great deal of
" money to be ſure Sir, but we know how an
" Engliſhman ſhould be ſerved, and fear therefore
" without loſs to ourſelves, we could not make
" our demand more reaſonable. Stop however
" a moment if you pleaſe, Sir."

He now ran down to his fellow-counſellor a ſecond time, leaving me to reproach myſelf for having thought worſe of him than he deſerved; but then ſaid I by way of making my peace with myſelf, it muſt be ſtill confeſſed, that " for a man " to be honeſt as this world goes is to be one " picked out of a thouſand;" at leaſt if he be a publican, and the perſon with whom I am now in treaty is rather to be conſidered as an exception than a general rule.

While I was thus ſoftening away my own errour of judgement, my landlord came back to ſay that the only alteration he *could* make in his original charge would be to deduct ſo much per breakfaſt, dinner or ſupper, or per day or night, provided I was abſent at any or all of theſe in my excurſions to the Hague, &c. &c.

I have

I have often felt that the high pleaſure we derive from the worthy conduct of another is not ſo much for the individual *advantage* that accrues from it, as from the gratifying ſenſe we have of whatever redounds to the honour or elevation of human nature. Surely therefore the *firſt* impreſſion of delight is *not* ſelfiſh but ſocial; and all the ſubtlety of Rochfaucault cannot overſet this impregnable truth any more than that which contraſts it; namely, that the pain we undergo on witneſſing any mean or atrocious behaviour, proceeds in the firſt inſtance rather from the due ſympathy and reſpect we have for the degradation of humanity, than for the perſonal diſcredit it reflects on ourſelves. Man is very ſublimely placed in the ſcale of created beings, and he appears to drop below the *ſtandard* of his ſpecies, when he acts beneath the auguſt idea he has been taught to look up to, as the chief glory of himſelf as a rational creature, and of his Creator. "However falſe or corrupt," ſays a noble author, "the human mind be within itſelf, it finds the "difference as to beauty between one heart and "another, and accordingly in all caſes *muſt* ap-"prove in ſome meaſure what is natural and "honeſt, and diſapprove of what is diſhoneſt "and corrupt." Pardon me for deducing ſo grave a reflection from ſo apparently ſlight an occaſion;

occaſion; but the great cauſe of morality is connected with the minuteſt parts of character and conduct; juſt as the ocean is dependent on the moſt inconſiderable ſtream that runs into its embraces. It is indeed the drops that *form* that ocean, immenſe as is the one and ſmall as are the other, and virtue is conſtituted in like manner of *ſeemingly* inſignificant parts collected into a whole.

From this after-thought of my landlord, or as he is in the Dutch language called Caſteline, I could derive but a very trifling benefit even were I to take my bed and board in other places twice or thrice in the week; but I was more touched with the unqueſtionable integrity of the propoſal than if he had lodged and ſerved me for nothing. I told him I was perfectly ſatisfied; and would conſider myſelf as his gueſt *from that very hour.*

Every other part of this man's conduct was uniform, and I lived with him in perfect good will. The whole range of his houſe was accorded to me; when tea drinking parties, too much ſun or wind viſited one apartment, I ſhifted to another. My bed and table would, conſidering time and place—I mean the ſea ſide and ſummer

ſeaſon—have warranted treble the charge at any town or village in England. My bad Dutch was interpreted in the beſt, as well as beſt *natured*, manner: my very looks became language; and the ſervants who uſually take the bent of their behaviour from their maſters and miſtreſſes contributed all in their power to make my ſituation delightful. And ſo it would have been had my health permitted; but even my ſickneſs found, from the diſpoſitional kindneſs of this man and of his family, numberleſs conſolements. Without aſking they adminiſtered what they ſuppoſed would do me good—the beſt fruits, vegetables, &c. The richer fiſh—ſuch as ſalmon, carp, turbot, &c. which daily came from the ſea to my table while I was in an apparent ſtate to reliſh them, were now changed for ſmelts and other ſimple dwellers of the ocean. So of meats—there was the ſame friendly diſtinction in my deſert, which in my health conſiſted of dried fruits, conſerves, &c. but in my ſickneſs, of ſtrawberries and other delicacies, which at that period of the year, and in the *Hague market* from whence they were brought, muſt have coſt more than the price I gave could juſtify. And ſo far from tiring of this conduct, it went on from the firſt to the laſt hour of my reſidence without intermiſſion; and I am convinced would have done ſo for a twelvemonth

 together,

together, had it ſuited me to have remained a gueſt.

You would have been much amuſed, as I was, to hear the good man of the houſe labouring at my meanings, and calling in not only his wife and ſervants, but that of any other perſon who might be taking refreſhment, as auxiliaries. The Engliſh *heer*, (gentleman) he would ſay, muſt certainly mean ſuch, or ſuch a thing. He would then repeat my bad Dutch; the comments of the company on which were ſometimes pretty curious, according to the different conſtructions: the honeſt fellow has come up firſt with the ſubject of one interpretation then another; ſmiling only at the frequent miſtakes in the tranſlations, and ſharing in an hearty laugh, which was choruſſed by his friends below ſtairs, when the thing deſired has been hit upon.

All this, you muſt own, demonſtrates the perfection of good will, as well as of good nature, and I did not take leave of the authors of it without wiſhing the entertainment I had found, as well for the body as the mind, might be enjoyed by other travellers on the road of life, which ſuch as have leiſure and inclination to viſit, or ſojourn with my friend and correſpondent aſſuredly will: to which

end no leſs than to diſcharge a debt of gratitude and equity, I have preſented you and the public with this *gleaning*, and with which alſo I ſhall terminate my letter.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

PUBLICK juſtice is adminiſtered, I believe, in the Provinces with a very impartial, but in ſome caſes a very myſterious hand. In common affairs the accuſed is tried, and if not immediately acquitted, he is reconducted to his priſon without knowing when his ſentence will be paſſed, or of what nature it is to be. At the pleaſure of the magiſtrates he is ſummoned to make his ſecond appearance, and then receives ſentence: after the hearing of which he is carried again to his confinement, from whence he is brought out only on the day it is to be executed: of this he has only a few hours' notice, whether the puniſhment be capital or otherwiſe. He is then delivered over as a publick ſpectacle, and his offence made known in a ſummary way to the people.

The ſtate trials are conducted with great ſecreſy.

ceſy. A *marked* perſon is picked up, in a manner almoſt imperceptibly. He is tried, condemned, and executed without the public ſuſpecting any thing of the matter. If the offender be a perſon of deſcent, whoſe family would be diſgraced by an ignominious death, he is brought into a certain apartment in the ſeats of juſtice, where he perceives a goblet ſtanding on a table; and on one ſide of it the figure of a woman called the MAIDEN, larger than life, but of exquiſite beauty and proportion: the perſon whoſe office it is to attend, gives the criminal the choice of theſe, either of which is an inevitable fate. If to drink the contents of the goblet be his election, he has no ſooner taken the potion than the officer makes him a bow, and informs him he is at full liberty to go where he pleaſes. Of courſe he makes the beſt of his way home; but the poiſon he has ſwallowed is of ſo active a nature, that he takes his death along with him; and has no other conſolation than that of yielding up his life amidſt his friends. If the other be his choice, he advances to the figure, whoſe arms are by ſecret ſprings extended to receive him; and juſt as he has reached the lips of this treacherous MAIDEN, he finds deſtruction in her embrace; he is locked faſt in her gripe, and feels innumerable lancets ſtriking at his heart and vitals.

An involuntary horror ſeized me at the relation of this figure; not becauſe I deem on theſe occaſions a ſudden death ſo terrible as the apparatus and ſhame of a publick execution, but as it is abundantly more awful. I likewiſe regretted that this formidable inſtrument of juſtice ſhould be repreſented under the form of a beautiful *female*. Although it ſtruck me afterwards as a pretty cloſe ſymbol of the unſuſpected miſchiefs which are inſidiouſly ſtored up by that faithleſs part of the ſex, who convey, even with their endearments, a dagger into the heart; more pernicious in its effects, though more ſlow than the lancets of the MAIDEN, or the venom of the GOBLET.

I will embrace this opportunity of offering you a few remarks reſpecting the government of Holland, as well as of the provinces that appertain to it; from whence I truſt you will acquire a competent general idea of the adminiſtration of juſtice, of which I have given you the above particular inſtance. And it will at the ſame time prepare you for ſome obſervations on the different attempts that at ſundry periods, have been made to alter the form, or totally to ſubvert that government and that juſtice.

Before the Seven Provinces, which are the objects of

of our conſideration, acceded to the union of Utrecht, they were under the government of their particular States. Although the eſſential parts of the government are ſtill the ſame, there is ſome variation in the form. Agreeable to the primitive order eſtabliſhed in the Low Countries, the States of each province acknowledged a ſovereign; but the union above-mentioned totally aboliſhed monarchy in the Seven Provinces. According to the ancient ſyſtem, the States were compoſed of the three orders following,—the clergy, nobility, and the people, repreſented by the deputies of each town. But the Calviniſtical religion no ſooner became predominant, than the eccleſiaſtical order was excluded from any rank in the States; the power of the nobles was greatly diminiſhed, and the principal ſhare of the authority devolved on the people; an arrangement which cut up the kingly power by the root. Preſently the government became ſubſtantially democratick, retaining, nevertheleſs, the ſhadow of ariſtocracy. At preſent the government of the whole Republick is ſaid to be veſted in the States-General, and, under them, the Council of State.

Theſe Provinces form, therefore, one Republick, which is thus governed; the States of Guelderland have the firſt voice, thoſe of Holland the

ſecond; of Zealand the third, of Utrecht the fourth, of Friezland the fifth, of Overyſſel the ſixth, and of Groningen the ſeventh. All the authors who have written on their polity, agree that they ſend as many deputies as they pleaſe to the States-General, but the deputies of each Province have but one voice; and each preſides weekly in its turn in order to maintain its reſpective equality. The perſon beſt qualified is choſen preſident, *pro tempore*, out of the deputies, as was obſerved of each province. This aſſembly, ſays Carter, declares war, makes peaces, gives audience to foreign miniſters, and nominates ambaſſadors to the ſeveral courts of Europe; but none of theſe things are done till the deputies have firſt conſulted the ſtates of their different Provinces, and received their order.

It muſt be confeſſed, that the neceſſity of thus waiting for unanimous conſent to every meaſure, frequently cauſes an inconvenient delay in the progreſs and concluſion of what calls for diſpatch; eſpecially as the demur or diſſent of any one Province, however inconſiderable, is ſufficient to put a ſtop to the moſt important affairs; even though the ſafety of the whole Republick were depending. If we conſider that there are no leſs than ſix and fifty towns in the Seven Provinces, whoſe ſanction

tion is to be obtained; beſides that of the nobles diſperſed at unequal diſtances; and that each of theſe towns has a right to ſend any given number of deputies, we ſhall not ſo much wonder at the tardineſs of a Dutch negociation, as that it is *ever brought to a concluſion.* Their treaty of Treves, for inſtance, with the Arch-Duke Albert, was impeded till no leſs than eight hundred deputies had performed their miſſion. Yet there is ſo much ſtreſs laid on this privilege, that the States-General themſelves can neither make peace nor declare war; nor put an end to the moſt trifling treaty with foreign powers, till every neceſſary and unneceſſary doubt is removed in the ſeveral Provinces. Whether the object of government be to raiſe men or money, to make laws or regulations, the people muſt be *all of one mind.* The member who ſhould preſume to act on his own unſupported judgment, would unqueſtionably fall a victim to his temerity. Sir William Temple obſerves, that this fundamental article was never violated, except in 1688, when he himſelf prevailed on the States-General to conclude *three treaties in five days,* without having recourſe to the Provinces. But this was for the preſervation of Flanders, when much of it had been conquered, and being looked on as an indiſpenſable meaſure of ſtate *neceſſity,* received the thanks of every Province; though had

had any one diſapproved of it as a daring breach of privilege, the States-General muſt have paid the forfeit with their heads; ſo that it is with great propriety this aſſembly, which is called ſovereign, only *repreſents* the ſovereignty, and differs eſſentially from the parliament of Great Britain, of which the members are in a manner principals, and may act independently of the counties that depute them; their only puniſhment, when they act unconſtitutionally, being the diſgrace they ſuffer on the part of their conſtituents, or being thrown out at the next election. Our happier legiſlation in this point, admits of more ſpeedy deciſions. Not that this ſlow method of proceeding in the Republick is without ſome advantages. It affords full leiſure for deliberation and for caution, as one of its advocates has remarked, and it is ſometimes a very good pretext for gaining time and waiting events.

The council of ſtate is compoſed of deputies, which aſſiſt in the name of each Province. It is this council which regulates military affairs and finance. Here the Treaſurer General and a deputy from the nobility have a ſeat and voice. It alſo puts the reſolutions of the States-General, and propoſes to them the moſt expedient means for raiſing troops and money; gives out paſs-

ports,

ports, diſpoſes of the revenues, ſuperintends the army, works, and fortreſſes, as alſo the government and affairs of all the conquered places in Flanders and Brabant. Towards the end of every year, this council form an eſtimate of the expences they think neceſſary for the year following; the money for defraying which is raiſed by quotas in the proportion, as an approved writer informs us, of aliquot parts of one hundred pounds ſterling; and it ſeems there has not been any alteration made in the quotas of the ſeveral Provinces ſince the year 1668. From that date to this before us they have ſtood thus:

	l.		*l.*
Guelderland, -	7	Frieſland, -	17
Holland, - -	42	Overyſſel, - -	5
Zealand, - -	13	Groningen, -	8
Utrecht, - -	8		

To theſe two ſovereign councils of the Republick may be added a third, that of the Admiralty, which is ſubdivided into five courts; each of which conſiſts of ſeven deputies. Great Britain has but one Court of Admiralty; the maritime Provinces of the Republick have each of them one, as a mark of their ſovereignty, and in ſome ſenſe of their independency of each other; and yet

yet all theſe ſovereignties and independencies muſt, like ſo many links, be cloſely riveted by uncompelled connection, forming one ſolid political chain, before either civil, eccleſiaſtical, or religious affairs can be effective. Hence it is evident, ſays one of their moſt partial *admirers*, that the real ſovereignty of the commonwealth reſts where one would leaſt expect to find it; that is, neither in the States General nor Provincial; but in the town or people. This has been deemed and perhaps juſtly an *enormous defect* in their conſtitution; for at preſent the corruption or perverſeneſs of any one ſmall town may put publick affairs into great and even fatal diſorder. The Seven Provinces therefore, are in effect, my friend, ſo many little Republicks. The Burgomaſters and Senate, compoſe the ſovereignty; and on a vacancy by death, a Burgomaſter would be highly offended if any petty burgher preſumed to murmur at his filling it up with one of his own ſons, relations, or friends: and ſo great is the awe of the magiſtrate in this imputed *free* country, that the citizens either in their private or collective capacities, do not care to hazard any innovation; ſo that the boaſted liberty of the Dutch is not to be underſtood in the general and abſolute ſenſe, but *cum grano ſalis*; and Carter has therefore well called it, not a commonwealth, but a

confederacy

confederacy of ſeven ſovereign powers for their mutual defence; leagued together by provincial compacts for their common intereſt and ſecurity. The ſame writer obſerves, that this Republican confederacy has a near reſemblance to the Archæan League, which you know conſiſted of ſeveral little independent ſtates and cities allied together for general ſafety. Each of them had been governed by ſingle perſons, who having abuſed their power were degraded and exiled. Thoſe cities then formed themſelves into ſo many commonwealths, and entered into a league to ſtrengthen themſelves. This new ſtate which had at leaſt the face of liberty, became the general aſylum of its neighbours, and immediately grew rich, powerful, and populous. They had a fixed place, where the deputies of the cities aſſembled to deliberate on the affairs of the league. They alſo choſe a chief, whom they called Prætor; who governed conformably to the reſolutions taken in the aſſembly of the allies, and was at that time their Captain-General. Their Prætor indeed was only annual; in which ſingle circumſtance, the reſemblance between the Confederate States of Greece and the United Provinces, does not hold good; the office and authority of the Stadtholder, the Captain-General of this Republick, being perpetual and hereditary. Which obſervation

obſervation brings me to the place, where it may be proper to ſay ſomething of the Stadtholderate.

Notwithſtanding the early propenſity which the Dutch diſcovered for a democratick form of government, they inclined to *blend with it* ſomething of monarchy. This was manifeſted by their voluntary creation of the Stadtholders, who, though not altogether inveſted with ſovereign power, were entruſted with no inconſiderable ſhare of authority. The power of this chief magiſtrate is at once limited and extenſive; and he was originally choſen by the people, and placed at their head on this maxim of their ſtate, which paſſed into a ſolemn and unanimous declaration in 1672—*We feel fully convinced we are in want of a centre of union, that may give grace, ſtrength, and harmony to our Conſtitution:* and accordingly in the year 1747, Charles Henry Friſo, who had been choſen by the people of Guelderland, under the name of William the Fourth, was appointed Stadtholder of the Seven Provinces, and the ſucceſſion made hereditary in his family.

The functions and privileges aſſigned to this great officer of the Republick were originally from the States-General, and the Provinces. He enjoys the title and power of a Captain-General, and

and Admiral of all the forces of the Republick by ſea and by land. The States of Holland, obſerves a very able writer on the Revolution of 1787, having declared that the Republick *cannot ſubſiſt* * without a chief, we are it ſeems to conſider the Stadtholder as an eſſential part of the conſtitution; and that he is not an immaterial part of it will appear by an enumeration of his privileges.

In Guelderland, Holland, and Utrecht, he participates the ſovereignty, as preſident of their bodies of nobles; and in Zealand as the only noble of the Province; and he has a right of aſſiſting, though not of voting, at the deliberations of the States-General. In his executive capacity, he is principal member of the Council of State, which in military affairs, is almoſt entirely under his direction. He preſides in all courts of juſtice; and has a right of pardoning criminals. He diſpoſes of the *patents*, or written orders, for marching the troops, although theſe patents ought to be accompanied by what is called a *Lettre d'Attache*, or permiſſion from the towns, through which the troops are to march. He has the means of

* Nor is there *any* Republick on earth which can; call that chief, King, Preſident, Protector, or what elſe you will. 'Tis juſt as neceſſary as the head to the body.

ſtationing

ſtationing the army as he pleaſes. He publiſhes all military ordinances, he names all Colonels and inferior officers, by virtue of the right which was made over to him from the different Provinces; and as the ſuperior officers are conſtantly appointed by the States-General, in conformity to his wiſhes, he virtually poſſeſſes the *whole patronage of the army*. He names all Vice-Admirals, and Captains of the navy; inſtitutes all Court-Martials, and preſides in the different Admiralties.

In the three Provinces, *aux Reglemens*, he appoints to all offices whatever; and in Holland and Zealand, he annually elects the greater part of the magiſtrates, from a double number of candidates preſented by the towns. He chooſes, from a nomination of three candidates, every officer in the department of the States of Holland, and of their chamber of accounts, and all the members of the College of the Heemraden, or ſuperintendants of the dykes. He diſpoſes of all the poſts in the nomination of the Council of State, and of the Council of Deputies. He is Governor-General, and ſupreme Director of the Eaſt and Weſt India Companies, with a right of chooſing all the other directors, from a double number of candidates named by the company: in

in ſhort, his influence pervades every department of the State.

Beſides theſe, the Stadtholder claims the right of appointing a military tribunal, called the *High Council of War*. This was eſtabliſhed by William the Third: as it tended to ſhelter the military from the common courts of juſtice, it was thought dangerous, but was neither limited in 1747, nor at the ſucceſſion of the preſent Stadtholder in 1766: though it was reformed by the patriots in 1781, and may poſſibly never be revived. Moreover, by the commiſſion from the States-General to the late Prince of Orange, dated 12th of May, 1747, he was inveſted with full powers to command the whole forces of the Republick for the purpoſes, amongſt others, of "maintaining and "preſerving the union, and of ſupporting the pre-"ſent form of government."

To this ample liſt of princely privileges may be added, his influence in the choice of envoys and ambaſſadors: his right to reſpite or ſave ſuch criminals as come from Brabant to ſettle at the Hague. In Utrecht, he not only changes the magiſtrates yearly, but his approbation is neceſſary in the nomination of the deputies propoſed by the General Aſſembly of that Province. In Friezland,

he distributes all military honours and employments, names the Counsellors in the courts of justice, the Receiver-General, &c. In Overyssel, he is the first member of the Province; nor can any litigations, civil or military, or even religious dispute be terminated, but by his deciding voice and judgment. In Groningen, the same privileges he enjoys in Holland are secured to him. In Guelderland, his prerogative is yet more extended; and to what has been already observed of his sway in Holland, it may be added, he can *there* assemble the States-General, convene the Council of Deputies, and is, in his own person, exempt from all charge.

Such my friend, and so great is the authority and the nature of the Stadtholderian government, concerning which there have, at all times, been very different opinions, and sometimes so diametrically* opposed to each other, as to create in the Republick the most dreadful insurrections and disorders.

* The Revolution, which was plotting while the Gleaner was collecting his sheaves, and which has since been brought about, is but one out of many proofs, *Les Etats Unis* seem to agree in nothing but to *disagree*.

The author to whom I am indebted for ſome of the above obſervations, conceives it might be happier for the Republick if the Stadtholder, whoſe office is intended to connect and aſſimilate the jarring elements of this complicated conſtitution, were inveſted with more power and leſs influence. Prerogative, it muſt be owned, is uſually odious in a free country, but when exactly defined, it is ſurely leſs dangerous than influence. The moſt *timid* Stadtholder would not heſitate to employ powers expreſsly granted him to ſuppreſs faction, and the boldeſt could not ſafely exceed them. At preſent the Stadtholder, though he has very little ſhare in the ſovereignty, has the right of chooſing the ſovereigns of the Republick; becauſe the deputies to the provincial ſtates are neceſſarily magiſtrates, and the magiſtrates are, in general, choſen by the Stadtholder. It ſeems, indeed, probable, that the influence ariſing from hence, and from the whole patronage of the army, might eaſily be converted into power, and that an artful and ambitious governor might become abſolute without the danger uſually attendant on arbitrary power, becauſe he would reign under the *forms of a free government*. William the Firſt, we know, was on the point of becoming maſter of the Republick. Maurice was able to

bring * Barneveldt to the block. Accident alone prevented William the Second from eſtabliſhing a military

* John d'Olden Barneveldt, Advocate General of the States of Holland, acquired the eſteem of the Republick and of Foreign Powers, for his addreſs both in his negociations and embaſſies: inſomuch that he may be conſidered amongſt the founders of the States. Henry the Fourth, and Queen Elizabeth, held him in high reſpect. Barneveldt, wiſhing to reſtrain the prerogatives of Maurice of Orange, oppoſed the Armenians to the Gommariſts, which laſt were the partizans of this Prince. Maurice, to revenge this outrage, aſſembled a ſynod at Dordrecht, compoſed of Deputies from all the Calviniſt churches in Europe, except thoſe of France, in 1618-19, and this aſſembly treated the Armenians with as much rigour as if they had not been of the ſame communion; and as if thoſe of the reformed religion had not taken from the church the right of deciding theſe controverſies. Barneveldt, adjudged by twenty-ſix commiſſioners, had his head ſtruck off in 1619; under pretext of a deſign to deliver up his country to Spain. Thus fell the man who had paſt his whole life in reiterated endeavours to prevent his country from becoming ſubject to this very power. They ſent to him the miniſter Walacus, to prepare him for death, who found Barneveldt writing to his wife. On the entrance of Walacus, Barneveldt told him that he had all his life long been in preparation for leaving this world, and that therefore his attendance might be diſpenſed with. Walacus inſiſted on performing the duties of his miſſion. Sit down then till I have finiſhed my letter. Walacus took a chair; "And now, Sir," ſaid Barneveldt, "calmly folding up what he had written—"pray who are you?" On being told, Barneveldt entered into a religious controverſy, and diſputed many points inſiſted on by the other; all along proteſting his perfect innocence as to the crime

military government within the walls of Amſterdam. William the Third was certainly as much a Sovereign,

crime for which he was about to die. Upon ſome repreſentations of Walacus, he ſaid, " * When I was in power, I " governed according to the maxims of *thoſe* times, and was " honoured, and to-day I am to *ſuffer* after the maxims of *theſe*." His two ſons, Renè and William, having formed a reſolution to revenge the death of their father, entered into a conſpiracy, which was, however, diſcovered. William ſaved himſelf by flight, but Renè was taken and condemned to death. His illuſtrious mother demanded his pardon of Prince Maurice, who anſwered her petition in theſe words.—" It appears ſtrange, " that you do that for your ſon, which you refuſed to do for " your huſband." The lady, worthy to be the wife of Barneveldt, anſwered, " I did not aſk pardon for my huſband, " becauſe he was innocent: I aſk it for my ſon, becauſe he is " guilty."—

The fate and hiſtory of the De Witts, is alſo worth reviving in your memory, as another inſtance of that danger which is annexed to high ſtation. Amongſt the numerous accounts of theſe ſingular and unfortunate victims, the following is the beſt, and I find on enquiry, the trueſt gleaning.

A barber-ſurgeon came to the camp of the Prince of Orange, and informed him that Cornelius De Witt, burgomaſter of Dort, and brother to the great Penſionary, had given him money to make away with the Prince; becauſe, as he ſaid, the Republick could not otherwiſe preſerve her liberty. Upon this ſlender intelligence, the court of Holland committed De Witt

* How applicable to thoſe who have lately fallen victims to the times before us.

a Sovereign, in fact, at the Hague as at London. On the other hand, a long minority would probably

to prison, and on no stronger evidence condemned him to lose all his offices and employments, banishing him from Holland and West Friesland for ever. The people, who believed they were betrayed by De Witt to the King of France, looked upon this rather as a design to get him out of the way, than as a sentence of punishment. However De Witt's wife and friends presented several petitions and remonstrances to the Court in his vindication. They insisted upon the well-known services he had done the State for many years; that he was but just returned from on board the fleet, where his very enemies, and amongst them Admiral De Ruyter could attest his conduct and loyalty. They alledged also, the whole tenor of his life and conversation; and even referred to the records of several other courts, wherein the barber, his accuser, had been convicted of perjury. His sentence nevertheless, which was adapted rather to the conjuncture than to the rules of justice, was confirmed, the barber-surgeon set at liberty, and the mob inflamed by his representations, became clamorous at the doors of the prison. In the midst of this gathering tumult, the Pensionary very imprudently came in his own coach to carry his brother out of town, which looked like a triumph over the sentence: but as he was conducting him to the outer Gate, the populace interposed; upon which the Pensionary spoke to them with some violence: ill-disposed to bear any irritation, the mob forced both the brothers back into the prison. The tumult increasing, three troops of horse, who then lay at the Hague, stood to their arms, but the rabble mounted to the tops of the houses to see that neither of the brothers escaped. At length demanding vengeance, mob like, they knew not why, broke open the prison doors with smiths' hammers, muskets, &c. then went into

bly be again fatal to the Stadtholder, and produce a De Witt or a Van Berkel. During the infancy of the Stadtholder, the influence and patronage muſt be transferred ſomewhere, and it is difficult to transfer them with ſafety. Every thing might

into the chamber, where the De Witts were found embracing each other—a Bible was on the table before them. The Penſionary aſked with great tranquillity, what they ſought, and why they raged? For you we ſeek, and for your lives we rage, they replied. Cornelius De Witt took his brother by the hand, and on going down ſtairs the latter was wounded in the eye with a pike, and immediately after hurried away by the mob to the very place where his life had been attempted two months before, and there murdered; his brother in the next inſtant ſhared his fate. Thus fell a ſacrifice to publick fury, and private faction, two of the moſt eminent, and perhaps moſt worthy members of the Republick; though Burnet and ſome other hiſtorians obſerve, that the Great Penſionary had in a manner ſuppreſſed the Council of State, and taken the whole management of affairs on himſelf, which, ſays the Biſhop, excited much deſerved indignation againſt him; and Sir William Temple ſeems to have been of the ſame opinion; but they are ſtill the ſubject of as much eulogy as cenſure at the Hague. I was curious enough to viſit the houſes where they lived, the priſon were they were confined, and the place where they died, and each had its appropriate reflection in my mind; the whole tending to convince me, my dear friend, that the poſt of happineſs and ſecurity is "the private ſtation." Notwithſtanding which, ambition has ſtill its votaries and its intrigues, and men in general contend as violently for publick honours and employments, as if they were roſes without thorns: when, alas! they are more frequently thorns without roſes!

fall into confuſion, until deſpair, or the interference of ſome neighbouring nation ſhould incite the people to take the government into their own hands, and re-eſtabliſh the conſtitution: poſſibly this might be more full of peril than all the reſt: at leaſt very lamentable inſtances are before us.

Many, however, are ſtill advocates for the plenitude of the Stadtholderian authority. St. Evremond, who lived four years in Holland, and who employed that penetration and ſagacity, for which he was ſo juſtly celebrated, to diſcover the true genius and character of the people, and eſpecially to gather their undiſguiſed ſentiments on conſtitutional ſubjects as Republicans, ſpeaks of them as follows: "I remember often to have "told the Great Penſionary, that the real character "of the Dutch is miſconceived. They have not "much of that pride which ſupports the *dignity* of "an independent character. The pride they *do* "profeſs is more for their property than perſons. "They apprehend that an avaricious prince "would appropriate their wealth, and that a vio-"lent one might commit outrages to the injury "of their commerce; but thoſe great points ſecure, "they accommodate to the degree of ſway neceſ-"ſary to their Stadtholder with pleaſure. If they "are attached to the republican form, it is chiefly

"on

"on account of its being favourable to their "traffic; and if the magiſtrates value their inde- "pendence as far as it goes, it is partly for the "ſame reaſon, and partly for the ſatisfaction of "governing thoſe who are dependent: yet the "people had rather acknowledge the authority of "a prince than a magiſtrate; and on the whole, "they are rather devoted to the Houſe of Orange "than to thoſe who in the name of patriotiſm would "ſubvert it. Many revolutions have been agi- "tated; much blood has been ſhed*. More "political convulſions may be expected; but I "ſuſpect, after all theſe extraordinary ſtrokes of "wantonneſs, idleneſs, zeal, or infatuation, the "power of the Stadtholder will rather be increaſed "than diminiſhed."

Perhaps this learned writer thought that the ſovereignty of the ſtates of each province ſerved as a counterpoiſe to the ſovereignty of the Stadt- holder, and the authority of the Stadtholder *un point de raillement* for that multitude of petty ſovereignties, which, upon account of their occa- ſional oppoſition and difference, require ſuch a *conciliating* power as the mediator and centre of their union.

* St. Evremond ſaw with a prophet's eye: there are thoſe who agree with him in his concluſive opinion, even at this criſis.

Having mentioned the various revolutions which have been at different times oppoſed to the authority of the Stadtholder, you will expect of me a curſory account of the cauſes that led to theſe commotions, and the effects wrought thereby. The *harveſt* of theſe facts has been long ſince got in, and have been collected from thoſe wide fields of obſervation, which rebellion, *under the form of patriotiſm*, always yields, when oppoſed to royal or princely rights, *under the form of prerogative*. I ſhall aſſuredly lay before you ſome gleanings on theſe eventful ſubjects, ſimply ſtating the circumſtances on *both ſides*, and leave the inferences to your own judgment: but this muſt be the object of a future letter, when we have breathed a little from politics; otherwiſe, you may exclaim with Hamlet, "ſome-"what too much of this."—For the preſent, then, I ſhall content myſelf with obſerving, in the words of a ſenſible traveller, that whether the eſtabliſhed government of this Republick be capable of reform or not—whether, according to the opinion of ſome, liberty ſubſiſts no more *here than in Turkey*; or according to others, that it is the *beſt ordered government now in the world*, it is certain (in deſpite of thoſe mal-contents, whom not even the adoption of their *own* ſyſtems would long keep from a reſtleſs ſpirit of innovation) the United

United Provinces diſplay a more wonderful ſcene to a perſon of any reflection than Rome herſelf in her ſacred pageantry, and all the magnificence of her triumphal arches, baths, obeliſks, columns, grottoes, amphitheatres, and catacombs; her majeſtic temples, ſplendid altars, and pompous proceſſions. For if we conſider the Roman and the Belgic commonwealths, we perceive the latter making greater advances towards the eſtabliſhment of her opulence and grandeur in *a few years*, than the other was able to do in *ſeveral ages*. In Holland, a whole nation ſeems to have been born at once, and a beautiful, well-cultivated region, like the creation in the Phœnician ſyſtem, riſing out of the boſom of the deep. The wiſeſt nations of Europe ſtand amazed at the ſcene, and can find no parallel, taken for all in all, in the annals of the world.—An handful of oppreſſed, unhappy men, make head againſt four mighty tyrants, of whom each has ſucceſſively cauſed not only nations but all Europe to humble; and after obtaining glorious victories over them all, at length eſtabliſh their rights and liberties, and tranſmit thoſe ineſtimable bleſſings to their poſterity. One cannot reflect on their ſhort but intereſting hiſtory, without a veneration for thoſe nobles who fought in defence of the people, and be the

imperfections

imperfections of government what they may in other reſpects, that very people owe a very ſincere gratitude to the Princes of Naſſau Orange, who by their wiſdom and valour, animated both the people and nobility; and in founding a great Republick, deſired in return that they and their deſcendants ſhould be conſidered as the friends, defenders, and protectors of that Republick they had formed.

If it has been found neceſſary for the people to contribute a certain quota, and a pretty large one, for theſe bleſſings, they are to conſider likewiſe that they ſee the money ſo contributed laid out on works of real uſe and emolument to themſelves. In Rome, both old and new, the citizens were cruſhed under a load of taxation to aggrandiſe a few, and enable thoſe few to lay ſtill more oppreſſive burthens on their ſometimes yielding and ſometimes reſiſting ſhoulders. Inſtead of circuſſes and amphitheatres, erected for the cruel delight of deſtroying the human ſpecies, the Dutch dykes and ſluices repreſent public works of no leſs art and grandeur for general ſafety and preſervation. Rome, amidſt *ſome* better examples, exhibited a race generally ſunk in ferocity, ſloth, voluptuouſneſs, and poverty: Holland of ingenuity, diligence, application, and public energy.

Such

Such is the language and ſentiment of *one* party. The *other* is its contraſt in every particular; but we will here take leave of both till a more convenient ſeaſon. Meanwhile, if the provinces were as firmly united in good fellowſhip and alliance with one another as you and I, my dear-loved friend, are in kindneſs of affection, their Republick would be the moſt enviable and leaſt interrupted ſtate upon earth. In this gentle and generous *commonwealth of the mind*, where in friendſhip no leſs than in love,

"Thought meets thought ere from the lips it part,"

long may we live! Friends are placed far beyond the ſphere of thoſe jarring atoms which ſo frequently diſturb the *political* world. As a common calamity, they may no doubt involve and annoy: but the examples they hold out, of the miſeries of diviſion and diſagreement, will rather tend to union than difference.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Hague.

BY way of interlude, permit me to conduct you to the Hague *fair*, where, though ſome circumſtances of public tumult, of which in their place, have deducted ſomething from the uſual *agrémens*, we ſhall find not a few pleaſant gleanings. You perceive that I write this letter at the time that the ſages of the Batavian ſtate thought it proper to impede the courſe of pleaſure as well as of commerce. The Hague fair felt this check moſt ſeverely; for their High Mightineſſes iſſued an immitigable decree againſt the French, German, and even Dutch theatres, nay more, againſt *les Grands Jeux*, and *les Petits Jeux*, thereby leaving this celebrated fair only its carcaſe, and taking away its ſpirit, a mere ſkeleton without fleſh or feathers. But then, in lieu of all this, though the burgomaſters had ſtripped the body, they had by no means neglected the ſoul; for whoſe banquet they had ordered all hands once a week, at a ſtated hour, to prayer; the object of which was to return thanks to the Almighty Leader of Armies, for having enabled them and their good allies to drive the French patriots back to their own territories, and, ſo ran the ſupplication, *to keep them*

them there. I was much ſurpriſed on my re-entrance into this town, after a ſhort abſence, to find all the fair-folks ſhutting up their ſhops and booths betwixt three and four o'clock in the afternoon; but I was told there was an order, that not a ſtiver's worth of any thing ſhould be ſold till after divine ſervice: yet if, ſir, ſaid my informer, having an eye to this world as well as the next, in deſpite of magiſtracy, if, ſir, after the clock has ſtruck ſix, being *obliged* to pray till then, you ſhould want any thing in my way, nobody ſhall uſe you better the moment I can get rid of the church.

A *Fair* deſerted was a new object, and I took an almoſt ſolitary ſurvey of it; for the booths and walks were nearly emptied into the churches; and to ſhew me that the magiſtrates are very much in earneſt, I obſerved a party of ſoldiers take into cuſtody a ſhopman who ſetting his affection more on things *below* than *above*, had the temerity to re-open his ſtores ſome moments ſooner than the moment preſcribed: an offence for which his ſhop remained ſhut during the fair.

It is worth noting to you that on the return of the good people from their devotions they worked double tides, and at leaſt brought with them that part of ſcripture which admoniſhes every man to be diligent in his calling.

And

And now the whole range of ſhops from being in the ſolitary ſtate I have deſcribed, were diſplayed with an almoſt incredible rapidity: the play, trim, fineſſe and trick of the gainful artiſt, who deems as fair every thing which the *law cannot lay its hands on*, were once more put in motion; and as if they had reſolved to be no loſers on earth for what they reluctantly, I fear, ſacrificed to heaven, they did not again cloſe their booths till after midnight.

And believe me ſuch a fair as that of the Hague, even in its *maimed* ſtate, when viewed by moon-light, accompanied as it was when I ſaw it by innumerable ſtars above and lamps below—pardon this anti-climax—was a ſight well meriting any traveller's obſervation. Several of the ſtreets are near a mile in length, and the ſquares extremely ſpacious. The ſhops were placed either along or around the moſt extenſive of theſe, diſcovering, in a ſort of rivalry of each other, the magnificence and variety of their articles as well as an incredible number of people of all nations and of all deſcriptions, parading backwards and forwards—ſerenaded by bands of itinerant muſicians of all nations likewiſe, and an apparent oblivion of all care and diſaſter; and though amidſt all this a thoughtful mind may now and then be tempted

tempted to exclaim with the ancient philoſopher —" what an infinite variety of idle things are here " that I do *not* want!" one cannot but be highly pleaſed to obſerve ſo many of the arts of life, whether uſeful or ornamental, thus brought into one point of view, for the accommodation, grace and amuſement of ſociety, reflecting at the ſame time, that the moſt unimportant article has been the work of induſtry, ſkill and talents, all or each of which, even when employed on the moſt inſignificant toy (an infant's rattle) is better engaged than in ſquandering the like meaſure of time in idle occupation or wicked pleaſures; and I muſt own I took my nocturnal rounds with my full ſhare of ſatisfaction, happy to *forget* that " mid- " night ſhews " are not amongſt the diverſions my health uſually permits me to partake.

On my return home about one in the morning, I encountered my old friend Mr. Punch, " a " fellow of infinite jeſt," if not of wit, for whom I have always had a moſt ſincere regard, deeming an hearty laugh—pardon me ye votaries of the never-ſmiling, grace-loving Lord of Cheſterfield—a real acquiſition, and he who can innocently raiſe it a *benefactor to mankind.* It ſeems the harmleſs buffoonery of this celebrated perſonage eſcaped the proſcription of the magiſtracy, though I ſuſ-

pect it was upon promiſe of good behaviour; for beſides that his diſcourſe to his wife, the prieſt and the people was an inveterate panegyrick on the States-General and the Stadtholder, and an abuſe of the French patriots, ſome of whom he belaboured furiouſly, he had decorated himſelf and the whole of his little drama with orange-coloured ribbons: he had an orange in his hand, ſqueezed the contents of it into his throat, and knocked down a figure repreſenting one of the National Convention with the rind, and was in ſhort perhaps the moſt loyal ſubject of the Houſe of Orange in the whole Fair.

I have mentioned the ſtrolling muſicians. Theſe gentry come from Upper Saxony, Brabant, Tyrole and other countries on the Continent, in bands of eight or ten perſons of both ſexes to attend the Dutch fairs. They ply the *table d'hotes*, private houſes, &c. and are

"Happy to catch you juſt at dinner-time!"

and they are as regularly ſeen at your meals as the diſhes or the waiters. The Hague fair this year received ſtrong reinforcements from the French emigrants, all trades and profeſſions as well as nobles making an eſcape from that unhappy country, and carrying their induſtry and ingenuity

into others. They carry with them alſo their reſentments and principles, a curious inſtance of which preſented itſelf in a quarrel which took place in the ſtreet between two of theſe muſical parties; the one German, the other French: but they both broke all the laws of harmony, and kept meaſure with each other, the words Democrate and Ariſtocrate with ſuitable epithets being liberally diſpenſed, till they were both taken into cuſtody to ſettle their diſputes before a magiſtrate.

Many of theſe people ſing and play extremely well, ſome with conſiderable taſte; and each band being habited in the dreſſes and armed with the inſtruments of their country, throw an air of joyouſneſs over the fairs of Holland, which with all their richneſs and reſort they would otherwiſe want.

You have doubtleſs heard of Dutch toys. How they came to be *famous* I am yet to learn. They are remarkable only for the ſtrangeneſs of their invention, the clumſineſs of their execution, and the general indecency of their appearance. Amongſt the moſt popular are wooden and *brazen* (pray allow the pun) men and women voiding ducats, or vomiting florins. But this, whether intended by the Dutch wits as a ſatire on the ſuppoſed

love of money of the Dutch, or only as a whim, is nothing to the objects *in the same style* which are exhibited publickly at the fairs of Holland.

To say truth, very little account is made of the *personal decencies*, if I may use the expression, either here or in other parts of the Continent. There is nothing more common than to see not only peasants and country people of *both* sexes upon the road, but very well dressed men and women in the best towns and in capital streets of them, do those things in publick almost *ostentatiously*, which in every quarter of Great-Britain is concealed with a care that borders on a *distressing* consciousness of the imperfections of nature, if those things which attach to human beings can or ought to be so called. There is no occasion however methinks to shew ourselves remarkably *proud* of them, as actually seems to be the case in these countries. What else can make females young and old, *choose* the most obvious places without any regard to passengers, for the settlement of little affairs that are undoubtedly amongst the things which, even in a religious sense, according to the maxim, "cleanliness is holiness," *ought* to be done in a corner. But through every part of the Republick the reverse of this is so true, and so *common*, that the most rapid traveller, in an

an hour's tour of any one town or village may obſerve it. It is certainly a "cuſtom more honoured "in the breach than the obſervance;" and it were to be wiſhed the good people on the Continent would "reform it altogether;" which nevertheleſs cannot be expected while there does not ſeem to be even a ſenſe or idea of indecency attached to it; of which I will give you a memorable inſtance in its place. The diſguſt one feels on theſe occaſions is ſomewhat covered by other ſenſations when any thing highly ridiculous blends with it: as in a circumſtance which I ſaw at an hotel in one of the largeſt towns of the Republick. Two very little apartments were made in the centre of a paſſage that extended the length of the whole houſe, and were placed in ſo neighbourly a way as almoſt to join, being parted off only by a ſlight boarded partition. Being conſecrated to different ſexes, the proprietor was very nice in his diſtinctions, by fixing over the door of the one "Ladies' Secret;" and the other "Gentlemen's;" but leſt a poſſible miſtake ſhould *ſtill* happen, he had cauſed the *figures* of a lady and gentleman to be painted in rather whimſical ſituations in the centre of the different doors, by way of aſcertaining right of poſſeſſion. After what I have aſſerted you will think it "nothing ſtrange," that both theſe little tenements ſhould be very often

ten occupied at the same instant of time, not only by persons of different sexes, but of *all sorts of quality*; and the entrances and exits on these occasions are so far from being made as with us by *stealth*, that the performers appear to expect as much applause, as an actor who has played his part highly to the satisfaction of his audience.

Lest however you should call out for "an ounce, "of civet to sweeten your imagination," I summon your attention to what was at the time it happened, a very general object of curiosity—no less than a publick display of the Prince, Princess, and family of Orange, in a walk round the fair, with the annual ceremonies of that exhibition and its effects.

This great event took place at the Hague about twelve minutes past three o'clock, an hour at which the *publick* have returned from their dinners; and the *world*, by which are meant the few for whose pride and pleasure they think it was made, have just finished their toilette. The truth of the time when this walking pageant happened, lay precisely betwixt the third and fourth hour; a circumstance about which I am particular for the use of some future historian who may think fit to record it for the benefit of posterity. We have seen

ſeen you will allow, the chronology of equally important actions ſettled with no leſs ſolemnity, for which precious morſels of biographical accuracy if poſterity are thankleſs, their ingratitude be upon their heads. Authors can only deſcribe illuſtrious deeds, but cannot be reſponſible for their impreſſions. On ſuch a day then, at ſuch a point of time, and on a day which no doubt was "ſent as "if meant t'invite the world abroad," their Serene Highneſſes the Prince and Princeſs of Orange, ſurrounded by their ſplendid ſuites the lords and ladies of the court, and in their gala ſmiles and habits, came forth from their palace, or rather pleaſure-houſe in the wood, to be ſtared at by the mob.

The ſaid mob received them in the uſual manner, crouded about them, followed their heels, half ſmothered them with the duſt, which curioſity always raiſes on ſuch occaſions—devoured them with their eyes, or ſuffocated them with their breath. Rather an heavy tax, which little folks levy on great ones! but which theſe latter pay, well pleaſed, for admiration from the former, and think themſelves gainers! But in the inſtance before us, policy, more than the love of fame, was the active agent.

It had been lately neceſſary to hold the reins of government with a ſtricter hand than uſual; on account of certain * internal diſorders, concerning which I ſhall in due time expatiate; and the Orange party, though happily fixed more ſtrongly than before, were anxious to attempt the neceſſary rigour which had been in certain caſes found neceſſary, with ſome after acts of condeſcenſion. And this was no bad opportunity. You ſhall hear how their Highneſſes profited of it. The Prince and Princeſs made a pauſe at every ſhop, purchaſing at each a great variety of articles, ſome of which they took as firſt coming to hand, and others they ſelected. Theſe articles were given firſt to the pages, then the other ſubordinate officers of the ſuite, and then for the want of more than two hands a piece to the other courtiers without exception, till every lord or lady in the train was labouring in an exceſſive hot day, with his or her load, like a parcel of footmen lacquying a modern fine lady on a ſhopping day. It was curious to ſee what heavy burthens your true court-bred ladies and gentlemen can bear in the ſervice of their Prince, aye and bear ſmilingly. All this time their *chapeaus* were under their arms; their pockets ſtuck out with fairings like

* They all concentered in the Revolution which has ſince happened—again perhaps, to be revived.

an aſs's panniers, and like that enduring animal, they appeared to be ſo familiar with ſlavery that they took patiently what nothing but a beaſt of burthen would deign to carry. The high blood of a generous horſe would have lifted up his heel at the attempt of ſuch an inſult; a filly foal would have ſnorted diſdain, and the very forehorſe of a team would have rung his bells with indignation. As Benedict ſays, "an oak with but one green leaf "on it would have refuſed" to fetch andcarry in this cur or courtier-like manner.

But an oak is not the proper emblem of theſe obſequious perſonages. They rather reſemble the oſier, whoſe pliability

"Can turn, and turn again,
"And be obedient"

to every ſlaviſh purpoſe. I do not know that I have ever felt my blood more thoroughly chafed; and yet the ſenſation was not without that ſort of pleaſure which is derived from a triumphant ridicule;—to ſee thoſe *ſervants in office* ſtepping forward officiouſly, as if zealous to diſtinguiſh themſelves by ſhewing who could beſt do the moſt abject work of it, who nevertheleſs would not carry the weight of a penny loaf half a mile to keep a poor wretch from ſtarving, and would think a requeſt

queſt of the labourer (that might be ſtruck with a palſy) to take his ſickle, ſcythe, or other implement to his cottage, the moſt daring piece of aſſurance. For more than an hour they took the rounds of this extenſive fair with their reſpective loads; one a jar of ſweetmeats; another of pickles; a third a box of ribbons; a fourth a box of perfumes; a fifth a piece of ſilk; a ſixth of ſilver; a ſeventh, a baſket of toys; an eighth a baſket of artificial flowers. I particularly obſerved a maid of honour carrying a couple of wooden muſkets, and the Prince's chief greffier, or ſecretary, loaded with eſſence-boxes. I am a friend to the proper diſtinction and ranks of ſociety; without a juſt, though not ſervile attention to which, I think, indeed, ſociety cannot ſubſiſt, or muſt ſubſiſt as the world might be ſuppoſed to do in anarchy before the Creator put it into order; and I believe you know me to be the laſt man who would in any way wiſh to ſee "Chaos come again!" But the *proceſſion* of the Dutch courtiers round the Hague, under the burthen of the fairings, was now truly ludicrous, eſpecially as many purchaſes were of a ſize and bulk to make half our London footmen throw up their places rather than conſent to ſuch drudgery, even on the ſcore of weight.—But gentlemen in office you know never *reſign their* places till they are turned out of them, very often without

without the benefit of the warning their loweſt ſervants have a right to claim.

It would have diverted you alſo to obſerve the trembling kind of deference with which the ſhopmen and women received the princely purchaſers, *en paſſant*.—While the latter were buying away at one booth, I could ſee the former putting themſelves into a fit attitude to greet their Highneſſes, at the ſame time holding in each hand what they conceived to be the moſt attracting, and what they knew to be the moſt *coſtly* articles in their booths.

Pry'thee tell me, my friend, you who have looked at, and into human nature with no common eye! Is there any thing in our ideas of *great* people which makes *little* people, in preſence of the former, ſeem ſtill leſs, even in their *own meaſure of themſelves?* Every man's eſtimate of his individual ſelf is thought to be, and perhaps is, on a ſcale ſufficiently large; not ſeldom of a ſize diſproportionate to his intrinſick dimenſions, whether of perſon or of parts. When amongſt our *equals*, we aſſert this with no little pride of pretenſion. Amidſt *inferiors* we inſiſt on our actual, or ſuppoſed rights, with an high, ſometimes with a tyrannick hand. Even with our ſuperiors in the

next degree, *i. e.* only a ſtep higher, we occaſionally put in our claims of *equality*. Is it only when ſtanding in the preſence of ſuch, as decidedly and out of the reach of our moſt ſtraining ambition, are acknowledged to be above us, in reſpect of fortune, or of birth, that, yielding up all competition, we ſeem to ſhrink even from our natural ſtature; and though ſwoln before into giants by the inflating breath of ſelf-love, that deluder leaves us on the approach of the Great, and we dwindle into dwarfs *even in our own opinion?* Help me, dear friend, to account for this. Is it from a too powerful ſenſe of the value of thoſe poſſeſſions which are beyond our graſp? or from the contagion of example? or from our own modeſty? or, laſtly, is it from a certain faſcination which we conceive to be inherent in greatneſs? Be the cauſes what they may, the effects are amongſt thoſe things which

"Scarce the firm philoſopher can ſcorn;"

and, perhaps, there is ſcarcely any man, however endued with a ſenſe of his own dignity, who has not at ſome period or other of his life, rated the adventitious circumſtances of rank or fortune much too high, and undervalued *himſelf* in proportion much too low. The poet, after creating Princes, Emperors, and Kings, and doing with them

them what he thinks proper: depoſing one, aſſaſſinating another, and putting a *paper* crown upon the head of a third—in ſhort, acting the tyrant over them all, diſpenſing honours, or inflicting puniſhments; has no ſooner finiſhed his work than he ſingles out a patron to protect what, if it cannot *protect itſelf*, cannot be ſaved, were all thoſe Princes, Emperors, and Kings, to ſtart from the leaves into life. A patron, however, is found to our poet's wiſh,

"Beſprent with titles, and hung round with ſtrings."

See! there is a ſtar on his breaſt, and a ribbon acroſs his ſhoulder! aweful circumſtances! The bard approaches. He trembles—ſtammers; he had made the beſt ſpeech poſſible for the occaſion, and delivers it in the worſt manner. He gives the manuſcript, and wiſhes it in the fire; then, amidſt a confuſion of awkward bows, and more awkward compliments, this depoſer of kings, and aſſaſſin of emperors—this arbitrary deſpot, who ſaves or damns, like Antony and Lepidus, with a daſh—even with a dip of ink—feels as ſincere a joy at getting out of his great man's great houſe, as if he had eſcaped into his garret from the dark hole at Calcutta.

No

No wonder, therefore, that the makers of wooden or gingerbread Kings and Queens, ſhould feel the like ſenſations in their very occaſional perſonal intercourſe with the higher powers of fleſh and blood. The little traders, indeed, at the Hague, who gave riſe to theſe remarks, ſeemed to have forgot they *were* of the *ſame* fleſh and blood; for as the princely viſitors ſtopped at their booths, the articles offered trembled in their hands, and like the aforeſaid author, they recommended their reſpective goods with the worſt grace in the world. A perfumer emptied a bottle of *eau de luce* on the ſleeve of his Highneſs's coat; and a milliner preſented a cap and feathers to one of the courtiers inſtead of the Princeſs of Orange. Whether this latter was an act of confuſion, or of waggery in the milliner, as thinking the ſaid courtier entitled to a *fool's* cap, I cannot exactly tell.

But the thing that principally delighted the congregated mob happened at the booth of a confectioner, where the auguſt progreſſers not only bought but actually ate ſeveral little articles. To ſee a Prince and Princeſs *eat* was in itſelf a feaſt, at which hundreds of the ſpectators had never banqueted before; and, indeed, the anxious curioſity that purſued every morſel of cake or biſcuit,

biſcuit, as well as every drop of orgeat or liqueur, not only in the road to their Highneſſes' mouths, but as far as could be down their throats; each peaſant at the ſame time opening his own mouth, as if it was expected by ſome preternatural means the morſel ſo eaten would make its ſecond appearance and find its way into their own mouths.—This, I ſay, would juſtify my ſuppoſing that many deemed it ſtrange ſuch great people, and fine folks, ſhould eat or drink at all: in which caſe (and therefore it is to be wiſhed, amongſt other modern inventions, this could be brought about) the homage which the Great receive from the Little would be better founded. Men and women, reduced to the *vulgar* neceſſity of continuing life by conſtant ſupplies of groſs and common animal food, are, whether kings or beggars, no objects of particular veneration, becauſe there is no pre-eminence, unleſs we ſhould concur to pay ſuperior homage to ſuperior appetite; on which ſcore the beggar would often deſerve the ſovereignty; but if thoſe who, even in the act of eating and drinking, can engage the attention of ſo many beings, which beings can do the ſame things to the full as well, how much more would be the gaze, the wonder, and the worſhip of the little world, could the great ones luckily contrive to diſpenſe with thoſe levelling offices of ordinary nature, which do away all reaſonable

ſonable perſonal diſtinctions, at leaſt amongſt men. At this fair, for inſtance, had theſe auguſt perſonages above mentioned, ſhewn themſelves to the people, under the *elevating* circumſtances of having arrived at ſuch a period of their lives, without ever having taſted any common *vulgar* ſuſtenance, fed, as it were, by a ſublime conſciouſneſs of their own dignity, and looking with benign pity on their poor eating and drinking ſubjects, how noble would that have been! It would have been a ſubject, not only authorizing the abject ſenſations with which the mob ſurveyed theſe Princes and Princeſſes at this employment of chewing cakes, and ſwallowing ſpirits, but would throw the gazing multitudes at ſuch an aweful diſtance, as to make them aſhamed of their own modes of exiſtence. A country bumpkin's exclaiming to his wife or friend, Look! if a Prince or Princeſs, King or Queen, does not eat and drink! ſhould be conſidered rather as a diminution of that dignity of which ſo many are ambitious; but on any of theſe auguſt perſonages coming into public amongſt the inferior orders of mankind, to have it ſaid—Obſerve, thoſe are beings far above our vulgar natures; they are ſupported by the excellency of their own pre-eminent ſituations. Your King, and Queen are fine things, that *neither eat nor drink*! Would not this be a matter to picque one's

one's ſelf upon, my friend? But you remember the compliment that the late Mr. Garrick, the king of the ſtage, paid *himſelf*, when it was ſuggeſted that his appearance at a benefit play, though only to ſhew himſelf, and walk off, would fill the houſe. "Yes," ſaid the actor, "I know "very well that my good friends, the Gods," meaning the mob of the galleries, "would fill "their benches, and ſet the theatre in a roar, were "I only to come on to *be ſhaved*."

I am very far from entering into the ſpirit of that undiſtinguiſhing nonſenſe to which hot-hearted and light-headed innovators have of late given the abſurd name of *natural equality*; becauſe I am thoroughly convinced, Nature herſelf, who is an all-wiſe politician, has diſcriminated in all things with admirable order, and did never yet ſanction ſuch nonſenſe; but I could wiſh the homage which the lower pay to the higher powers, was leſs to their extrinſic, and more to their internal merit; and yet, as happineſs is ſaid to be our "being's only end and aim"; and as I am certain the hundreds who amuſed themſelves at the above royal *cramming* ſcene, were to the full as happy as the crammers, the ſyſtem had, perhaps, better ſtand as it is with reſpect to the little people; only it might be as well if the great were at leaſt as

anxious to be admired for a good head and a good heart, as for a good ſuit of cloaths and a good appetite; for after all, my friend, it will be found

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
"The reſt is all but leather and prunella."

Not that I mean in any thing I have ſaid to apply in particular to the heads of the Houſe of Orange, of whom I ſhall have to ſpeak not ſlightly, and who, I have reaſon to believe, are as little obnoxious to all claſſes below them as it is in the *nature of things* to be; for a ſtrange mixture of veneration and envy will always touch thoſe who are conſcious of inferiority; and this mixed tribute of love and diſlike is a tax which the * Great muſt always pay to the Little.

I was

* Of the heads of the preſent Houſe of Orange the following characters are not overcharged.

The Prince poſſeſſes, in deſpite of a phyſiognomy which nearly inverts the rules of Lavater, great facility of comprehenſion, a ſingular quickneſs in diſcerning characters, and a memory uncommonly retentive. Few of his predeceſſors have been ſo deeply verſed in the hiſtory and conſtitution of the Republick, and certainly none have been more cautious of exceeding the bounds preſcribed by that conſtitution to the power of the Stadtholder. His manners are affable, and his diſpoſition modeſt and unaſſuming.

Perhaps

I was ſo lucky as to be preſent at the review of the militia, which when embodied always takes

Perhaps this laſt quality is a principal cauſe of thoſe diſtreſſes to which he has been expoſed, as Duke Lewis, who wiſhed to obtain an excluſive influence over his pupil, appears to have ſtudiouſly encouraged in him a diffidence in his own judgment, and a diſtruſt of all thoſe who ſurrounded him. Hence, though always firm in his adherence to the general line of conduct, which he thought eſſential to the intereſts of his country, he was frequently wavering and undetermined in the choice of the means, ſo that his character was for ſome time conſidered as a mixture of perſonal courage and political irreſolution. But, on his being deprived of Duke Lewis, and abandoned to his own efforts, the energy of his mind was found to increaſe in proportion to the preſſure of his misfortunes; and his conduct during thoſe calamitous times, which immediately preceded the revolution, would not have diſgraced the ableſt of his predeceſſors.

The Princeſs unites the accompliſhments of her ſex, and the moſt amiable domeſtick virtues, with that intrepid ſpirit which characteriſes the Houſe of Brandenbourg. During the long and illiberal perſecution which was raiſed againſt her huſband, although ſhe was conſtantly obſerved with the ſame patient malignity, her enemies were never able to fix a ſtain on the undeviating rectitude of her conduct: her firmneſs and reſignation rendered her at all times an object of reſpect and pity, and greatly contributed to prepare the minds of the people for that revolution, of which her fortunate intrepidity became the immediate and oſtenſible cauſe. The Revolution, which has at length happened even to the, at leaſt temporary, annihilation of the Orange family, and their emigration, is certainly imputable not to the Prince or Princeſs, but to the people.

ay arte

place on the d r the fair, of courſe much company ſtays in town to attend this ſpectacle, and it is really very ſplendid. The whole company of militia men were aſſembled on the parade under my chamber windows; they were ranged under ſhelter of ſome of the fineſt trees in the world, which extend by various row from the Voorhout to the wood. The men were dreſſed extremely well, and for the enſigns of loyalty in the *national* colour, they ſeemed to have ſtripped all the branches of all the orangeries in the Republick; every ſoldier having as large a bunch of orange in his hat as is worn by my lady's footman in his beſt livery, by way of bouquet.—Orange alſo were the cockades, orange the ſaſhes, orange the ſword-knots, and orange the flags.

About ten o'clock, being all gathered together, they marched to a noble ſquare in the wood, where they performed their exerciſe and their manœuvres in a very reſpectable manner. The Prince and Princeſs came in ſtate coaches; each drawn by ſix cream-coloured horſes, and followed by twelve other coaches and four. Their tents were truly magnificent both within and without, and every well dreſſed perſon had a privilege to enter and partake the collations. The ſucceeding day there was a review of ſuch of the regulars as

were

were not on actual ſervice, and a repetition of the ſame proceſſions and pageantries.

With reſpect to the forces of the Republick, we are told, that after the treaty in 1697, the States kept 44,992 men in pay; formerly in time of peace, they uſually employed thirty or forty men of war in convoys. At the beginning of the laſt general war, the States by treaty, furniſhed in the Netherlands 102,000 men, viz. 42,000 for garriſons, and 60,000 for the field. Great Britain only 40,000. By ſubſequent treaties the quota of each power was augmented according to the exigencies of affairs: that of the States to 129,488 ſoldiers, and that of England to 72,197, deducting the ſmaller number from the greater, the remainder is 57,261; ſo that the Dutch ought to have had in Flanders 57,261 fighting men, more than the Engliſh. The States were at the expence of all the powder and ball expended in the many ſieges laid by the Duke of Marlborough during nine campaigns: an enormous ſum, and not eaſily computed. It was at their coſt likewiſe, that the fortifications of the towns then taken, were repaired, and their magazines filled up. Amazing efforts for ſo ſmall a State; the whole Seven Provinces not exceeding five or ſix of our ſmalleſt, and not more than one

or two of our moſt * conſiderable Engliſh counties!

In 1740, the States had 36,000 men on foot, including 12,000 in the barrier towns. The eſtimate of more modern times, both with regard to the army and navy, are directly in the view; and therefore I ſhall not mention it.

It is remarkable, ſays Carter, that almoſt the whole army of the States are foreigners. The reaſon is obvious: other countries abound with ſuperfluous people, Holland wants men. On account of this ſcarcity one would think it very difficult to raiſe ſoldiers: the majority being employed in trade, manufactures, or ſea ſervice; and yet the States are ſeldom at a loſs. A Dutch officer no ſooner beats up for recruits than numbers flock to him for very good reaſons: Firſt, the pay is good and exact. Secondly, their High Mightineſſes punctually keep their words with them: the ſoldier liſts for what number of months or years he pleaſes; at the expiration of which term, were there ever ſo hot a war, he has his diſcharge on demand. And, thirdly, the officers are very humane. They have been ſo accuſtomed

* That of York is ſaid to be, ſingly, as large as the Seven Provinces united.

to

to uſe their domeſtick ſervants well, *according to the laws of Holland*, that luckily they cannot get the better of that habit, but extend it to the ſoldiery. It has been obſerved, and I have been reſident long enough to confirm the truth of it, that in the United Provinces there is a kind of rational not frantic equality, natural indeed to well ordered Republicks, that prevails between all orders of the people, who live in an humble friendſhip, by no means obtruſive or unpleaſant, with their ſuperiors. By conſequence, there is better ſervice, and more willingneſs.

It is however, univerſally admitted, that the greateſt ſtrength of the United Provinces, is in their ſituation; a natural ſecurity ſo potent, that nothing but treachery and diſſenſion amongſt themſelves could, or can ever ſubdue it. On the weſt and north they have the ocean: on the ſouth are canals, large rivers, and arms of the ſea, ſo as to be abſolutely inacceſſible: on the eaſt lies Weſtphalia, and on the ſouth eaſt Juliers and Cleves: and were all theſe to fail, they can as it were convert their towns into arks, and their country into a world of waters; where as in a deluge, their enemies would be diſmayed or drowned.

There has been you know, a recent neceſſity

for flying to their *dernier reſorte*, in which however, as I ſhall in the courſe of our correſpondence ſhew you, the Republicans were by no means unanimous. Heaven be praiſed *we* my friend, are always ſo, and therefore our affection ſhall ſtand. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

HAVING drawn you into the famous Hague-wood, I cannot conduct you out of it, without paying both you and it the juſtice of a little gleaning. With all poſſible predilection for the beauties of my own country in general, and for thoſe of St. James and Hyde-Park in particular, I cannot but give the immediate object of our notice, the preference to both. The Hague is juſtly allowed to be, in point of faſhion and *agrémens*, of every kind, the London and Paris of Holland; and this wood is, as I have obſerved, its Hyde and St. James's Park, and its Tuilleries alſo, being like thoſe in the centre of the town. It is barely an Engliſh mile and an half in length, and little more than half a mile broad.

Travellers

Travellers who come freſh from old England with all old England's prejudices—amongſt which are the ideas reſpecting old England's oaks—would, were not prejudice *an incurable malady*, be convinced that old England had not monopoliſed all the majeſty or beauty of vegetable nature. The oaks of Holland and of this identical wood, have as ſovereign an air, and are of as venerable an age, and, the circuit of ground conſidered, flouriſh in as great abundance as any in the proudeſt foreſts of the ſaid old England. A thorough home-bred, untravelled ſon of our iſle, would be apt to wonder how they could have emigrated from thoſe foreſts, not believing it poſſible they could be natives of the ſoil. Natives however they are, and nature has been venerated as ſhe ought to be in the liberty of their growth; for except in the grand avenues that form the malls, and a few other promenades which are cut through them, not a branch has been "curtailed "of its fair proportions" for centuries, except in caſes of the *utmoſt* exigence. Even in times of private, or of publick rapacity, when the moſt innocent and lovely parts of nature are ſacrificed to the moſt dreadful art, that of war, this wood has been ſpared. In the great war with Spain, Philip II. it appears, ordered that not a twig ſhould ſuffer, and the ſoldiers who were in the

the habit of hewing down all before them, reſpected this command. The common people who have ſeldom any high taſte for rural graces, entertain a more than ſuperſtitious regard for this wood. Their High Mightineſſes, however, in the year 1576, to ſupply a State neceſſity, had ſat in Council upon it, and pronounced the ſentence of deſtruction. The burghers aſſembled, remonſtrated, and underſtanding the Republick required ſuch a ſacrifice—alledging the ſale of the timber would yield ſuch a ſum—that ſum then rejoined the Citizens ſhall be moſt willingly paid to ranſom our favourite wood, and the money we raiſe may be appropriated to the ſervice of the ſtate. This was accordingly done, and ſince that time, upwards of two hundred years, there have not been a dozen trees devoted to the axe: —ſo jealous indeed are the Dutch of preſerving them, that the death of an hare or partridge in England, is not more puniſhed by a country juſtice—who happens himſelf to be a ſportſman, on a poor fellow who happens to be a ſportſman alſo—than are thoſe men or boys who ſhould preſume to do any injury to a ſingle bough of this beautiful wood.

This vigilance and attention on the part of the magiſtrates is very diſintereſted in proportion as that

that of the common people is ſelfiſh; for the Dutch gentry are by no means fond of wood walks, or indeed *any* walks while they can either ſtay at home, or be carried abroad; preferring any conveyance, even one of their cart-coaches to that of their own legs. All attractive as this wood appears to be, you rarely ſee, except on a Sunday when great folks exhibit themſelves as well as little ones, a dozen perſons in the whole tour of its moſt publick walks; and if you encounter one man in a week's viſitation of the private paths—I mean one Dutchman—you ſtare at him as a curioſity. For my own part I can ſay with Comus,

" I know each lane and every alley green,
" Dingle or buſhy dell of this fair wood,
" And ev'ry boſky bourne from ſide to ſide,
" My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood:
" And if one ſtray attendant there was lodg'd,
" Or ſhrouded in its limits I *muſt* ſee him."

Since the diſaſters or ſhall we call them triumphs of France, I have now and then met a ſolitary emigrant with his book, according to the cuſtom of his nation, reading or ſeeming to read, but in general the whole range of the wood has been left "to nature and to me." Ancient authors however inform us, that it was once uſual for the foreign miniſters or others to give concerts alternately

alternately thro' the ſummer, when the wood was crouded with the faſhion of the town and country as well as the citizens and peaſantry. The muſic was a mixture of the rural and martial kinds, conſiſting principally of drums, trumpets and French horns; and care was taken not only to keep the performers at a proper diſtance, but out of the ſight of the company. But though this additional charm might be very agreeable, none is wanting to the true lover of nature in ſuch a wood as this, where ſcarce a mile removed from the "buſy hum of men,"

"Wiſdom's ſelf
"Might forth to ſeek retired ſolitude,
"Where with her beſt nurſe, contemplation,
"She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
"For muſing meditation moſt affects
"The penſive ſecrecy of deſert cell,
"Far from the chearful haunts of men and herds."

Forgive me, I am growing poetical. But remember it is the Hague-wood and Milton who have led me thus far aſtray.—Yonder green alley will take us again into the world.

LETTER

LETTER XL.

TO THE SAME.

SINCE I had the pleaſure to addreſs you laſt, it has occurred to me that inſtead of apologizing for yielding a little to the magick of the Muſe, I ſhould have claimed your attention to the reſult of my own obſervation and enquiry into the preſent ſtate of the Dutch *poeſy:* which would be to you, and ought to be to every traveller, a juſt object of conſideration.

It would indeed be an unpardonable omiſſion not to appriſe you that as a ſtranger you will be welcomed to

"A Feaſt of reaſon and a flow of ſoul,"

given by ſeveral private gentlemen who meet by turns weekly, at each other's houſes in this town, to diſcourſe in a friendly but not formal manner on the arts and ſciences; and you will no doubt become a member of the poetical ſociety, which was inſtituted here ſome years ſince for the purpoſe of bringing to greater poliſh the productions of the Dutch muſe. This ſociety is held in one of the beſt apartments of Prince Maurice's palace.

It

It is acknowledged even by the Dutch themſelves, that the little handful of watery earth which belongs to them, unknown even to the reſt of Europe till the abdication of Charles the Fifth, and getting firſt into reputation of a martial kind by the courage of its inhabitants againſt the uſurpations of Spain, ſeemed for ages undeſerving the notice of the *literary* world.

Even at this day when the torch of every muſe ſeems to flame over every other part of Europe, the light which is emitted from the poets of the Dutch hemiſphere is like that of a taper juſt glimmering through the Provinces. The names of Hooft, Vondel, and Antonides are ſcarce known beyond thoſe narrow limits; while every minor author in the boaſted age of Louis XIV. every puny whipſter of the muſe, the author of an epigram or an acroſtick is familiar to every reader, down even to thoſe pettyfogging quarrels amongſt themſelves, that are a diſgrace to letters, and ought to be remembered only with ſhame. Thus the worſt poetry of France has a more extenſive character than the beſt of Holland.

The cauſe of this is very well and truly accounted for by a writer of the laſt mentioned country. This injuſtice ſays he is derived from the ſame ſource,

ſource, as that which ſo long impeded the reputation of Dryden, Milton, and Shakſpeare of England; namely, the general ignorance of foreigners in the Dutch and Britiſh languages. The Dutch idiom though more rich and powerful than the French, is not, never was, and probably never will be either by fortune or by choice, a language of faſhion. That of France on the contrary, like the Greek and Latin formerly, is the univerſal language of courts, and in moſt countries a marked object of education; riſing partly from the famous revocation of the edict of Nantes, in that ſwarm of emigrants who were conſtrained to fly from their native land in 1685. Baſneſe, Bauſobre, Bayle, Le Clerk, and very many other illuſtrious philologiſts hence became known to the reſt of the world. And the more recent flight which this ingenious people have been compelled to take, and are continuing to take at this moment, will give the influence of their gay and amiable language a yet wider range. Certainly there is no one would attempt to compare with the literary ſatellites that formed the French glory of the ſeventeenth age, and of poetry in particular—for it was that age which added Corneille, Moliere, Boileau, Fontaine, and Racine to the conſtellation, —the few bards who have illumined the horizon of Holland. This country has never yet given birth

birth to a poet who roſe above the merits of Reynard; and he can ſcarce be eſtimated beyond the laſt form of the ſecond, or perhaps the firſt bench of the third rank. Nevertheleſs Holland has produced men of genius and learning, who in every art and ſcience have deſerved well not only of their own country but of all Europe; yet if we except a very few individuals ſuch as Leuenhoch, Huygens, Graveſzande, Boerhaave, and Vandoveren in phyſic, Voct in juriſprudence, and Burman and Gronovius in general literature, there is ſcarcely an author whoſe *fame* has reached his *next neighbours on the other ſide the water.*

Why, aſks a ſenſible Dutchman, are our poets, philoſophers, and hiſtorians ſo little popular amongſt ſurrounding nations? Why are not the *beſt* of their writings at leaſt as well known as the *worſt* of thoſe of other countries, the very traſh of whoſe preſſes we tranſlate? Surely it is a *ſettled point* with others to neglect us? Were it not ſo, our *Little Republick* would not confine its character to trade and commerce, but aſſert its rights to fame in the *Great Republick of Letters.*

The Dutch have ſucceeded chiefly in the Epick; of their power in which ſpecies of poetry they have exhibited three examples, one by Antonides, one by

by Rotzans, and an epick poem called the Hiſtory of Abraham the Patriarch; in Dutch, Abraham de Aartſvader. To ſhew that the Dutch are not deficient in point of *quantity* they have filled two conſiderable volumes with the names and hiſtories of their authors, amongſt whom very reſpectable mention is made of the above epick poets. By way of ſpecimen as to the *quality*, I will preſent you with a ſhort account of the lives and writings of theſe favourite bards.

Antonides van der Goes was a native of Zealand, born in the year 1648, and died in 1684. His genius is characteriſed by its eaſe, boldneſs and fire: and his beſt poem is that which celebrates the river Y, on which the city of Amſterdam is erected.

This poem is divided into four cantos: and the flouriſhing ſtate of Amſterdam, ſituated on the Y, furniſhed the author with this ſubject. It is thus conducted; the firſt canto is employed in celebrating every thing remarkable on the banks or on the boſom of the river. The deſcriptive parts are here a little too redundant; the common fault of deſcriptive poetry. The bridge, called the *Pont Neuf* (New Bridge) is repreſented as the reſidence of fame, on which ſhe is ſuppoſed

to have erected a temple, dedicated to pleaſure and commerce, the particular objects of which are painted with great truth and energy. A part of the city, which is called the New Iſland, gives our author a fair opportunity to celebrate Admiral Ruyter, whoſe houſe ſtood in that quarter.

"At the name of that hero, exclaims the "*poet, the river ſwells under my view as with "pride: I behold the delighted waves advance "to the foot of his palace, as if to bathe and "ſanctify the ſpot with gratitude and admiration. "'Twas thus the Tyber overflowed its banks to "teſtify its joy at the triumph of Octavius Cæſar. "O, Ruyter! thy name is more deſerving the "epithet of Great than that of Egypt's Con-"queror; no wonder then if the conſcious Nep-"tune, and all his watery train, ſhew thee a more "profound homage!"

Now although, my dear friend, I fear theſe ſame Y waters cared as little for the ſpot where the admiral was born, as for that where the author purchaſed the quill with which he wrote the deſcription, or for the gooſe on whoſe wing it

* Whoſe expreſſions I have tranſlated *literally*.

originally

originally grew; though I am apprehenſive this ſympathizing river

" Nor gâve one bubble leſs, one murmur more,"

on the occaſion, we muſt either allow theſe poetical *imaginings*, or take away from the muſe altogether her moſt eſſential privilege, invention, and all her creative powers—

" Thoſe painted clouds that beautify her *lays*."

And you are to remember that a man of genius " looks round on nature and on life, with the eye " which nature only beſtows on genius:"—the eye that diſtinguiſhes in every thing preſented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained. Poets of all countries have claimed them, and when ſo many Engliſh and French epicks have made *their* rivers *ſpeak, ſing, dance*, and exhibit a great many other pretty conceits, it will be hard, indeed, if the river Y may not be allowed to pay a few paſſing compliments to one of the heroes who ſo bravely diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a *Son of the Waves*. It was this Admiral Ruyter, you know, who had ſo " many hair-breadth eſcapes," particularly in gaining his deſtined port in the Salé Roads, in defiance of five Algerine pirates, who lay in wait for, and purſued him. The Moors who from the

town were ſpectators of this action, preſented him with a Barbary horſe, richly capariſoned, on which he was invited to make a triumphal entry, followed by the five pirate Captains in chains. We have reaſon to remember this great naval officer; for it was he who, in conjunction with Van Tromp, commanded the fleet againſt us, and with ſo much honour in 1653. It was he who took the famous renegado Amand de Dias, whom he hung at the yard's arm. In the three obſtinate engagements, between the Dutch, Engliſh, and French fleets, at the mouth of the Texel, Ruyter conducted himſelf in ſo gallant a manner, that Vice Admiral D'Eſtrées, in a letter to Colbert, ſaid, "I ſhould be very willing to purchaſe with my life the glory which Ruyter has acquired in theſe deſperate actions." The patents for his dukedom were preſented after his death to his family, but preferring the title of *Deſcendants of a good Citizen*, they declined every other honour. And I have always thought it one of the few *real* inſtances, amongſt the many *imputed* ones of greatneſs of mind in Louis XIV. when, on being congratulated on the death of this noble mariner, he exclaimed, "that he himſelf ſhould be unworthy of life, were he not to regret ſincerely the loſs of ſuch a man as De Ruyter to his country and to the world!"

Theſe

Theſe things conſidered, it was ſurely the leaſt the river Y could do, to make the houſe in which he had lived a bow as it flowed by; and the man that cannot perſuade his reaſon to ſmile on this image of *poetical juſtice*, deſerves to go the dull rounds of a mill horſe for the reſt of his life.

In the ſecond Canto, after having given a ſplendid panegyric on navigation, the poet pays due attention to the grand fleet then lying in the river, and celebrates the atchievements of particular ſhips of war, at that moment anchoring in the ſtream. He next deſcants on the different articles of the Dutch trade, brought by their merchantmen into the port of Amſterdam from all quarters of the globe.

Book the third is taken up with an epiſode; the poet then carries his readers to the *bottom* of the Y, where we are invited to partake of a FETE MARINE, which the grateful river prepares to celebrate the marriage of Thetis and Peleus. The author arriving at the bottom, is conducted by one of the water goddeſſes, who gives him the hiſtory of the moſt celebrated rivers. "See'ſt thou, ſays the goddeſs, ſee'ſt thou *that* noble river, whoſe long treſſes reſemble the poplar of Hercules? That is Eridanus. Thus was it called before thy

fatal enterprize, preſumptuous Phaeton, ere angry Jove precipitated thee, (even in the ſplendid car that contained thee) to the bottom of the waves; but in pity to thy unhappy ſire, the name has been changed to that of the Po. At firſt thou perceiveſt that the impriſoned waters are hid under the giant ſhoulders of the Alps, but ſoon regaining their liberty, they quench the burning thirſt of panting Italy, and rambling onward loſe themſelves at length in the Adriatic. Liſtening in days of yore to the ſtrains of Horace, they ſuſpended their courſe to hear the poet celebrate his Lydia, and her ſportive airs; or, while he ſung of Chloe, praiſing her modeſty; or addreſſed his Mæcenas. And then, favourite of Apollo, divine ſon of Maro, thou frequenteſt often the banks of this claſſick river. It ſwells to greet thee, and with proud attention liſtens to thy ſong, during whoſe enchantment it cannot flow: it even commands its waves to keep the moſt profound ſilence. Its ſubject Naiads hear thee with admiration; and when thou ſavedſt Æneas from falling Ilion, and led him to rich Auſonia, each wave appeared to do thee reverence, and dwelt with rapture on thy ſtrain!"

This paſſage, which cannot but appear like "proſe run mad" in a literal tranſlation, has great beauty

beauty in the original, as well for the imagery as the verſification, the latter of which is remarkably harmonious and energic.

By order of Neptune, the Y is placed above its fellows, and takes rank as ſovereign. If any true Briton ſhould be diſpleaſed at this, let him conſider he has no right to monopolize the *prejudices* of nations; and ſurely he ſhould not be offended at ſharing one of *his* moſt diſtinguiſhed imperfections with a neighbour. Methinks he ought rather to rejoice that ſuch prejudices and imperfections are not peculiar to himſelf. Indeed the Dutch bard ſeems conſcious that this pre-eminence given to his own river gods, will occaſion a ſplaſhing amongſt thoſe of other countries; for that which is ſuppoſed to preſide over the Seine is very much irritated: the Baltic is by no means ſatisfied, and the Thames is in a terrible paſſion. Theſe troubled waters daſh their foam at each other through half a ſcore pages, each contending for the ſuperiority, which is at length given by the monarch of the ſea to the Y, and the other rivers are obliged to give up the point; though they do not give it up without a great deal of muttering, as they roll back diſgraced to their own banks.

The laſt canto furniſhing ſcant matter, and that

little of a rather dry nature, a meagre deſcription of the Y, our poet takes refuge from this ſterility of his ſubject, in his own prolifick fancy. He introduces a Sybil, who preſents us with a magnificent painting of all the evils and misfortunes which the Batavians ſuffered *before* they enjoyed that degree of power and glory which they now boaſt. This may be conſidered as a ſort of poetical hiſtory of the riſe and progreſs of the Republick; and our author has contrived to render it one of the moſt intereſting parts of his work. He concludes with an addreſs to the magiſtrates of Amſterdam, to whoſe wiſdom and government he attributes, in great meaſure, the wealth and proſperity of the city.

If the criticks ſhould refuſe this work the rank of an Epick, it certainly may command a diſtinguiſhed place amongſt the beſt deſcriptive poems, and were there no other ſpecimen, ſhould redeem Holland from the ſtigma of never having given birth to a truly poetical production.

The general teſtimony borne to the merit of the author of this work, correſponds with the above. He is conſidered as a poet of a rich and ſublime genius; and his Poem on the Y as a very noble performance. After what this bard has ſung of that

that river, and our Denham of the Thames, thoſe celebrated waters need not envy the Tiber his poets.

The great Penſionary Cotts is alſo allowed to be deſerving of the praiſes which Carter and his own countrymen beſtow on him. Correct, copious, affecting, and for his delicacy and harmony, juſtly ſtyled the Dutch Ovid. His verſes have in them ſomething that intereſts and attaches: uniting a profound knowledge of the human heart, and the characters of men, with a ſplendid fancy, he paints with truth, force, and vivacity. His diction is pure and natural; his thoughts delicately conceived and happily delivered; and his deſcriptions, to other charms, add thoſe of novelty.

This ingenious writer was likewiſe a ſagacious ſtateſman; he was Lord Keeper of the ſeals of Holland and Weſt-Friezeland, and Stadtholder of the Fiefs; but he withdrew himſelf at an early period of his life, while in the bloſſom of publick favour, from all political buſineſs to indulge his love of poeſy: in which, as well as in the general eaſe and grace of his verſes, he reſembles our favourite Prior, who likewiſe was, you know, both poet and politician. De Cotts, however,

ever, was never perſuaded to quit his retreat but at the inſtance of their High Mightineſſes, who once *borrowed him from the muſes* and the ſhades where they delight to dwell, to undertake a diplomatick character, as Ambaſſador of the States to England, in thoſe ſtormy days when Cromwell with a daring hand governed our helm. The Penſionary was received amongſt us with the diſtinction his talents commanded as a wit and a man of buſineſs; but his embaſſy being honourably completed, he returned to his native country, and to one of the moſt ſequeſtered parts of it where he had an eſtate on which he lived, and on which he died, the latter event happening ſome time in the year 1660.

The Dutch are extremely proud of this poet. His works have been ſent forth in every poſſible ſize and form: the laſt edition appeared very ſplendidly in two volumes in folio, in 1726.

The Dutch theatre depends very much on that of every other country, particularly the Engliſh, German, and French, whoſe plays they give in tranſlation with great ſucceſs. At Amſterdam I once ſaw the tranſlation of an Engliſh tragedy, a German interlude, and a French farce, acted on the ſame night.

The

The objection brought by the criticks againſt the dramatick, eſpecially the tragick writers of Holland, is, that they are incorrect, and ſo far from conſulting Ariſtotle, ſeem to deſpiſe both him and his laws. They have, however, one tragick writer of conſiderable eminence, and whoſe pieces are what is technically called *ſtock*, being repreſented in their turn every ſeaſon. He certainly has a mixture of great faults and beauties. His moſt popular drama is Giſbert of Amſtel, or the ſiege of Amſterdam. I ſhould give you but little pleaſure, and do the author leſs credit, were I to offer you an analyſis of this piece, which is a ſtrange jumble of good and bad, ſublime and abſurd; though it is performed every ſeaſon amidſt thunders of applauſe; which it owes chiefly to the beauty of the ſcenery and pageantry of the decorations. I cannot forbear giving you one inſtance out of many of its aſtoniſhing abſurdity. The cataſtrophe is thus ſettled. Giſbert, the hero, after the ſurrender of Amſterdam, determines to ſend away his wife and children to avoid the rapacity of the conqueror. His wife on the other hand, reſolved not to be outdone in tenderneſs, deſires to ſtay with her captive lord and ſhare his fate. This brings on between them a conteſt of affection in which each maintains a generous idea, with the uſual force of diſintereſted love. In the midſt

midſt of this ſtrife a very unlooked-for viſitor comes on the ſtage, no leſs than the angel Raphael, who pops down from heaven in a cloudy chariot, on purpoſe to put an end to this diſpute betwixt man and wife. He very dexterouſly makes uſe of the ſaid cloudy chariot to ſkreen them from their enemies, and aſſiſts both in fairly running away. Under ſuch a ſeraphic guard no wonder that they got ſafe out of the garriſon; for they were wrapped up ſnug (together with their children) in the before-mentioned chariot, and ſeemed to the ſentinels, ſays the bard, a *paſſing cloud*. Raphael conducts them to a ſafe receſs in the dominions of Pruſſia, and in their way thither bids them be of good cheer, for that it is the *intention of fate* to make Amſterdam one of the nobleſt cities of Europe, and that he can foreſee there will riſe up to future times a Dutch bard, who ſhall make the misfortunes of Giſbert and his family the ſubject of a tragedy, which ſhall be performed with great ſucceſs on the Dutch ſtage.

Did ever author contrive, in a more novel way, to pay himſelf and his hero a compliment? Or did ever Raphael employ himſelf in ſuch a comical buſineſs as he appears to have undertaken in this very comical *dénouement* of a deep tragedy? One would think that the poet meant to finiſh his tragedy

gedy by a burleſque; in which ſpecies of writing the Dutch greatly excel; their principal author in which ſtyle is Foquembrog, who is the Scarron of Holland.

Nor are they without thoſe ſelf-taught bards who anſwer to our Stephen Duck's, Wood-houſes, and the Milkmaid of Briſtol. Of this claſs, Hubert Poot, of Delft, the ſon of a peaſant, who flouriſhed about a century ago is the moſt diſtinguiſhed. We are informed that he had no education, little or no reading, and never ſuffered his paſſion for making verſes to interrupt his duty as a day-labourer: notwithſtanding which, he is the father of the paſtoral and elegiack poetry of his country. His addreſs to Galatea, and his Idyls, particularly that entituled Diana and Endymion, contain ſome very beautiful images and melodious verſification. *Poeta naſcitur non fit*, is you know an old remark, and Poot's is a very remarkable illuſtration of it. You will find the beſt edition of his works in three volumes quarto, with pretty vignettes, printed at Delft, in 1734. He died in the preceding year. He is ſaid to have ſold his watch, and ſhoe-buckles, and ring, to purchaſe books, deeming the former luxuries, and the latter neceſſaries. I have paid a viſit to his cottage and his grave;

grave; and after having read his works, felt the emotions of a friend at both.

I have ſelected theſe literary ſketches as a freſh encouragement for the reſidentiary traveller to attain ſome knowledge of the Dutch language; which will enable him to peruſe many good poets, of a country which is too commonly thought never to have produced any. I need not remind you that Eraſmus, Grotius, and Boerhaave, are to be numbered amongſt their miſcellaneous writers; a triumvirate, it has been obſerved, not to be excelled by three perſons of any other nation whereſoever the light of learning has been diffuſed. Dryden, you know, has properly given to three countries an honour which he deems ſufficient to immortalize each:

" Three poets, in three diſtant ages born,
" Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn;
" The firſt in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſt,
" The next in majeſty, in both the laſt.

Theſe little provinces have given birth to three writers who would have conſtituted the glory of any three nations of the world. To Eraſmus the whole commonwealth of letters is indebted for its re-eſtabliſhment, and a new æra of its glory; and Grotius did honour, not only to his country but to human

human nature; and the pride with which the Dutch contemplate their Boerhaave, may be gathered from what has been ſaid of him by Johnſon: "a man formed by nature for great deſigns, "and guided by religion in the exertion of his "abilities: determined to loſe none of his hours, "when he had attained one ſcience he attempted "another: he added phyſic to divinity; chemiſtry "to the mathematicks; and anatomy to botany. "He recommended truth by his elegance, and "embelliſhed the philoſopher with polite litera-"ture: yet his knowledge, however uncommon, "holds in his character but the ſecond place; for "his virtue was more uncommon than his learn-"ing. He aſcribed all his abilities to the bounty, "and all his goodneſs to the grace of his God. "May thoſe who ſtudy his writings imitate his "life! and thoſe who endeavour after his know-"ledge, aſpire likewiſe to his piety!"

Neither has the Republick wanted, as Carter obſerves, able hiſtorians or civilians. Brandt's Hiſtory of the Reformation of the Low Countries is a piece ſo much admired, that one of the penſionaries uſed to ſay, the Dutch language deſerved to be learned by foreigners, if it were only for the pleaſure of reading that hiſtorian; and it is certain that there is no univerſity in Europe, where

the civil law is taught with ſo much dignity as at Leyden and Utrecht. Vinnius and Voet, the firſt upon the Inſtitutes, and the latter upon the Pandects, have been pronounced the ſtandards of that law. It is not without reaſon their law-writers in general, like their pleaders, are accuſed of prolixity; they overwhelm us with a deluge of words, and make us loſe ſight of the main point by the multiplicity with which they entangle and ſurround it.

But, perhaps, the ſame imputation will lie againſt the Dutch divines, the prolixity of whoſe writings no human patience can ſupport. They will write a volume on an Hebrew word, and another by way of ſupplement, on the pronunciation of that word. I would not, however, urge this too far againſt a very reſpectable body; being convinced, no leſs than the author of the "Preſent State of the Provinces," that if a profound knowledge of the originals of the Bible and other learned languages; if being well read in the beſt commentators, and ſacred criticks, a good taſte of eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, and controverſies, joined with a laborious diſcharge of the paſtoral duty, be eſteemed eſſential qualities in forming good clergymen, there are few churches in the world better provided with able miniſters than that of Holland.

In

In a former letter, I ſpoke of the neceſſity, *ſe defendendo*, of acquiring ſome knowledge of the Dutch language, and I noticed in general terms, the ſtriking reſemblance between it and our own tongue. At the time of making this remark I did not know it had been made before; I now find it has; and ſo good a ſpecimen offered to *prove* that reſemblance, that I ſhall, by way of ſupplement to what has been previouſly obſerved, tranſcribe it as it lies ready to my purpoſe; juſt premiſing, that the Britiſh nation are very apt to cenſure and deride that language, without knowing, or at leaſt conſidering, that the compound themſelves ſpeak is little more than the Low Dutch. If we have ſoftened a few of the terms by Engliſh refinements, and by naturalizing abundance of the French and Latin, the difference is not ſo great as to make us loſe ſight of that upon which it is founded, and which is certainly our parent tongue. Sir William Temple ſays, that part of the Saxons who conquered England came from Friezeland, which is very probable, as that province lies nearer to Saxony than the other two maritime powers, Holland and Zealand. Numbers of the Saxons came down from the North of Germany at different times into the Low Countries. After having made ſome ſettlements, they paſſed over into the ſouth part of Britain, with a mixture no doubt of

th- natives of the provinces from whence they ſet out. They, however, ſtill retained the names of their nation and diſtrict, *viz.* of Saxons and Engles. The firſt, in proceſs of time, had the good fortune to parcel the country out into ſeven diſtinct Saxon kingdoms; and the latter, though no very conſiderable part of their own country, had the honour to unite thoſe kingdoms into one under Egbert, one of their deſcendants, about the year 800. Thus the reaſon is manifeſt why the Low Dutch, properly ſo called, is ſpoken at this day in England, preferably to Saxon or the High Dutch; and thus too we may account for the general ſimilarity betwixt the Low Dutch and the Engliſh, the latter of which has all the leading features of the former, "more delicately touch'd," as for example:

Wy hebbe yeſien een ſchip op de zee daer in warre tien mannen en ſeeven kindred; het was ouder volle ſyl, de wind was goed: de ſon ſcheen klaair op het water. Deſe mannen verſogte ons in het ſchip te homen, ende tractier de well.

We have ſeen a ſhip upon the ſea, in which were ten men and ſeven children. It was under full ſail; the wind was good: the ſun ſhone clear on the water. Theſe men invited us to come into the ſhip, and treated us well.

Sittende op het deck, wy hadde muſye, en dronken een glas goed wyn, brandewyn, en bier. Wy wilde gren wa-

Sitting upon the deck, we had muſick, and drank a glaſs of good wine, brandy, or beer. We would not drink water, when

drinken, om dat wy goed wyn hadde, &c. Wy aten ſalade, groen kenit, appelen, peeren, vis, vlees, wittebrood en boter. Achter dit kwam de tee, coffy, en chocolade. In de kamer was een tafel, vuur, en twe beddens, waar in wy ſliepen, wy hebben de ſchipper bedankt. Wy ſette voet aan't Engelſche land. Engeland is een groot koninkryk: 't land is vrugthaar in tarw, de natie is ryk en ſtorch. De Kooning die is niet oud, en heaft ſoons, en dogtors. Hy is ye naamt George de 3d.

when we had ſuch good wine, &c. We eat ſallad, green herbs, apples, pears, fiſh, fleſh, white bread and butter. After all came the tea, coffee, and chocolate. In the chamber was a table, fire, and two beds, wherein we ſlept. Having thanked the ſkipper, ſet foot on Engliſh land. England is a great kingdom: the land is fruitful in wheat, the nation is rich and ſtrong. The King is not old, and has ſons and daughters. He is named George the Third.

Men reckent agt milioen menſchen in Engeland, en ſeven hondert duyſent in London: twee hondert en vyftig duyſent in Amſterdam; en vijf hondert, of op het meſte ſes hondert duyſent in Paris. Londen is de grootſte plaats in de wereld. Is het niet wonderlijh, dat de verſtandigſte Engelſche ſoude niet wel kennen haar voorvaders, of moeder taal, en het land waar nit ſy voort ſyn yekoomen? De Engelſche en de Nederlanders ſyn het ſelfde volk en de ſelfde nation.

We reckon eight million people in England, and ſeven hundred thouſand in London; two hundred and fifty thouſand in Amſterdam, and five hundred, or at moſt ſix hundred thouſand in Paris. London is the greateſt place in the world. Is it not wonderful, that the underſtanding Engliſh ſhould not well know their forefathers or mother tongue, and the land whereout they came? The Engliſh and the Nether, or Low Dutch, are the ſame folk, and the ſame nation.

If the above proof of affinity be added to thoſe already promiſed to be given at the cloſe of our Gleanings, it will be manifeſt that the language now in uſage through Great Britain, is in good meaſure the ſame as that ſpoken in Holland,

"Through certain ſtrainers well refin'd."

The latter certainly ſounds harſher, and more heavy than the former; but every man's language, like his voice, ſeems muſical to his own ear: beſides which, I can aſſure you, the Dutch, when ſpoken by a pretty woman, or well-bred man, is not deſtitute either in harmony or elegance.

The above example is almoſt totally compoſed of kindred words; and determine that they are not only nearly related by deſcent, but that they are of Dutch or German extraction. The great author of the Engliſh Dictionary, indeed, in tracing the family of Engliſh words to their origin, tells us, that he conſiders the German and the Dutch "not as radical, but parallel, not as "parents, but ſiſters of the Engliſh." Even this is a very cloſe alliance, and merits that we ſhould treat them not as aliens, but as relatives eſtabliſhed in different countries. Adieu.—In all countries my mind's beſt language is your's.

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

TO THE SAME.

Rotterdam.

SEE the uncomfortable diſtance of the date of your laſt received letter, and of my power to anſwer it—an interval of more than twenty days! Such is the tyranny of winds and waves; and ſuch the ſolicitudes of an abſent friend.

But, according to the proverb, "ill blows the "wind which brings not good to ſomebody." In the preſent caſe, though it has been to me inauſpicious, I truſt it has to you been favourable; and that the very cauſes which have delayed your letters, have accelerated mine. You will then be ſatisfied that my regard keeps pace with your's in the frequency of written evidence.

Yet how different at this moment is the face of things in this country, from that you have ſo deliciouſly deſcribed! Winter has forgot his time, and come back into Holland, a treſpaſſer on the rights of ſpring. So far from feeling or ſeeing the blooming approaches of the latter, we are embraced with the utmoſt rigours of the former. This very morning, though otherwiſe bright and

fair, being one of the coldeſt I ever felt in my whole life. Your ſweet and captivating landſcapes are inverted. Inſtead of the earth covered with ſnow-drops, it is covered with heaps of ſnow only; and in lieu of watching the opening buds, thirty or forty ſkippers are digging in the canals to open the ice; and I can diſcover over my head only the white-encruſted branches frozen from top to bottom. Yet I cannot, by any means, ſay this ſort of ſcenery is void of attraction. To a Britiſh traveller it is intereſting from its novelty; for though a world of white does not ſeem to admit of much variety, whether viewed in one country or in another, a deep fall of ſnow and hard froſt is certainly very different in its general appearance in Holland and England. What it is in the latter you have ſeen and felt: what it is here will be more pleaſant perhaps in my deſcription than from the evidence of your own feelings.

Rotterdam is in itſelf, you know, one of the moſt conſiderable and beautiful towns of Holland. It is watered by the Rotte, from whence it borrows its name, and by the junction of that river with the Meuſe, and the proximity of both to the ſea, is equally well ſituated for commerce and navigation. The Engliſh ear is caught by its accuſtomed ſounds in every ſtreet, and almoſt in

every houſe; for trade has made our language a ſettler in this place; the Engliſh merchandiſe and the Engliſh merchant being amongſt the ſtaple commodities of Rotterdam, which has long been conſidered as the firſt object of intercourſe that the Britiſh nation has upon the continent of Europe. The canals, which run into the heart of the city, are ſo broad and profound, that veſſels of a noble ſize and of equal burthen enter into it abreaſt. Theſe canals are ſurrounded by the moſt beautiful ſtreets, each of which is adorned by a row of very fine trees.

Imagine ſuch trees, ſuch ſtreets, and ſuch canals, with all their inhabitants, combining to form a winter piece! Repreſent to yourſelf the houſes, almoſt all windows and of the cleareſt glaſs, daily and almoſt hourly waſhed, ſparkling to the ſun in all the radiance of a froſty atmoſphere; the canals are a ſolid floor of thick-ribbed ice, on which a thouſand pair of ſcates, uſed with inconceivable adroitneſs, are gliding in as many directions. The veſſels of pleaſure and of buſineſs of almoſt all nations, particularly our own, wedged cloſe together, and anchored at the very doors of the proprietors; the ſhips and barges, indeed, are as firmly bound as if they were chained to a world of rock; the rigging, maſts, and even pendants,

loaded with coagulated ſnow; the trees candied over in the ſame manner; but towards the middle of the day, dropping into fleeces by the warmth of the ſun, as if it were new falling ſnow.

Except it be that our tour-loving countrymen ſeldom indulge the emigrating paſſion in winter, I know not, my dear friend, how it has happened that we ſo very ſeldom have been preſented with, in *deſcription*, a Dutch winter piece: ſuch as every one of their capital towns exhibit at this very inſtant. Theſe cold-weather amuſements are uſually paſſed over, though they are pictureſque and intereſting.

It has been juſtly remarked, that the deadeſt ſeaſon in other countries is the moſt lively in Holland. While this little watry world is froſt-locked, which it is ſometimes for three months together, it is a kind of univerſal fair or jubilee. Booths are erected upon the ice with good fires in them. Horſes, rough-ſhod to the element, run races. Coaches glide over the ſmooth expanſe like pleaſure barges. Men, women, and children, are equally expert. The peaſant ſcates to town with his panniers, the country girl with her milk pails, and many merchants take their longeſt journies

nies during the ſeaſon of the ice. You may ſometimes ſee a ſtring of twenty or thirty young people of both ſexes, holding each other by handkerchiefs, ſhoot away almoſt with the rapidity of lightning.

This is illuſtrated at the preſent moment as well upon the land as water. Hundreds of little hand ſledges, variouſly decorated and filled with children, covered to their very noſes in rugs and furs, paſs to and fro through the ſtreets; and a no leſs number of horſe-ſledges gay and gaudy, drawn by prancing ſleek-ſided ſteeds with long manes and tails, guided by a gentleman, and containing a lady, are flying along in theſe froſt-chariots. Theſe have no wheels, but are moved on an iron rounded at the ends, and they go ſometimes at the rate of fourteen or fifteen miles within the hour: the ſtreets mean while crouded with ſpectators, gathered together in a kind of happy compoſure, which ſeems to ſet at defiance all the inclemencies of the ſeaſon. I muſt not forget the windows, which are all thrown wide open, and ſtuck with happy and even healthy faces from top to bottom, though it ſhould ſnow into the apartments; every individual of whatever rank, entering into the ſpirit of the entertainment; and it is really curious to ſee when there is a ſtop put to buſineſs,

buſineſs, how the people of this and ſome other more northern countries, convert the very rigours of the clime into ſources of pleaſure and exerciſe. A native of the more ſouthern airs would almoſt congeal to ice at the bare view of ſuch a ſcene as that before me: but cuſtom you know, my friend,

> "Will make the flinty and ſteel couch of war,
> "A thrice-driv'n bed of down."

At all the Imperial, Saxon, and other northern courts, I find theſe ice and ſnow diverſions are exactly what travellers have deſcribed, and of very pompous kind. Many of their machines are conſtructed in the ſhape of lions, ſwans, dolphins, peacocks, well-carved, painted, and gilt. The northern fair ſits in one of theſe dreſſed in velvet, lined with furs, and decorated with lace and jewels, with a velvet cap on her head faced and lined with ſables: the horſe is finely capariſoned, and ſet off with feathers and ribbonds: bells hanging about him, and a ſtag's horns on his head. One or more pages on horſeback, ride on each ſide with torches in their hands, and in this manner they perform the courſe upon the frozen ſnow, about the ſtreets of Dreſden and Vienna, driving full ſpeed after one another in the middle of the darkeſt night; or ſome times when the moon

moon and her attendant ſtars are in the fulleſt luſtre.

As you know my general averſion to hiſtories of brick, mortar, and fair freeſtone, you will not expect me to give you any fine deſcriptions of the fine buildings, or other fine places of this fine town, when the ſaid fine ſights are unaccompanied by more intereſting particulars: ſuch, for inſtance, as appertain to the ſouth church (Zuider Kerk.) This was formerly the place where ſtood the old Dutch playhouſe: after the revolution the playhouſe was pulled down, and a Scotch church built upon the ſpot, and now Dutch ſervice is performed; but between the time of its being a theatre and a place of worſhip, fifty other occupations were carried on.

The froſt and ſnow ſo lock me up on all ſides, that till the relenting weather opens the roads, I can neither travel by land nor by water; but my inquiſitive diſpoſition leads me amongſt men and books; and wherever either of theſe preſent me with any thing worthy notice, I will not fail to pick it up for your entertainment or inſtruction. Take, for the preſent, a few miſcellaneous remarks deſcriptive of place and people.

The

The Dutch are, no doubt, imagined to be great feeders on fleſh, and as great drinkers of gin. They are neither. They eat very ſparingly of animal food, and ſwallow far leſs of ſpirituous liquors than the Engliſh. One of our porters will conſume more Hollands in a day than an Hollander in a week. The common drink of the country is beer, tea, and coffee: of the two latter they drink ſix or ſeven times in a day; a drunken Dutchman is a rare character.

All ranks of people *ſhake their heads* when they diſcourſe, or even when they liſten.—They have a ſhake of aſſent, a ſhake of objection, an angry ſhake, a friendly ſhake, and a loving ſhake; but to meet with a Dutch man or woman, who does *not* ſhake the head, is what I have never yet obſerved. In the heat of converſation this practice is ſo remarkable, that in a publick place where there are many ſpeakers at a time, in the coffee-houſes for inſtance, the heads *all go together*, as if moved on ſwivels, and are as ludicrous to any traveller, whoſe head is firmer on his ſhoulders, as the figures of a parcel of Mandarines on a chimney piece. A Dutchman might be known from a native of any other country by this national and almoſt univerſal ſhake. I mentioned this to ſome of the people, who muſt have ſhaken themſelves

out

out of all conſciouſneſs; for of eleven whom I addreſſed, nine aſſured me, while they ſhook their heads at me moſt violently, the remark was *not* juſt; and the other two, ſhakingly, ſaid, why we ſhake our heads thus, heaven only knows.

The Dutch women in general, deſerve not the cenſure which other nations have paſt on their *legs*. It is the cuſtom of the country amongſt all ſuch as adhere to the habits of it, to diſplay the leg *more* than midway. The female peaſant ſhews it nearly to the garter: and though not often very delicately, the legs are for the moſt part far from clumſily made. They all wear ſlippers, even in winter; and are moreover perpetually dabbling in water; yet are remarkable for being ſeen with a clean pair of ſtockings, which are almoſt univerſally of blue or grey worſted. In compariſon of their general form, their legs are even ſlender. Their limbs are coarſe and heavy, and rendered yet more ſo by their dreſs; eſpecially about the hips, which they ſwell out with more than ſevenfold petticoats to an abſurd circumference. They ſometimes cover themſelves up with huge black cloth cloaks, and yet you will ſee them in the moſt rigorous ſeaſons of the year going about without either hats or bonnets. The practice of ſticking on a black patch about the ſize of half, ſometimes a whole

a whole crown-piece on each of their temples is almoſt univerſal amongſt the middle and lower orders of the women. The women themſelves tell you this is a charm for the headach; the men inſiſt it is deſigned as a charm of another kind, and as much a mark of ſelf-admiration and coquetry as the little patches which were formerly worn by the fair enchantreſſes of our own country.

I think I have already ſent you word that the buſineſſes of hair-dreſſing and ſhaving, which centre in one man's hands in England, are in Holland ſplit into two trades as diſtinct as huſbandry and ſhipbuilding; your chin being committed to a ſworn ſurgeon, and your head to a friſſeur. I begged to know the reaſon of this? The ſame reaſon, Sir, ſaid a *profeſſor* of the razor, that induces a man to reſign his broken leg or thigh to one of *us*, rather than to a fellow who knows no more of a human machine than his powder puff: it is not thought ſafe in this country to truſt a man's naked throat with any perſon unſkilled in anatomy. How the devil, Sir, ſhould ſuch block heads and bunglers manage an affair of ſuch delicacy? Whether the indignation of my medical ſhaver might give an *intemperance* to the flouriſhes of his razor, as if to *cut up* the pretenſions of the ſaid

ſaid "bungling blockheads," I cannot ſay, but in the very act of cenſuring *their* awkwardneſs, he cut me moſt ſcientifically; and on my obſerving this he exclaimed, Nothing but a pimple, Sir, and the more it bleeds the better: It was a ſolid ſlice of my fleſh, and no excreſcence for all that; but I let it paſs.

The poor little domeſtick BIRDS, (ſparrows, robins, &c.) how this hard weather has ſubdued their uſual independence! How they throw themſelves on us for protection! I have already more than twenty of theſe winged penſioners, who ſeem to have no reſource but what they receive from the crumbs that fall from my table. At this moment they are ſeated on a board on the outſide of my chamber window, on opening which, ſeveral of them have actually come in, hopped about my room, warmed themſelves at my fire, and thus refreſhed, again take wing and brave the element. Birds are at all times more tame here than I have ſeen them elſewhere; but in the ſevere part of the year, ſo abſolutely throw themſelves in the *way* of your bounty, that a man's charity muſt very perverſely, "paſs by on the other ſide," not to ſee, and ſeeing he muſt have an heart yet colder than the ice, not to accommodate their little wiſhes. What pleaſure there is in gentle offices, whether

whether adminiſtered to bird, beaſt, or man! How it refreſhes one in warm, how it animates one in rigorous weather! A redbreaſt is trotting over my carpet as I write; a poor froſt-nipped chaffinch is neſtling almoſt in the aſhes of my buzaglio; and a ſparrow who had, after warming himſelf, aſcended my table, is within the length of his beak of the paper on which I am writing. I nod and tell him, as he ſlopes his curious head to the writing, 'tis all about himſelf and his aſſociates, and the little fellow with the pleaſant pertneſs which characteriſes the ſparrow-tribe, looks ſaucily into my face with his head aſide, as much as to ſay, a very good ſubject! glean away, friend.

But though he, you, and I, may think ſo, ſome criticks may be of a different opinion. "An au-"thor and his reader are not always of a mind," ſays Johnſon. Cold as the ſnow, and biting as the froſt, the literary caviller *alſo* may aſk, whether "two ſparrows are not ſold for a farthing?" and by way of inference demand, what can that leaf be worth that is waſted in deſcribing or ſupplying their wants? The literary caviller ſhall not be honoured with a reply: but ſhould the true critick, and ſuch I gratefully own I have found ſome of the publick Reviewers, whoſe cenſures, blended

blended as they have been with praiſe on my early or later writings, have ſince put me upon thinking, how I might more deſerve the one, and leſs merit the other; and you know that two of the deareſt friendſhips of my life, and which I truſt will be my pride and boaſt even unto death, aroſe not from the encouraging ſmiles, though thoſe were generous and ſweet, but from the more ſalutary frowns with which they marked ſome of the errours of a juvenile pen: ſhould therefore, I repeat, ſuch criticks here put the "frontlet on," I ſhould——no—in this inſtance, at leaſt, I feel aſſured of the uncontracted brow; for they will conſider, that if in the eye of Omnipotence "one "of theſe ſparrows ſhall not fall to the ground," but *his* divine miniſtry muſt deal the blow, their lives, their comforts, their diſtreſſes muſt be of ſome account in the eye of *humanity*; and he that *ſaves* them from falling ſhall at leaſt diſarm criticiſm, if he has no claim to praiſe. And after all our magnificence,

"Theſe little things are great to little man."

And if they were not, the time and paper, and room in my book they have here employed, ſhall be nothing loſt, even to the reader who values only *quantity*; for that ſuch reader may be no loſer, I promiſe him a long letter *gratis* on *great* ſub-

jects the very first time they fall in my way; whether great men, great houses, great towns, or whatever else constitutes a magnificent reader's idea of worldly greatness.

LETTER XLII.

TO THE SAME.

FROM what has been said in the last letter, you will conclude that the spirit of pleasure is by no means an inactive one in this country: the spirit of hospitality is, on the slightest recommendation, no less vigorous or lively; although in both cases most other parts of the Continent have a more popular character for courtesy and urbanity: but it should be considered that such character is generally given *by* themselves *of* themselves, or by such *confederating* nations as erect their own good name on the ruins of their less imposing neighbours. An English stranger who visits Holland, from either curiosity or misfortune, will find even in the *motives* of his residence, as much courtesy and compassion as he could meet with in any other part of the earth: in respect of the former, a single letter of introduction to any respectable individual, will be a passport

paſſport to the beſt families in that individual's line of connection; and in regard to the latter, diſtreſs, in whatever ſhape, or however brought about, is not leſs venerated or relieved by the Hollander than the Engliſhman. I was a witneſs to many illuſtrative inſtances. Take one.—A French gentleman, from being diſappointed of all remittances was, after diſpoſing of his neceſſaries for current expences, unable to pay his account at his hotel, and ſo reduced as to throw himſelf on the generoſity of his hoſt, who not only requeſted him to feel at his eaſe as to the paſt, but at his home as to the future, continuing to lodge and board at the hotel as many weeks or months as might ſuit his convenience: in addition to which liberality, the landlord begged he might ſupply him with pocket-money while he ſtaid with him, and with ſuch a ſum as might anſwer his purpoſes when he departed. All this was done on no poſſible idea of intereſt; for the gentleman thus kindly treated thought he could not deal too candidly in return; therefore laid before his hoſt, previouſly to farther ſervices, a true ſtate of his affairs, which exhibited the near proſpect rather of deſpair than of hope. Since which diſcovery the bounty of the landlord did not alter its aſpect, but rather wore a more benignant ſmile, accompanied by deportment, that mingled reverence

with kindneſs. And believe me this ſpirit of philanthropy is not confined to inſtances like thoſe, ſelected with difficulty, or by the accuracy of *diligent* inquiry, but is really and truly the liberal and genial growth of this country, in as fair an abundance as that of any other of whom we ſpeak more vauntingly.

The ſpirit of trade keeps pace then, but does not *outſtrip* that of courteſy. It is inconceivable to thoſe who have not been eye witneſſes, with what unabated energy men of buſineſs traverſe this and other commercial parts of Europe. Our Engliſh riders, as they are called, who travel over Great Britain, ſeem inert and dead in compariſon of thoſe who croſs the water as factors and agents. The unwearied aſſiduity with which they attend to all the myſteries of trade, the ardour with which they cultivate correſpondence and enlarge the connection of their reſpective houſes, the exactneſs and diſpatch with which they execute orders, the zeal with which they urge gainful enquiry, and the vigour with which they improve every profitable occurrence, every "*golden* oppor-"tunity," cannot but attract the notice of a traveller the moſt diſengaged from publick affairs. Viewed only as objects of ſpeculative curioſity this is intereſting, ſince it is impoſſible to ſtroll into

into any of the publick coffee-houſes, walk along the canals, viſit their exchange, or ſit down at any of the table d'Hotes of this buſy town in particular, without being exceedingly ſtruck at the effect, and going into ſome enquiry of the cauſe.

Some ſentiments on this ſubject are ſo appoſite to this cauſe and this effect on general principles, that I cannot but apply them in this place, ſo far as my memory accommodates me either with them or the language in which they were given to the Britiſh Houſe of Parliament in the courſe of the laſt ſeſſion. But you ſhould previouſly underſtand that what the member offered as deſcriptive of the Britiſh empire, I conſider as equally influencing *all* the trading parts of Europe, and in a more eſpecial manner the United Provinces.

When we thus ſee the revenue and the trade of every country increaſing, it is natural to enquire into the cauſes. Of theſe the firſt is undoubtedly the induſtry and energy of a country, but there muſt be ſecondary cauſes to give to this its effect, ſaid one who is not in the habit, as many honourable members are, of ſacrificing truth to declamation. The increaſe of ſkill in artizans and manufacturers, the great improvements in the appli-

cation of machinery, and the various ways by which labour is ſaved, ſubdivided and expedited by ingenuity, have done much in all countries: the facility of credit ariſing from confidence in the publick faith gives great advantage to manufactures at *home*, and by enabling the merchant to extend his credit *abroad*, gives no leſs advantage in the foreign market, and thus operates in a double ratio.

This is certainly firſt the ſign and then the cauſe of national proſperity, which is greatly extended by the commercial enterprize and judicious ſpeculation ariſing from an unreſtrained intercourſe between nations. But the principal ſource of this proſperity, and which indeed ſuggeſts the only poſſible way of accounting for its ſudden and immenſe magnitude, is to be found in the aſtoniſhing effects reſulting from the accumulation of capital; effects which were never fully underſtood till a philoſopher of our own country, the celebrated Author of the "Wealth of Nations," with a depth and clearneſs of inveſtigation, fitted to enlighten and direct the internal policy of any ſtate, diſcovered and pointed them out. This accumulation operates with all the effect of compound intereſt, every addition to it being the immediate cauſe of another, and its force increaſing in

in an accelerated ratio through its progreſs.

"Mobilitate viget, vireſque acquiret eundo."

And theſe combining cauſes are moſt indiſputably productive of thoſe aſtoniſhing effects, which pour not only through our own country but every other in the trading world, the graces, the riches of each other in greater abundance at this very hour, than at any former period of at leaſt modern, and perhaps of ancient times.

Of what *farther* it is ſuſceptible it is impoſſible to ſay; becauſe the perfection of national commerce, that bound which it may reach but may not paſs, cannot eaſily be aſcertained; but we may fairly aſk, if ſuch are the effects of ſuch cauſes *already*, what in the progreſs of induſtry, genius and emulation, may not be expected from them in future? In proſperity *no* limit can be ſet to national vigour; and in the hour of difficulty, diſtreſs, or danger, as ſuch vigour is the only mitigation of national evil, it will be exerted in proportion. Far therefore from having reached a point at which it is likely to ſtop, the national proſperity of a country flowing out of its commerce admits yet of encreaſe, and though the cauſes muſt be permanent, the effects may be progreſſive; for while human ſkill in any branch of

commodity is *capable* of improvement, it is impoſſible to ſay to what a pitch of wealth and proſperity any trading nation may arrive by its own energy of advancing.

Holland, it is true, has had at different periods of her hiſtory very heavy drawbacks, as well from within as from without; from the enemy in her own bowels, as from a publick invader. Often have the fruits of her genius and induſtry been ſwept away by rebellion and war: often has ſhe been drenched in her own blood: but with all theſe depreſſions, her efforts reſiſted theſe calamities, and repaired them ſo well, that at this very hour ſhe may ſtand perhaps foremoſt amongſt nations, as an example of human induſtry producing human proſperity.

The deſcription of Alexandria by an ancient author has been applied, and juſtly, to this Republick, particularly its capital. "Rich and opulent "Provinces that abound with every thing, and "where nobody *can* be idle. The very lame "and blind have their exerciſes and uſeful occu-"pations, and even thoſe who have the gout in "their hands are not ſuffered to be uſeleſs." This is ſo true of Amſterdam, that in almoſt every corner of it amazing examples of induſtry are to

to be ſeen, even in thoſe whoſe age, ſickneſs and bodily infirmities would obtain a diſpenſation from work *any where elſe*. Thoſe who think therefore, that the Dutch have more of matter than ſpirit in their compoſition may undeceive themſelves. Other cities of Europe have had the models of moſt of their uſeful contrivances, and machines of various ſorts from the towns of this Republick. Even thoſe who arrogate all wit and all art to themſelves, have been obliged to borrow from hence ſeveral of their moſt ingenious utenſils: and upon the whole, Voltaire's character of the States is well merited. "La Hollande," ſays he, "merite d'autant plus d'attention, que c'eſt un "etat d'une *Eſpece toute Nouvelle*, devenu puiſ- "ſant ſans poſſeder preſque de terrain, riche, et "n'ayant pas de ſon fonds de quoi nourir la "vingtieme partie de ſes habitans, & conſiderable "en Europe par ſes travaux au bout de l'Aſie."

LETTER XLIII.

TO THE SAME.

Rotterdam.

IT has been amongſt the objects of theſe remarks, to reſcue the inhabitants of the different

ferent countries in which I ſojourn from the undue meaſure of cenſure caſt on them, and to ſettle them, without prejudice on the one hand, or partiality on the other, in every candid mind, juſt as they are,

> " Nothing extenuated,
> " Nor aught ſet down in malice."

The Welch being part of ourſelves, ſuffer little from us in point of prejudice; and therefore little was left for a liberal traveller to do away. But the Dutch demanded a *ſturdy* champion, and yet one who in the zeal of adminiſtering juſtice, ſhould avoid flattery. In various inſtances, I am diſpoſed to believe that your correſpondent has approved himſelf this even-handed advocate. I truſt he has defended them where they were defenſible, and blamed them where they deſerved reproach. In the ſpirit of this principle he began, and will have the honeſty and the fortitude to maintain it unto the end.

Amongſt other aſperſions from which it has been his office to exonerate the people of this country, is their imputed *inſenſibility*; an aſperſion which very generally prevails. You find he has obſerved their hearts and minds in the operation of various events, as well happy as diſaſtrous.

diſaſtrous. He has had an eye on them, when a man leſs impreſſed with conviction of the importance of *little* things to aſcertain the great ones of character and principle, would have *overlooked* their feelings. He has obſerved them too, when *great* occurrences called forth their ſtrongeſt paſſions, or their moſt ſubtle hypocriſy. In both caſes he has found their affections as powerful, as fervid, as expreſſive of upright principles and of tender emotions as our own.

There are you know, certain occaſions ſo abſolutely demonſtrative of real heart and ſoul, that the moſt profound diſſembler would find it impoſſible to keep *on* his maſk, however neceſſary it might be to his intereſt, his fame, or even his life. Of this omnipotent claſs of incidents is the *peruſal of letters*, the contents of which, as to general ſenſation, whether of pain or pleaſure, is as clearly read by the ſpectator as by the party concerned: I mean of courſe, ſuch letters as are read in company *immediately* on their being received. Something beyond the power of human reſiſtance urges a man almoſt univerſally to open the letters that are brought him by the poſt; nay, we often break the ſeal inſenſibly; and the utmoſt forbearance which good breeding enjoins, ſcarce ever extends to the putting them *quietly* into

into our pocket, when from a recognition of the hand-writing, we expect any thing of heart, or even when we are ſtrangers to the characters, of the ſuperſcription. Curioſity ſeizes us in the one caſe, and more than curioſity in the other. If therefore we *do* gain this degree of good manners, it is by a painful exertion, which often makes us wiſh our company at home; though induced by a ſort of fellow-feeling, they often prevent this wiſh by diſpenſing with etiquette, and enjoin the reading our letters. For the moſt part we apologiſe for the rudeneſs, *but are rude.*

Then it is, that fineſſe, weakneſs, folly, ſtratagem, and even treaſons BETRAY THEMSELVES. *Then it is,* that we are perfidious to our truſt, without any other accuſers, any other language than what is furniſhed by conſciouſneſs of our being trickſters, fools, or traitors: ſo ingenuous is our *inviſible boſom* judge, ſo all-powerful is conſcience; though guilt firſt faſtened her with chains, that very guilt only waits for a fit opportunity to break them aſunder, and forces the culprit to avow his crime, even to thoſe who are ſure to puniſh it. It is thus that in the act of reading any written miſchief, done or to be done, conſcience flies into the face of the delinquent, ſeizes every limb of his body, and by a ſtrange power,

power, renders that countenance *really* honeſt which had before only appeared to be ſo. A young man, for inſtance, long loſt to fame and fortune, ſuddenly reads of his diſinheritance when he expected a remittance—a broker, of a proſecution for uſury when he looked for an invitation to meet the party to receive the premium—the libertine, of diſcovery by a parent or brother, who ſends a challenge, when his heart beats high with

—"expectation of the coming joy"

to be derived from his long-planned ſeduction.

But theſe examples are, you will ſay, ſo ſtrong, that he who runs may read *them*. Believe me, the ſubordinate foibles and vices are no leſs under the dominion of the letters, which unawares deſcribe their cauſes and their effects: in like manner, the *better* parts of our nature are alſo developed with equal truth and accuracy by the ſame faithful reporters; and without being endowed with the ſagacity of Lavater, a quiet obſerver muſt want that degree of common ſenſe in which few are deficient, not to aſcertain the actual ſtate and ſtrength of thoſe natural feelings, the vivacity of that fancy, the ſenſibility of that heart, which are exhibited by the peruſal of letters.

letters. The paſſions and emotions are not ſimply called by their proper objects; they are, whether reluctantly or by aſſent, placed before our view by that imperial, and not ſeldom imperious *law in our ſouls*, which is ſupreme, indiſpenſible, and incorruptible. Hence it is that vice has, in deſpite of herſelf, and which ſhe ſhews perforce to the innocence ſhe would deſtroy, and to the Judge who will condemn, her diſordered eye, her livid cheek, her ſhaking joints. And hence too, that virtue ſhews us her moſt affecting ſmile, her trueſt, tendereſt tear, her moſt touching bluſh, and her nobleſt glow of courage, or of benevolence. All is genuine.

To exhibit an inſtance of the former—of *vice betrayed*—would be irkſome to you, my friend, and to me: to preſent one of the latter, of *virtue diſcovered*—will be alike pleaſing to us both.

I have fixed myſelf, for the ſake of ſociety, at the beſt inn here, to the intent that while I am ſhut in by the weather, I may beguile the time I muſt neceſſarily paſs within doors in the moſt pleaſant manner, and be at leaſt in the *way* of incidental occurrence. The houſe is at preſent filled by traveſlers nearly in my own ſituation, and glad to find, like myſelf, ſuch reſources as are

within reach. Laſt night brought us the acquiſition of a gentleman and his wife from Amſterdam. They came at all hazards on a conſiderable emergence by land. We breakfaſted in the ſame party, and ſeeming to aſſimilate with even leſs than the uſual ſlight punctilios of a public room, were getting into a cordial converſation before the forms of the world in a more private apartment, would have warranted, ſo tyrannous is cuſtom, the opening our lips. Our diſcourſe had thawed the very idea of an hard froſt and of a bad fire, and was in deſpite of the ice without doors, flowing in full vigour when the ſervant entered from the poſt-houſe with *letters*, the very ſight of which "checked the genial current" of our converſe. The general pacquet, which was addreſſed to the huſband, contained ſeveral others, two of which were given immediately to the wife, who ſeeing they came from her children, whom ſhe had left, by the bye, only the day before, opened them with an emotion that a man of the dulleſt mind muſt have pronounced a domeſtic and maternal emotion. The gradations of that colouring which nature painted in her cheeks as ſhe read, and the eloquence of that ſilent felicity which illumined her countenance in the progreſs of the peruſal of her papers, manifeſted that they came from parties very near and dear to her heart; and

and to you, who love to look at the happy, would have furniſhed ſuch a regale, that I wiſhed then, and cannot help wiſhing ſtill, you had partaken of our breakfaſt. The letters were from two daughters, the one written in proſe and the other in verſe; but both expreſſed the ſame duty and affection, and both upon the ſame intereſting ſubject—the gratulation of children on the anniverſary of their mother's birth, a day which had uſually been celebrated at home in preſence of the whole family, but which theſe worthy parts of it were reſolved ſhould not paſs without at leaſt ſuch marks of tributary honour as they could confer in abſence. Happineſs is communicative: in the overflow of the heart, the mother detailed with a prolixity natural to parents, and even to felicity, the cauſes of her joy. She juſtified therein the effects; but after all, ſhe could only give me the particulars of bliſs, the general ſubject of which ſhe had before ſo well diſcovered by a language unborrowed of the tongue.

Her ſtory was a freſh proof of my poſition, that the moments of receiving and reading a correſpondence of the affections, *whether good or bad*, are the moments in which the characters of the ſoul are to be peruſed and eſtimated. The lady entered upon her ſubject *con amore, et con ſpirito*, telling

telling me, with all a mother's glow, that both her daughters were the beſt girls in the world, but that the author of the anniverſary addreſs had the ſenſe of an angel; and ſhe wiſhed with all her heart I underſtood ſufficiently the Dutch language to read the verſes—" and the other dear creature, " though no poet is no leſs clever, no leſs good; " here now, ſir, is a letter written with the ſolidity " and correctneſs that would do honour to my eldeſt " ſon, whom every body ſays is a wonder for his " age."

The huſband's looks corroborated the eulogy of the wife; and the breakfaſt, which had been impeded by this letter-reading ſcene, now went on. Before the poſtman appeared they ſeemed to have a reliſh for the repaſt; but ſudden emotions, purely of the mind, whether of pain or of pleaſure, are for the moment no way favourable to the common bodily appetites. The toaſt which I had made for them in the *Engliſh faſhion*—a rarity here—and which was thought delicious, had now loſt its charm, or rather had given place to a much more potent enchantment; the free-will offering of the dutiful daughter had introduced a much more agreeable banquet. " I have," ſaid this fond mother, " been in many reſpects, and " I am ſtill in ſome, a moſt fortunate parent; but,

" in one inſtance, O my God, how miſerable!
" That rapacious tyrant, the ſmall-pox, ſnatched
" from me a girl who—parental tenderneſs apart,
" or allowed for in its fulleſt extent—was not only
" the pride, the glory of our fond boſoms—*(here*
" *the huſband began to cough)*—but the delight of
" all who knew her: full of goodneſs, of talents,
" and of beauty, ſhe was the very boaſt of our
" whole city; yet we were bereaved of her in leſs
" than a fortnight after we had celebrated, in an
" aſſembly of all her little friends, the day on
" which ſhe gained her fifteenth year."

" Our only conſolation," ſaid the huſband, filling up a pauſe which ſorrow made in the account of his wife—yet filling it up with a voice that faultered—" our only conſolation is, that the laſt
" moments of her unſullied life were employed
" in acts of filial love. Her death, ſir, which it
" almoſt kills me to think on, her death happened
" in the middle of the night. The chamber had
" been darkened at her requeſt ſome time before;
" but ſhe now felt the faſt approaches of her diſ-
" ſolution, and deſired the light might be brought
" into the room. When it came—pray bring it
" nearer," ſaid the poor thing—" nearer ſtill—my
" eyes grow more dim every inſtant, and ere they
" quite fail me, I would wiſh their laſt office
" might be to ſhew their ever-deareſt objects, my
" parents

" parents and ſiſters; I grieve that abſence " prevents them from once more beholding my " brother."

Here the huſband loſt his voice in ſoftneſs; and the wife took up the ſorrow-moving tale by exclaiming, " O dreadful, yet dear moment! " when my dying Anna found that ſhe ſtill wanted " light to diſtinguiſh us, ſhe begged the candle " might be put into her own trembling hand; " and after ſhe had looked a little while moſt ear- " neſtly in our faces, wiping away the tears that " were running along her poor father's cheeks, " and then kiſſing us all ſeveral times, ſhe re- " turned the candle, ſaying—I am now ſatisfied, " and am on the edge of the everlaſting manſions " of my Father which is in heaven—the only " parent whom I *could* go to with gain, after the " loſs of thoſe I am now leaving."

" Do you remember her look while ſhe uttered " this?" ſaid the wife to the huſband.—" Re- " member it! O God!" exclaimed the latter, in a burſt of anguiſh that atteſted the too-faith- ful integrity of his recollection—" Were not " her hands, her eyes lifted up towards heaven?— " the doors of which were opened, ſhe aſſured us, " to receive her? Seraphs, cried the *almoſt* cheru-

" bim, are thronging to give me welcome, and " Almighty God himſelf invites me to enter."

" It was at this aweful criſis," ſaid the mother in great agitation, " that my departed Anna " conflicted with the powers of death, to raiſe " herſelf on her knees, in the attempt of which ſhe " fell, and under our ſupport, invoked a bleſſing " on us both! In our very arms ſhe expired, and " we thought the ſpot where ſhe yielded up her " innocent being, would have been the general " death-bed of the family!"

The huſband covered his face with his hands; the wife, after looking ſteadfaſtly at the fire, without, perhaps, ſeeing it—ejaculated at length " God's will be done!" and left the room.

When alone, I repeated aloud a verſe which I had often felt in reading that part of our Night Thoughts which mourns Narciſſa, but had never before ſeen occaſion ſo forcibly to apply it:—

" Ye, that e'er loſt an angel, pity *them!*"

Never did hearts, in the warmeſt country, under the moſt unclouded ſky, beat higher—never did eyes more copiouſly ſtream in token of that grief which " paſſeth ſhew." Away with

with diſtinctions! with appropriations! and all the offspring of ſelf love!—Education, cuſtom, example, may do much—climate may have its power—the ſun may animate—the ice may chill—but there are in *all* countries moments and events, which render *all* good beings the ſame, and prove us through all the zones, allied cloſely to one another!

With reſpect however to the *countenances* of the Dutch, they are certainly not generally lively indexes of thoſe affections which they frequently cover. Thoſe affections are, in their ſtill life, often extremely hid from obſervation, and you will ſee fifty or a hundred men with pipes in their mouths, and as many women ſtewing over their ſtoves, paſs hours away in one another's company with ſcarce the utterance of a ſyllable, change of poſture, or variation of a feature; yet in a ſeries of remarks I have followed ſeveral of theſe very perſons into their domeſtick circles, and have *there* ſeen, as in the caſe above cited, the kindeſt and ſtrongeſt emotions, of which the human heart is capable, fly out according to circumſtances and occurrences, with an energy, a vivacity, an eloquence, of which, from general appearances and ſpeculations, not even the pervading eye of a Lavater could have any preſcience.

We will now advert to a few more of the neceſſaries of life, amongſt which muſt be reckoned the travelling *expences*, eſpecially thoſe of the table d'hotes.

Theſe have been very erroneouſly ſtated. The moſt diligent inſpection has enabled me to offer you the following table of charges, which, with a variation not worth noticing in a few houſes, may be depended upon as your *general directory* in the tour of the Provinces.

	Stivers.
1 Breakfaſt	8—equal to 8d.
2 Dinner	20—being a Florin. 1s. 8d. Engl.
3 Table wine	20 claret.
4 The half-bottle	10
5 Supper	16

The bed is according to the goodneſs of the room from one florin to three.

The houſe-meſſenger, two ſtivers an errand. Surgeon-barber, three or four ſtivers. Hair-dreſſer the ſame.

Except the ſhoe-boy, who commonly includes the office of meſſenger, nobody pays the ſervants except

except the maſter of the inn; ſo that you have no ſaucy fellows crouding about your horſe and carriage in the parting moments as in England: none of the domeſticks even *expecting* a ſtiver, were you to make a month's ſojourn in the houſe. This is a very comfortable circumſtance; and it is ſurely very unreaſonable the traveller ſhould pay the landlord's bill, which uſually takes care of contingencies, and then be detained till the ſervants are paid for doing the ſaid landlord's buſineſs; and if you do not pay *up* to the ſaid ſervant's *idea*, to be abuſed into the bargain! Now really that *is* an hardſhip! As I ſhall have occaſion to bring forward the ſubject of expenditure in another place, (in a comparative view of the charges of Holland, with Pruſſia, &c.) we will cloſe it for the preſent; and with it this letter, the poſtman warning me that "his hour is come." In haſte then adieu.

LETTER XLIV.

TO THE SAME.

Rotterdam.

STILL under the double lock as it were of froſt and ſnow, I ſee not how I can ſo uſefully em-

ploy the leiſure which theſe impediments have thrown into my hands, as offering you a ſummary account of the provinces that conſtitute theſe celebrated States, in which ſummary I truſt you will gain a diſtinct idea of the diviſions, privileges, and reſpective powers of the Republick; the connection of the parts with the whole; and whatever elſe it befits a traveller, who has any laudable curioſity, to know.

We have already ſeen, by ſketches of their ancient and modern hiſtory, in the courſe of our firſt ſheaf, that the induſtry and labours of the inhabitants of the States have been united and inceſſant; that if, upon the whole, they breathe a more heavy air, or tread and dreſs a more difficult ſoil—if their exterior is more rude, leſs brilliant, leſs gay, than that of their neighbours farther ſouth, nature has endowed them with the more ſolid, and perhaps more deſirable, certainly more uſeful powers of conſtancy and application.—If they have been at all times ſlow in taking their beſt and wiſeſt meaſures, they have the faculty of holding to them when taken more reſolutely than quicker minds; and to this unrelaxing perſeverance, this characteriſtick ſteadineſs, we owe the almoſt miracles they have performed in agriculture, arms, and arts, without any aſſiſtance from thoſe ſprightly ta-

lents which have been ſo much relied upon in other countries.

With reſpect to agriculture, without queſtion the moſt neceſſary art of human life, they have arrived at a wonderful degree of perfection; in which praiſe we are to include, not only the Seven Provinces and their appendages, but the ten others which conſtitute the whole of the Netherlands, whoſe farmers and huſbandmen of every deſcription may vie with thoſe of any other country in the world. In various other parts of Europe the ſoil is more genial, and in every reſpect more highly favoured by nature, but in none is it better cultivated by art: indeed it may be obſerved, that in every part of the earth where the leaſt labour is required, the natives, either from that very reaſon, or from the influence of ſofter air and intenſer ſuns, are leſs inclined to, and perhaps leſs capable of toil: whereas thoſe who are the growth of a land to which nature has denied theſe indulgencies, are endowed with a good conſtitution, and a good will to ſupply the deficiencies, by dint of that labour which contributes at once to their proſperity, and the ſtrength by which it is gained. In traverſing the lands belonging to the Dutch, I have often paſſed over places now blooming with culture, or gay with the magnificence of palaces; ſo indeed may whole

ſtreets

ſtreets in ſome of the great towns be called: I have trod on ground at *this* time waving in plenty, which nature herſelf ſeemed to conſider unworthy to be the reſidence of her leaſt valued productions, having ſunk whole leagues either in bogs or quickſands, a dark and ſterile tract, where the very weeds refuſed to grow—nay, their firſt and moſt important city, which may now be called one of the grand ſtore-houſes of the univerſe. Amſterdam itſelf was once a mere quagmire, the abode only of the moſt loathſome animals.—In a word, there never was perhaps a ſoil ſo barren, ſo ungrateful, as that which hath been ſubdued by the Hollander, wherever he has laid his indefatigable and patient hand.

Of their proweſs in *arms* every country is conſcious. Their *literature* is not contemptible, and their *commerce*—another proof of their inflexible diligence—ſurpaſſes that of Venice, or any Republick on the face of the globe. What ſea hath not been, and is not ſtill covered with their ſails? Into what country have they not penetrated? Where is it that they have not eſtabliſhed a factory or a connexion? What ſort of trade is unknown, or untried by them? Is there a climate, or a corner of the univerſe, which in ſome ſort is not, or has been obliged to pay tribute

to

to their induſtry? What a countleſs number of veſſels touch at, or are a part of, the property of their ports? Have they not intereſts and intercourſe with nations who affect to deſpiſe them? and who yet take refuge in their induſtry, to be furniſhed with what their own idleneſs and effeminacy denies?

And with reſpect to the ſacred love of freedom, is there, has there ever been a people on earth, in whom the paſſion for liberty was more conſpicuous? It is with reaſon that they have been accuſed of having often carried the *amor patriæ* too far, and not ſeldom of having miſtaken it: but even their misfortunes and miſtakes, proceeding from their many publick or private wars, could never vanquiſh the unconquerable ſpirit of induſtry. In common with their Flemiſh neighbours, their little ſpeck of watery land has for ages been fought for; and whenever the ravages of uſurpation, treaſon, or other cauſes, have laid their cities low, and their country waſte, they have rebuilt the one, and repleniſhed the other, with a degree of reſolute determination not to be ſurpaſſed in the arts of induſtry, whatever they may be in the arts of deſtruction.—In a word, my dear-loved correſpondent, ſince my reſidence in, and rambles about, this curious country,

country, ſo little indebted to nature and ſo unſpeakably obliged to art, I have, times beyond numbering, reflected on thoſe delightful lines of our delicious Thomſon, where the effects of that very power—by which no leſs in our own country than in theſe provinces, ſuch wonders have been atchieved—are traced with ſo maſterly a hand. Let me beg of you to accept them, not only with a view to their exact application to the people we have been treating of, but to give you that pleaſure which a perſon of your juſt taſte muſt derive from every freſh view of exquiſite painting. I by no means wiſh to rob England of its original right to the deſcription; but whoever viſits Holland will have reaſon to confeſs that every line has its force, its beauty, and its truth, as applied to what will there be met with:

" Theſe are thy bleſſings, Induſtry! rough power,
" Whom labour ſtill attends, and ſweat and pain,
" Yet the kind ſource of ev'ry gentle art,
" And all the ſoft civility of life.
" The days roll'd dark, and unenjoy'd along,
" 'Till induſtry approach'd, and man led on,
" His faculties unfolded, pointed out
" On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
" On what the torrent, and the gather'd blaſt;
" Shew'd him how to raiſe
" His feeble force by the mechanick powers;
" To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
" Gave the tall ancient foreſt to his axe.

" Tore

" Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
" And wrapt them in the woolly veſtments warm,
" Nor ſtopp'd at barren, bare neceſſity,
" But breathing high ambition through his ſoul,
" Set ſcience, wiſdom, glory, in his view,
" And bade him be the Lord of all below.

" Hence every form of cultivated life,
" In order ſet, protected and inſpir'd,
" Into perfection wrought.

" Then commerce brought into the publick walk
" The buſy merchant; the big warehouſe built,
" Rais'd the ſtrong crane, choak'd up the loaded ſtreet
" With foreign plenty."

I muſt tear myſelf from the magick of this author, or I ſhall tranſcribe the whole paſſage, and I know you are not, any more than myſelf, a friend to long quotations.

The United States you know, conſiſt of ſeven provinces or counties, *viz.* Holland, Utrecht, Zealand, Friezeland, Overyſſel, Drenthe, and Guilderland, with the ſurrounding countries of Groninguen, and that part of Flanders known by the name of Dutch Brabant. Theſe provinces contribute in different proportions to the ſervice of the publick. For example, if their High Mightineſſes wanted to raiſe one hundred florins (Guilders) the proportion would be as follows:

Holland

	Florins.	Stivers.	Doits.
Holland - - - -	58	6	2½
Utrecht - - - - -	5	16	7½
Zealand - - - - -	9	3	8
Friezeland - - -	11	13	2¾
Overyſſel - - - -	3	15	8
Drenthe - - - - -	1		
Guilderland - - -	5	12	3
Groninguen, &c. -	5	16	7
			Florins 100.

Of the ſeven counties, that of Holland is the moſt powerful and flouriſhing; and accordingly the ſingle city of Amſterdam contributes for the ſupport of the States more than ſixteen millions of florins yearly. Notwithſtanding which, it holds only the fifth rank in the Aſſembly of their High Mightineſſes, diſtinguiſhed only by the privilege of ſending two deputies more than any of the other towns. So much has been ſaid of this particular province in my general obſervations of what related to the Stadtholder and States General, that we may paſs on to the next in order, after we have noticed two points that were omitted in our former deſcriptions—the taxes and the ſtate of religion.

As to the firſt, it is certain there is *not a country in the world* more heavily charged with impoſts than that of the Dutch, eſpecially in the province of

of Holland. Bread, wine, beer, fleſh, fowl, fruits, vegetables, fire, and in ſhort almoſt every neceſſary of life, are all onerated, and with a rigour as if they were ſo many luxuries. Theſe taxes amount to a third of the value of the commodity, to be paid by thoſe who ſell, and conſequently by thoſe who buy, as the ſeller raiſes the price of each article in proportion. If amongſt the cavils which are made againſt Old England, we are to reckon thoſe which proceed from taxations, it may afford the murmurers ſome conſolation to underſtand that their near neighbours are burthened yet more ſeverely than themſelves, and that it would be difficult to mention a ſingle article which has eſcaped—ſalt, ſoap, *tobacco*, one of their abſolute neceſſaries,—tea, coffee, chocolate, maſters, ſervants, carts, coaches, horſes, aſſes, houſe and land, all go to the maintenance of the Republick, on a principle, literally of *ſtate neceſſity*. The tax on houſes augments or diminiſhes, according to their ſituation, their magnificence, and the date of their erection.

In any great emergence, their High Mightineſſes levy the hundredth, or the two hundredth part on the whole property of the inhabitants given on the oath of each individual. The duty on all ſtamps is, in itſelf, a very great revenue, and

and so strictly guarded, that neither favour nor finesse can find a loop-hole to creep out, and all contracts, publick or private, not made upon stamped paper, are not only void, but the offenders punished with all the rigours of the law, which rigours, by the bye, are frequently put in force.

The duties on Holland, as the most opulent province, constitutes the half of what is produced to government by the whole of the Republick; and after Holland, the most burthened is Friezeland, then Zealand. We have been told that during the war with England, in 1665, they raised double the ordinary revenue, which is allowed to be near two millions sterling; and it has been said that on the occasion of the last general war, which began in 1702 and ended in 1713, they raised near five millions sterling every year, which the financiers of the country assert is the utmost sum of which the States are capable. The proportion between this Republick and England, is calculated at five to seven; that is supposing the subject equally burthened.

But they have favoured their great source of trade as much as possible, raising rather by excises than customs; for fear, says Carter, of driving so unstable a traveller into other countries.

This

This indulgence ſhewn to what may properly be called their ſtaple commodity, (commerce) is according to a maxim of two of their moſt illuſtrious Republicans. "In Hollandia et Ze-"landia, etiam nuptiis tributum impoſitum; "ſed ne mori quidem ibi licet impune," ſays BYNHERSHOECK.

Some articles, ſuch as ſalt, is taxed *whether conſumed or not.* Every ſale of moveables, comprehending grain, cattle, and all produce of land, pays the 80th penny; horſes the 12th; immoveables the 40th.

A very ingenious writer, by way alſo of conſoling the Engliſh reader, has detailed, and with great accuracy, ſome of the taxes I have not hitherto noticed.

For inſtance: The land-tax is two florins ſixteen ſtivers per acre; the dykes two florins three ſtivers, and rent about 20 s. per acre.

Houſes pay as far as 40 l. ſterling.

One of their moſt ſingular impoſts is what they call a *collateral tax,* which is a levy on inheritants out of the direct line, laid in the province where

the *property*, not the *perſon*, of the deceaſed was lodged. This is ſuppoſed to bring in the courſe of a few generations, all private property into the coffers of the publick.

There is a tax of 2 l. per cent. *on every man's income*, ſtated on oath. Wine pays an exciſe of 3 l. per hogſhead. Small beer 50 per cent.; another of 2 per cent. on the revenue of all offices, excepting thoſe in the army. This is called *Acnpt Geldt*; that on income, *Famille Geldt*.

Every man appointed to an office, muſt buy ſtocks to a certain amount and tear the bonds, which renders offices a kind of annuity, yielding to the purchaſer about 12 or 14 l. per cent. This tax is named *Acnpt Obligaties*, or recognitions.

All manufactures uſed in the country pay exorbitant charges, to ſpare thoſe levied by the ſeveral admiralties; and the Dutch Eaſt-India Company pays as a compenſation for its charter about 36,000 l. ſterling annually: but in addition, each ſhare of 6000 florins pays 480 florins annually, whether there is a dividend or not.

The revenues, therefore, if we include what

is

is paid to the ſeveral towns and corporations, may be eſtimated at about 24 *millions of florins*, levied on a population of about 800,000 *ſouls:* ſo that on an average each perſon contributes about thirty florins, or two guineas and an half Engliſh, when exchange is moſt in our favour. An immenſe ſum, if we conſider place and people; yet the Republick not only ſubſiſts, and moves, but *flouriſhes*—not, however, without heavy * murmuring, as we ſhall ſee preſently. The loſſes, we are told, ſuſtained by their Eaſt India Company ſince the year 1780, in conſequence of the rupture with England, amounted to about ſeventy millions of florins, equal to about ſix millions one hundred and twenty-five pounds ſterling, reckoning the florin at its uſual rate.

Amongſt the different reports that are made of the *religion* of the States, whether eſtabliſhed or permitted, I find the following account to be the beſt, becauſe the trueſt.

The prevailing religion is you know that of Calvin, though every other ſect is tolerated. Jews,

* Its murmurings appeared to ariſe from the want of a revolution—They have got a revolution—but do their murmurs ceaſe? Inveterately fixed in general habits and opinions, in politics they are capricious and changeable.

Lutherans, Anabaptiſts, &c. hold their aſſemblies without any interruption from the Dutch government. Thoſe of the Catholic religion are the leaſt favoured, not that they are diſturbed in the exerciſe of their particular faith, but that they have few privileges, and thoſe few at the option, ſometimes at the caprice of the magiſtrates, who more than ſeldom exerciſe their authority with tyranny. In the little province of Drenthe for inſtance, if a Catholic prieſt ſtays longer than one night at any one place, it is at the riſque of his life, ſo that he is obliged to hurry over his religious duties, and adminiſter the ſacramental elements with more haſte than is conſiſtent with the nature of ſuch pious ceremonies. Even in Amſterdam, where the Roman Catholicks are in prodigious numbers, they are obliged to perform their religious exerciſes in private houſes, having no publick churches or chapels appropriated to their uſe in that great city, although when they die, it is permitted for them to have burial in the ground appertaining to the reformed churches. It either is or looks rigorous in a Republick, avowing univerſal toleration, that in ſome towns the people of different perſuaſions are obliged to pay a *very heavy tax* for the free confeſſion of their faith, and even in the provinces, where they are treated with the leaſt aſperity, the Dutch have an eye upon them

them as perſons rather ſuffered than deſired. The Catholick prieſts are conſtrained, moreover, to wear a ſecular dreſs. In ſpiritual affairs they had been a long while governed by an apoſtolick vicar, ſent by the Pope with permiſſion, or rather, as you may gather from what has been ſaid, with the toleration and *endurance* of the States-General. The laſt of theſe vicars was John Van Bylvelt, appointed by Pope Clement the XI. but ſince his deceaſe, which happened in 1727, they have been under the juriſdiction of a Cardinal, or an Inter-Nuncio, who is not a little put to it frequently to ſettle the differences which ſubſiſt either amongſt themſelves or the Dutch prieſts.

With reſpect to the Proteſtant clergy of the Provinces, they are without any ſort of authority in the Republick. All the miniſters amongſt them are equal, and wholly independent on each other. Neither at their Eccleſiaſtical meetings is there any ſort of precedence except that of ſeniority; in which caſe young divines ſettled in the great towns, however popular they may be in other reſpects, are obliged to give place to the pooreſt curate of the pooreſt village, who is of longer ſtanding in the church. They know nothing of the titular diſtinctions of biſhop, ſuperintendant, or director-general, in uſage amongſt

other Proteſtant countries. Their appointments are fixed at ſmall ſalaries, the greateſt not exceeding two thouſand florins, but they are paid with ſcrupulous exactneſs.

In the United Provinces are admitted four Eccleſiaſtical courts, the names of which are the Conſiſtory, the Claſſes, the Provincial Synod, and the National Synod. The three firſt conſtitute the Ordinary Aſſembly, and the fourth is the Extraordinary; which is therefore never held but on great occaſions and emergencies. But even in the direction of all theſe, the magiſtrates of each town have very conſiderable influence whenever they think fit to aſſert it. This of courſe, as magiſtrates have always the paſſions, and ſometimes the weakneſſes of common men, is conſidered as another grievance inconſiſtent with that freedom of conſcience of which every wholeſome ſtate, particularly one founded on Republican principles, ought to be jealous. Leſt therefore you ſhould ſuppoſe from the intermeddling, or uſurpation, or authority of theſe powerful civil magiſtrates, more deſpotiſm than is practiſed, I will ſet down the character given them by Saint Evremond; becauſe after very diligently watching their conduct, I can aſſure you it is not more candid than juſt. I have in a former letter obſerved to you, that

that this writer took refuge, and became reſidentiary in Holland to avoid the Baſtille, with whoſe pains and penalties he was threatened.

" After having lived," ſays he, " in the con-
" ſtraint of courts, I feel pleaſed at the thought
" of ending my days in the liberty of a Republick:
" where if I have nothing to hope I have nothing
" to fear. The magiſtrates here deſerve what I
" ſhall ſay of them. You do not ſee amongſt
" them thoſe hateful diſtinctions which are ſo
" wounding to an honeſt mind, conſcious of its
" own dignity; no uſeleſs pomps and vanities
" of exterior which are diſadvantageous to the
" true ideas of liberty, without advancing fortune.
" The magiſtrates here ſecure to us the repoſe of
" a wiſe police, without expecting that miſerable
" proſtration which ſullies the benefits we receive
" from many other governments, which indeed
" ſullies our own nature. We pay even too dearly
" for liberty, at leaſt for ſecurity, when we purchaſe
" it at the price of our manly principles. This is
" rarely the caſe with the people in power here.
" In the internal legiſlation they are ſtrict even
" to ſeverity; they are proud in their treaties
" with other countries; but it is pride founded
" on the baſis of Republican dignity; but they
" do buſineſs with each other, and enter into the

" various intereſts of their fellow-citizens without " any abſurd parade, or idle expectations of ſuper- " fluous homage."

It hence appears that they maintain the very difficult art of blending power with equality; an art by which, thus managed, authority may be aſſerted without inſolence, and the prerogative of magiſtracy ſupported without trenching on the honeſt privileges of the people. Every thing beyond this is confuſion, tyranny and fraud, whether exerciſed by people or magiſtrate. The world is filled with inſtances which are indeed co-eval almoſt with the world itſelf; and yet my friend, notwithſtanding them all, the dreadful times before us ſhew that neither the magiſtrates nor the people of Holland or of France have profited ſo much as they might have done from ſuch a multitude of examples: or at leaſt have been able to prevent thoſe exceſſes which certain daring ſpirits, mixing with a mob, are daily introducing. The truth is, there is not ſuch a monſter in created Nature as he who *miſtakes the true* and adopts the *falſe* ideas of *liberty*; nor one ſo capable of doing miſchief to others and to himſelf. Of this hereafter.

Zealand now commands our attention. Its extent

extent is only ſixty miles, yet within that narrow ſpace is contained eight capital towns, and above an hundred villages, without counting the many which at different times were deſtroyed and ſwallowed by inundations. The government is on a footing with that of Holland. The States of Zealand aſſemble at Middlebourg, the capital. Thoſe States are compoſed of the deputies of ſix principal towns: but though one would think they were competent to try civil cauſes belonging to their own Province, all ſuch are judged at the Hague: yet they have what is called the Council of Flanders, compoſed of nine Counſellors, a Preſident, a Fiſcal, a Collector, and a Greffier, or Secretary of the Province, reſiding at Middlebourg. In times paſt, the Zealanders diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the wars with Spain, and in various naval engagements. They are now no leſs remarkable for their maritime commerce, and are a very induſtrious, as well as brave people. In the iſles of this Province, ſtood formerly the town of Rommerſwael, the very traces of which have been buried long ſince in a watery grave. Between the years 1551 and 1563, it was ſix times laid under water by the furious inroads of the ſea, whoſe waves have been known to riſe twelve feet above the higheſt ground, whereon the church was built. The town houſe was by theſe repeated inundations

inundations wholly undermined. In 1634, the States of Zealand which had from time to time advanced large ſums by way of loan, to this unfortunate town, (againſt which the ocean had ſo *often* declared war,) conſidered it as in a ſtate of bankruptcy; and however ridiculous it may ſeem, took out a bill of inſolvency againſt its miſerable wreck: for they converted the very ſtones of the ſtreets, and a few ſcattered ruins into a ſum of money, which they appropriated as creditors; although it amounted only to 540 florins, 18 ſtivers, about eight and forty pounds; a ſlender dividend amongſt ſo many rapacious claimants!

The celebrated little port of *Fluſhing*, is ſituated in this county. A beautiful arm of the ſea flows through the whole town, which is therefore rich and agreeable; for ſhips of burthen ſail with their freights to the very door of the merchant. The hiſtory of its revolution having little more than what has been the fate of almoſt every other place worth quarrelling for, I ſhall paſs over, but that you may be no loſer, ſhall dwell with fonder delay on what will more intereſt you than a meagre account of victory and defeat.

Fluſhing is the birth place of Admiral de Ruyter, of whom I have already had occaſion to make honourable

honourable mention. Have you ever met with the following epigram written ſoon after his death, which happened at Syracuſe, in conſequence of the wounds he received in an engagement with the French under command of the famous Abraham du Queſne, before the town of Aouſte in Sicily?

TERRUI in Oceano jam ſolo nomine claſſes:
TER nunc in Siculo TERRITUS ipſe RUI
Si vera inverſum quondam dedit omina nomen
Nunc RUI-TER nomen verius omen habet.

Of Abraham du Queſne, who had the honour of conquering De Ruyter, there is a curious anecdote that deſerves mention. He was a Norman gentleman, and a Proteſtant, but had nevertheleſs greater claims on Louis the Fourteenth, whom he ſerved, than moſt of the Catholick Admirals of France. The number and magnitude of his ſervices juſtly *entitled* him to the patronage of his king, of whom he ſolicited the dignity of Mareſchal of France. Your religion, ſaid Louis, ſtands in the way of your appointment to that office. "What! Sire," anſwered the Admiral, "I find then that though my religion did not hinder me from giving your majeſty my ſervices, yours prevents you from *rewarding* them."

As a ſalvo, the king preſented him with a very fine eſtate in one of the faireſt parts of his kingdom,

dom, and which was raiſed ſoon after to a marquiſate, bearing the name of Du Queſne.

The remains of the houſe where De Ruyter was born, is preſerved with care, and ſhewn to the traveller with triumph.

There is ſome very pretty ſcenery in Zealand, that might furniſh the poets or the painters with good landſcapes,

"Live in deſcription, and look green in ſong."

There are alſo ſome very fine churches and town halls, the beſt of which are thoſe of Middlebourg, Trever, and Fluſhing.

The next Province in rank is Utrecht, and though one of the ſmalleſt, was formerly of ſuch conſequence as to raiſe and maintain an army of forty thouſand able men. In that puiſſant period of its hiſtory, the Biſhops of Utrecht had it in domination, and called themſelves the Lords Spiritual and Temporal. This ſovereignty was given to the Eccleſiaſticks, by Charlemagne the Emperor, as a reward for their having laboured the converſion of the Infidels. The rapacious, or if you will, the victorious Louis XIV. at the head of an hundred thouſand men, made himſelf maſter of

of the whole of this Province, and of the greater part of Overyſſel, Guelderland, and Holland, in leſs than a month, in 1672, which gave riſe to the following couplet.

" Una dies Lotharos, Burgundos hebdomas una,
" Una domat Batavos luna; quid annus erit?

This has been imitated in French thus:

" Il prend en un jour la Lorraine;
" La Bourgoyne en un Semaine:
" La Hollande en un Mois,
" S'il fait la Guerre un An, quels ſeront ſes exploits?

A poetical gaſconade, which I ſhall not aid and abet by an Engliſh verſion, which to you would be unneceſſary; and to unlearned readers of no uſe. I offer it to you only to ſhew how the poets of France, as well as thoſe of our own country, can proſtitute their art at the ſhrine of greatneſs; and furthermore to obſerve how delighted greatneſs ſometimes is with little things! It is ſaid, the flattered monarch appointed the author of theſe adulatory lines, to a place in his houſehold worth three thouſand livres a-year! The verſes are not worth three ſols.

But what yet more ſtrongly exhibits the vanity of conqueſt, and the ambitious avarice of conquerors,

rors, all these places so rapidly subdued, were as rapidly given up, after the sovereign had done all the mischief he could by demolishing the fortifications and impoverishing the people! Thus it is, that the rage of plunder succeeds to that of blood; and that what is begun by ambition, continued by avarice, and closed in robbery, forms an hero, and obtains immortal honour in *military* affairs, although in *civil* ones, any one of them would conduct a man to the gallows, and gibbet his name and memory to after times as an assassin and a thief!

With respect to the capital of this Province, (which is in the beaten road of almost *all* travellers, and which has been written about by so many) you have doubtless often read and heard, that though it has not one remarkable structure, except the steeple of the Cathedral, of which I send you an engraving, it has the reputation, and perhaps deservedly, of being one of the most beautiful cities of modern Europe; that it is larger than the Hague, and disputes with it the palm of fashion and elegance; that it commands from some of its eminences fifty-one walled towns, all being within a day's journey; that it has to boast an university, out of which have been given to the world some of its most useful and ornamental members;

members; that it was the reſidence of the learned, pious, and humble Pope Adrian, who has juſtly been called the worthieſt Pontiff that ever graced the See of Rome, and who was deemed by the emperor Maximilian, the only fit perſon to be truſted with the education of his grandſon, Charles the Fifth. Nor can you be ignorant that this city will for ever be execrated by Britons, on account of the *Barrier Treaty*; and no leſs reverenced by at leaſt *one* party of Dutchmen for the celebrated *Union*.

Of the firſt, our Engliſh hiſtories are too full for any thing to be added, and perhaps it is amongſt the IMPOLICIES of government, which it would be as well to forget; ſince it is not without reaſon, politicians of all countries have attributed to this treaty many of the diſgraceful difficulties Great Britain has ſince groaned under, and many which are probably in advance.

Of the latter, though not leſs known with reſpect to its *exiſtence*, I ſhall refreſh your memory with a few of the moſt important *particulars*; becauſe they may be neceſſary to illuſtrate ſome of thoſe cauſes of the famous revolution which was attempted at this time, and whoſe grand object was to ſubvert every principle on which the

union had been eſtabliſhed, with a view "to "diminiſh, as much as poſſible, the power of the "States General; to attach the privileges of the "Stadtholder; to aſſert on all occaſions the inde-"pendence of the States of Holland, and to diſ-"regard the oppoſition of ſuch Members of the "Union, as they ſhould be unable to draw over "to their intereſts."

In One Thouſand Five Hundred and Seventy-nine, the Seven Provinces, haraſſed, galled, and worn out with perpetual tyrannies, put an end to the deliberations of this far-famed treaty, which contained the fundamental laws of the Republick, and may be conſidered as the origin of the Conſtitution.

By one of the articles it was ſtipulated, that no truce ſhall be accorded, no peace made, no war entered upon, nor any tax or impoſt of any kind levied, without the unanimous conſent of the Provinces.

By another, that no province or city ſhall be empowered to enter into any confederation, nor form any alliance with the neighbouring nations, or their ſovereigns, without the univerſal aſſent of all the States of the Republick.

They

They were, moreover, to aid and aſſiſt one another in all caſes againſt a foreign invader or enemy; they were to be allowed the freedom of a difference in their religious ceremonies, conformably to the pacification of Gand; equal adminiſtration of impartial juſtice to ſtrangers as to natives of the country; to pay equal taxes according to the powers of each province at that time ſettled, on fair equipoiſe of diviſion, and not to alter any of the articles of the ſaid treaty without the ſolemn concurrence of *all* the States aſſembled.

The friends to the Houſe of Orange conſider the treaty, out of which I have taken theſe prominent features, as the ſacred portrait of the publick wealth and happineſs: as that bleſſed heptarchy which, ſo far from degenerating into anarchy, orders and ſtrengthens the links in the well-compacted chain of the Republick.

The Dutch patriots, nevertheleſs, frequently diſſatisfied, at laſt projected, and had very nearly carried into execution their *favourite* alterations—the moſt important of which were "That the *forms* of the preſent government ſhould continue to ſubſiſt, but that the States ſhould become, in every reſpect, completely independent of the

Stadtholder, and that for this purpoſe he ſhould no longer enjoy a ſeat in any of the colleges of the Republick. That the *Reglemens* ſhould be aboliſhed. That the Stadtholder's right of recommending candidates for the vacant magiſtracies in the towns of Holland ſhould ceaſe. That the charges of the Stadtholder, and Captain-General, ſhould if poſſible be ſeparated, and conferred on different perſons; or that at leaſt the titles only ſhould be reſerved to the Prince of Orange; and the offices be executed as in the time of the De Witts, by Deputies choſen for the purpoſe. In general, that the Stadtholder ſhould poſſeſs ſuch powers *only* as might enable him to execute the *orders of the State*—a ſort of upper ſervant of the Republick! That the hereditary Stadtholderate ſhould continue in the Prince of Orange, *on his acceptance of theſe terms*, but that in caſe of his refuſal, the different States ſhould be at liberty to elect another Stadtholder.

Of what this plan was productive at the time it was formed, and what it mediated yet more recently we ſhall ſee in their places.

Ah my friend, how difficult it is to preſcribe proper bounds to freedom! or rather how eaſy it is to preſcribe, and how difficult to follow the rules where

where men are determined to exact more, or submit to less, than their natural rights. Reason, religion, and justice, ought certainly to be the active agents of all human government—" their " ways are ways of pleasantness, and all their paths " are peace;" nor does any thing more seem requisite to obtain all the blessings of their gentle and benevolent sway, than to draw the true line of distinction betwixt liberty and licentiousness. It would be well for all persons disposed to cavil with their Governors, or with government, to consider what an able politician has submitted to their consideration. " As war," says he, " is " one of the heaviest of evils, a calamity which " involves every species of misery: as it sets the " general safety to hazard; as it suspends com- " merce, and desolates the country; as it exposes " great numbers to hardships, captivity, and " death; no man who desires publick prosperity, " will inflame general resentment by aggravating " minute injuries, or enforcing disputable rights " of little importance:" and with respect to *Liberty*, it is not, as my learned and excellent friend Mr. Potter observes, " a sickly exotick, " raised in a foreign hot-bed of sedition, and wa- " tered with human blood; but like our oak a " native of our island, rooted in its soil, raised " to its magnificent growth, by the genial air of

" the climate, and preſerved in everlaſting vigour " by our free conſtitution." Nor can I, in this place, refuſe to join the virtuous ſentiments of the great and good man from whom I have ſelected this beautiful image; and moſt heartily rejoice with him that the publick ſpirit is now rouſed, not only to defend theſe bleſſings at home, but to reſtore them abroad. The publick faith is now engaged to protect, not only our allies but our enemies, even thoſe who bear us an almoſt hereditary hâte, againſt the inſidious artifices, and hoſtile attacks of atheiſtical, ferocious, and ſanguinary ruffians, who have violated every law human and divine, and declared war againſt all mankind:

" Havock, and ſpoil, and ruin are their gain."

But happily the " ſcientifick principle," which hath been held out as the " polar ſtar," by which the veſſel of the State was to be guided in a bolder navigation, to diſcover in unexplored regions the treaſures of public felicity, is found to be a meteor whoſe baleful glare has led theſe wretched pilots to daſh it againſt a rock in a tempeſtuous ſea, where it muſt inevitably periſh without God himſelf delivers it from the danger—the God of armies, whoſe red right arm this unhappy people ſeem particularly to have called forth. What

other

other atrocious deeds are deſtined to fill up the meaſure of their guilt, we muſt leave to that Almighty Power, who, as in the dreadful example before us, "ariſeth to ſhake terriby the earth;" and whether it be by peſtilence, by earthquakes, by ſtorm and tempeſt, or by the ſword and fierceneſs of man, we muſt adopt the creed of this degraded nation, ere we can ceaſe to believe all theſe are delegated by an offended God; but how far the commiſſion to deſtroy extends we cannot know. The French appear almoſt to have exhauſted the wide and capacious powers of human invention to do evil.

But all this is anticipation. How have I been led into it? Againſt my own purpoſed intent too —of reſerving what I have to offer on theſe ſubjects to a more convenient ſeaſon, after I have done with themes of peace. It is, indeed, difficult to do this in the midſt of continual alarms, which threaten not only the infatuated people to whom theſe obſervations are more immediately applicable, but every other government, and all thoſe well-ordered eſtabliſhments amongſt men, which the wiſdom, labour, and patriotiſm of ages have inſtituted. Return with me to the Province of Utrecht; there, at the tombs of the learned and wiſe, the great and good, let us get knowledge and underſtanding.

The town of Utrecht you know, was either the birth or burial place of many illuſtrious men, particularly the two Burmans, Grævius, and Grænovius; of all whom ſtrangers are here ſhewn the ſeats, where "nobly penſive they ſat and "thought;" the places where they lived, and where they now ſleep the ſleep of death. Grævius, of whom the real name was Græw, taught politicks, eloquence, and hiſtory, in this univerſity upwards of forty years. His great work, the "Treaſures of Ancient Rome, its Antiquities, "&c." is an immenſe collection of different pieces upon the laws, cuſtoms, and manners of the Romans, in thirteen volumes folio, and written in conjunction with Grænovius, Profeſſor of Belles Lettres and Geography. Of theſe great men, as well as their friend and ſcholar Peter Burman, our literary Atlas, Samuel Johnſon, has ſpoken in high terms. "One of the qualities," ſays the Doctor, "which contributed eminently to qualify Grævius for an inſtructor of youth, was the ſagacity by which he readily diſcovered the predominant faculty of each pupil, and the peculiar deſignation by which nature had allotted him to any ſpecies of literature, and by which he was ſoon able to determine that Peter Burman was remarkably adapted to claſſical ſtudies, and to predict the great advance he would make by in-

duſtriouſly purſuing the direction of his genius. On the other hand, animated by the encouragement of a tutor ſo celebrated as Grævius, Peter Burman by continuing the vigour of his application fulfilled his maſter's prophecy; and it has been aſſerted that he had paſſed honourably and fairly through the claſſes, and was admitted into the univerſity at the age of thirteen. His biographer allows this to be ſo ſtupendous a progreſs as to ſurpaſs the limits of all probability; of which indeed every man muſt be ſenſible, who conſiders that it is not uncommon for the higheſt genius in our country to be entangled for ten years in thoſe thorny paths of literature which Burman is repreſented to have paſſed in leſs than two. But this prodigy has been cleared up very ſatisfactorily by the following obſervation. In the univerſities of foreign countries, they have profeſſors of philology or humanity, whoſe employment is to inſtruct the younger claſſes in grammar, rhetoric, and languages; nor do they engage in the ſtudy of philoſophy, till they have paſſed through a courſe of philological lectures and exerciſes, to which, in ſome places, two years are commonly allotted. Whereas the Engliſh ſcheme of education, which with regard to academical ſtudies, is more vigorous, and ſets literary honours at a higher price than

than that of any other country, exacts from the youth who are initiated in our colleges, a degree of philological knowledge ſufficient to qualify them for lectures in philoſophy, which are read to them in Latin, and to enable them to proceed in other ſtudies without aſſiſtance; ſo that it may be conjectured that Burman, at his entrance into the univerſity of Leyden, had no ſuch ſkill in languages, nor ſuch ability of compoſition as are frequently to be met with in the higher claſſes of an Engliſh ſchool; nor was perhaps at that time, more than moderately ſkilled in Latin, and taught the firſt rudiments of Greek."

The next object is Friezeland, which has always maintained a kind of rivalſhip with the province laſt conſidered. It is a ſeigneurie, containing a circuit of five-and-forty leagues. The inhabitants have been at all times warlike and jealous of their liberties. Originally they had a Roman education, which may account for this ardent *amor patriæ*, having ſerved under the emperors Tiberius and Nero, both of whom looked on them as the beſt and braveſt ſoldiers of Germany.

It muſt be confeſſed however that their early hiſtory, like that of moſt other nations, is involved in fable; and they trace their princes in pretended

and

and pompous ſucceſſion from the time of Alexander the Great.

Their name is derived from their firſt prince, Friſon, who came from Aſia three hundred and thirty years before the birth of our Saviour.

This province was afterwards erected into a monarchy, and then under the ſway of governors. It afterwards came by right of conqueſt to a brother of a Prince of Orange; and two years after the famous pacification of Ghent, in 1572, it was annexed, by a kind of union reſembling that of England and Scotland, to the States of Holland. The firſt Stadtholder of this province was a brother of William, the celebrated founder of the Republick.

Friezeland is out of the beaten and popular track of travellers, although there is not any of the Seven Provinces, my friend, which has more claim to their curioſity. An Engliſhman in particular will here find himſelf at home. The face of the country, the general manners of the people, their modes of living, and their very language aſſimilates to Great Britain.

The meadow grounds and pretty incloſures, perpetually

perpetually remind an Engliſh traveller of his native country; and the arable land is ſo favourable to the gifts of Ceres, that what in theſe iron days ſeems a poetical figure, is a literal truth in Friezeland,

"Where every rood of ground maintains his man."

The ſoil is ſo grateful to the labour of the huſbandman, that it returns his corn, eſpecially his wheat, an hundred fold; and it is not more remarkable for quantity than quality. The oats are alſo admirable; to which may perhaps be imputed the peculiar growth and ſtrength of the horſes that are bred and nouriſhed here.

I was gleaning this province when warlike preparations were making for the preſent diſpute, betwixt France and the reſt of the univerſe; and an order of the States for five hundred horſe was executed, to the ſatisfaction of the Commiſſioner, in eight-and-forty hours. The Friezelanders live in the moſt perfect good fellowſhip with each other, and having good houſes, good horſes, good property, and good nature, all are at once healthy, happy, and ſocial; and what in a province of Holland, or now-a-days in any country, is no leſs remarkable, they are wholly exempt from tythes.

When

When you visit this province, let me direct your steps to *Staverin*, the most ancient town of Friezeland, and said to be built a year after the birth of Christ. It is indebted for its name to the idol Stavon, and is very curiously situated upon a point of the gulph of the Zuyderſea, opposite to Holland. Innumerable sandbanks invest the coast, inasmuch, that when the sea is at ebb, many of them are visible; especially one, concerning which there is an anecdote that I shall commit to your credulity. This bank is called *l'Vrouwenland* (widow's land) because the superstition goes that a rich widow threw into this place a great quantity of corn which she had avariciously forestalled and heaped up in a time of general scarcity, and which she wanted the generosity to give, or even the justice to sell, to her starving neighbours. Now, although the grain thus squandered away was destroyed, it was not it seems suffered to be dissipated, even by the devouring waves; but was ordered by the power who "rules old Ocean and "directs the storm," to remain a monument of his wrath, and embarrass the haven where this guilty action was committed; serving at the same time as a lesson to hard-hearted monopoly!

About three miles from Staverin is Molquern, where they speak a jargon scarce intelligible to the most

moſt expert linguiſts of Friezeland; and where the houſes are ſeparated from each other in a manner ſo truly whimſical that a ſtranger finds himſelf more in want of a clue, than if he were threading the mazes of Roſomond's bower. On your entrance into Molquern you will be viſited by a guide, who will conduct you through the windings of this meandering town. The dreſs of the people, and the architecture of the place, leads one to ſuppoſe they are of Saxon origin.

The province of Overyſſel follows, in order, that of Friezeland. There is a tradition that the Salique law was firſt inſtituted in that part of Overyſſel called Zallant,—agreeable to which pretenſion, one of the moſt important articles of that law, reſpecting fiefs and land-tenures, is ſtill ſo religiouſly obſerved, that eſtates of the above deſcription are always entailed upon heirs male, to the excluſion of females.

I cannot recommend to you many things in this province either curious or beautiful; but if you pay it a paſſing viſit you will not fail to make the town of Zwol amongſt your excurſions, becauſe near it the virtuous Thomas à Kempis lived and died. I was aſſured that he there wrote his juſtly valued imitation of Chriſt,

In

In the beginning of the year 1718, was conducted into Zwol a wild girl who was found in the woods of Cranenbourg. She was about eighteen years of age, and except a truſs of ſtraw round her waiſt, was entirely naked. She ſpoke a jargon, which neither the learned men of the province nor the peaſants underſtood. Her nouriſhment, even after civilization, was herbs, roots, and leaves of trees. She was diſcovered by the country people many months before ſhe was caught, as ſhe ran with incredible ſpeed, and took refuge in the receſſes of the foreſt the moment ſhe was purſued, and was at laſt taken only by ſtratagem. Nets and traps were laid and ſet for her, and in one of theſe ſhe was entangled. When caught, ſhe manifeſted a gentle and docile diſpoſition, and recommended herſelf ſo much to the perſons who had her in charge, that the magiſtrates of Zwol became intereſted for her; and in the hope of throwing ſome light on her hiſtory, advertiſed her ſhape, features, &c. with ſuch exactneſs, that it came out a widow woman of Antwerp had loſt her only child, a daughter, whoſe perſon and age anſwered to that of the wild girl of the woods. Struck with the ſimilitude, the widow haſtened to Zwol, and at the firſt glance recognized her offspring, who teſtified, on her part, no leſs natural affection towards her mother, to whoſe protection ſhe was delivered,

delivered, and with whom she passed many years in filial piety, the wonder and pity of innumerable witnesses to her singular fate, and as singular good qualities—the growth only of simple nature.

The Seigneurie of Groninguen was anciently a part of Friezeland, from which it is now divided, both with respect to government and laws. Considered as a separate province, it is of no great extent, comprehending in its territory only the land lying between the rivers Een and Lawer. This is sufficiently fertile, and the chief town which gives a name to the whole country, is rich, large, and flourishing; in which description, indeed, may be comprised the general character of the towns of Friezeland, to which may very truly be added, the beauty of the women, it being difficult to meet a Friezelander female, who has not claim to admiration on the score of her personal attractions, which perhaps derive some advantages from a picturesque manner of head-dress, calculated to give effect to an innocent and delicate countenance.

We come now to a very distinguished part of the United States—namely, the beautiful and valuable province of Guelderland.

Geographers insist that this is the country formerly

merly inhabited by the people whom Julius Cæsar, in his Commentaries, has mentioned under the names of the Menapii, Usipetes, Gugerni, and Sicambri. Besides the county of Zutphen; Guelderland consists of twenty-two considerable towns, and more than three hundred villages. It has already been under the government of Signiors, Counts, Dukes, and Chancellors.

In point of air, water, and elevation of country, it lifts itself pre-eminently above any of the United Provinces; and a traveller, after residing at the rest, will regale himself in Guelderland, and gratulate himself on the exchange. I have trod, and re-trod, at different times, every part of it with pleasure, and am again preparing to pay it a visit; the particulars of which shall be in due place imparted to you.

The Dutchy of Guelderland is connected with the county of Zutphen, as dependencies of the States General. Although as I have before observed, the province of Holland is the most powerful, that of Guelderland is considered as deserving to take the lead as to elegance, health, and fertility, or rather imagery of country. The capital towns are Arnheim and Nimeguen, of both which

which my promiſed accounts will include a deſcription.

At preſent the weather relents, the world of ice yields to a genial thaw that has been gently unbinding the froſt ſome days; the ſluices once more open a paſſage for the Trechſcuyts, in one of which I ſhall to-morrow morning ſet off for Leyden, but not before I have expreſſed my hopes that my ſtay at Rotterdam has been productive of ſome amuſement and information. The poſt awaits my pacquet, and I muſt ſay adieu.

LETTER XLV.

TO THE SAME.

Leyden.

AFTER being ſo long weather-bound in a town I found a trip by water quite a relief, which was perhaps not a little aſſiſted by the companions of my voyage; for the ſchuyt was fertile of characters, amongſt which was a Dutch lady, who having at leaſt twice doubled the matrimonial Cape of Good Hope, and juſt eſcaped the rocks of deſperate virginity, was going to beſtow her hand on a perſon who ſtill thought either it, or the

the weight of *gelt* (money) it brought, an object of eſpouſal. She reſided at a village in the way to Leyden, and had been at Rotterdam to purchaſe finery for her bridals. The company were ſoon amuſed with the ſight of the articles, which ſhe diſplayed with an oſtentation that ſhewed her vanity both as to property and perſon; and it is often lucky for the poſſeſſors that vanity like love is blind, otherwiſe this good lady would have ſeen that neither her perſon nor property were juſt objects of critical obſervation; the one being coarſe, and the other paltry. It would have highly delighted you who have a correct taſte, to have been an eye-witneſs of this ſplendid vulgarity. The immenſe bracelets, the ponderous ear-rings, the ſeven-fold necklaces beſtudded with huge ſhining ſtones of many colours, indeed of *all* hues but the gentle, modeſt and retiring ones. But far above the reſt, "ſuperior and alone," on a head made into a thick paſte with powder and pomatum, ſhone forth a maſſy hair-pin of roſe diamonds, which inſtead of being airily faſtened, ſeemed nailed to her forehead, on each ſide of which ſtuck a couple of new coquet-temple-patches, "round "as a ſhield," of the ſize of an Engliſh half-crown, and ſpreading to the very eye brow.

When you have ſufficiently admired theſe, I

will call your attention to four tawdry rings ornamenting four ugly brown fingers, which the amiable owner of them diſplayed as if they had been ſhaped by the goddeſs of ſymmetry. It is not eaſily poſſible to ſee a worſe aſſorted ſuite of decorations upon a more inelegant form; and ſtill more difficult would it be for any body to have a better opinion of either that form, or of thoſe decorations than the fair object to whom they belonged. How fortunately it is ordered that our very awkwardneſſes are thus converted into objects of happineſs by our ſelf-love, and that nothing more ſeems neceſſary to the felicity of the inelegant than that, whatever may be another's idea of their taſte or attractions, they ſhould be upon the beſt terms with themſelves. Hence what you may contemn as vulgar, and regret as unfit for the faſhion of the hour, is appreciated by conceit, and thought to be both beautiful and becoming. A well-bred perſon on the contrary, is for the ſake of his aſſociates often obliged to ſacrifice even his vanity; at leaſt his vanity depends more on others than on himſelf, and cannot be gratified without the approbation of the refined part of the world; concerning which, honeſt ill-bred vulgarity is altogether careleſs, unleſs the applauſes of the world happen to concur with the eſtimate it forms of itſelf.

Our

Our Dutch virgin however in her own adornment, did not forget to accommodate her intended bridegroom, whoſe taſte ſhe aſſured us ſhe had conſulted no leſs than her own (a lucky ſimilarity you will ſay) in the choice of her decorations. But to demonſtrate in a more particular manner her loving kindneſs towards him, ſhe now ſhewed her fellow-paſſengers a curious tobacco-pipe of the fineſt porcelain, on which was bepainted in glaring colours a dowdy Venus, and a ſquabby pair of Cupids, the one taking ſnuff and the others ſending their whiffs at one another. Of this inſtrument the ſtopper was ſilver, and the chain to which it was attached, of the ſame metal: and that the gift might be complete, our ancient maiden had bought a china ſpitting baſon, on which alſo was depicted certain emblems of her delicate paſſion. How few of our Engliſh maidens would have thus adminiſtered to the accompliſhments of their lovers. A tobacco-pipe and ſpitting-box as a nuptial gift! Profit ye votaries of the belle paſſion by the example.

A droll fellow who ſat on the oppoſite ſide, malignly aſſured me that about a twelvemonth ago he had, under the favour of Providence, got rid of the halter with which the fair Hollander was about to hang herſelf. All this time two

Dutchmen who embraced each other at their firſt entrance into the boat, and in token of good fellowſhip, lighted their pipes by joining the bowls, and whiffing at each other, ſet in for ſerious ſmoking, while two elderly women regaled their noſtrils with a no leſs ſolid and ſolemn ſnuffing match. I do not believe a dozen words were ſpoken amongſt the four during the whole voyage.

Reſolved if poſſible to draw theſe mutes into converſation, I tried them on every ſubject I thought moſt likely to lead them into diſcourſe; but as if it were a pre-determined thing neither to ſpeak to each other nor any body elſe, all I ſaid to the two ſmokers only produced a more than ordinary whiff in my face; and in return for my courteſy to the females I received only the effluvia of a freſh pinch of ſnuff, which ſet me a ſneezing. I was therefore glad to let them take their own way, and indeed found their mute ſtate more ſupportable than their converſation and its accompaniments. We reached Leyden at the ſtated hour, and took different ways, perhaps mutually diſſatisfied.

Reſpecting this town, it is ſo much amongſt the common objects of deſcription that I ſhall refer you to any one of the many books which have

have treated of it for the *brick and mortar particulars*, as I ſhall thoſe of the ſtill greater city of Amſterdam. The literary and itinerant ſhewmen of our own country have, however, left behind them rather careleſsly ſome things which the foreign travellers have *gleaned*, and which, deeming them worth the pains, I ſhall borrow for our ſheaf. My rule has all along been to preſent you with as much of my own wheat as I could gather; but whenever I have been able to enrich my little harveſt-home, by a few good grains, I have made no ſcruple of tranſporting them to my native ſoil.

Leyden, which is certainly a very elegant city, and, I think, a ſtriking reſemblance of Oxford, but wanting its life and motion, has been rendered famous in hiſtory by the courage of its citizens, who, in 1574, ſuſtained a moſt obſtinate ſiege, attended with all the evils of war, famine, and diſeaſe, and purely to preſerve their liberties. It is aſtoniſhing none of the Britiſh travellers have given their countrymen the detail of this memorable tranſaction. Had it happened in their own country, or in any other but Holland, which has, as I have frequently obſerved, been very unjuſtly ſlighted, an hundred hiſtoriographers would have emblazoned every day's proweſs during the five months that the ſiege continued.

The Spaniards having been obliged to raiſe the ſiege of Alcmaer, turned their arms againſt Leyden, from whence they were driven by Count Louis, of Naſſau, brother to the then Prince of Orange. Sometime afterwards, however, they returned, under a ſtrong reinforcement, to the attack. The Spaniſh general, Francis Valdey, finding it impoſſible to take the town by force, reſolved to attempt the more powerful means of famine. No pen can deſcribe what the citizens ſuffered from this blockade. Reduced to the moſt dreadful extremity, they retained their heroiſm, even when there was ſcarce any thing left to ſuſtain it. They drew lots for each other, which ſhould become the victim of the day, to give ſuſtenance to the reſt; and many thinking it a more glorious act of patriotiſm, voluntarily offered themſelves up, and ſupplicated for the preference of death, to nouriſh with their bodies their fellow-ſoldiers or citizens. Even the women, as well thoſe of diſtinction as others, mounted the ramparts, fired the cannon, and expoſed themſelves to all the dangers and drudgery of military life, in imitation of a ſecond Boadicea, named Kennava, who led them on. The beſiegers were ſtruck with the regular, not riotous, intrepidity of this troop of female warriors. Even they too, as if jealous of the bravery of the men, petitioned that they might be accepted as

as ſacrifices to feed the now almoſt famiſhed garriſon and citizens, many thouſands of whom periſhed for want, notwithſtanding theſe ſupplies of human fleſh. The Spaniards having learned their ſituation, once more ſummoned them to ſurrender, and granted them the truce of an hour to conſider of it. They employed this ſhort ceſſation of hoſtilities to gather the general ſenſe of the people, as well ſoldiers as inhabitants, and this was their reply: "Tell your haughty general, we can never be ſaid to want the means of life, or of continuing the ſiege; while a *left arm* remains upon any of our ſhoulders, our *right* we ſhall reſerve to fight for our liberties."

To the dire neceſſity of living upon each other, they had, indeed, been long reduced; and the moment after the herald had departed, four of the burghers, after a ſhort converſation with each other, preſented themſelves at the garriſon; and after fighting vigorouſly on the ramparts, for ſeveral hours, turned their bayonets upon themſelves, and piercing their own boſoms, exclaimed, as the life-blood flowed from them—"Behold, my "valiant friends, your proviſion for the reſt of the "day."

The famine, however, hourly increaſing, ſome

of the burghers voted for a ſurrender of the place. It was on this occaſion that Adrian Van Werf, the chief magiſtrate of the city, ſet an example of conſtancy and courage, which would have merited a firſt place in the records of human magnanimity, had it not been for the above-mentioned heroiſm of the four citizens.—" My friends," cried he, " I deem it infinitely more ſatisfying to die for " you, than for the enemy. Let me then be your " next victim. Cut this body in pieces, and in " ſharing it amongſt you, remember it is to give " you ſtrength to continue the ſiege:—the many " wounds I have received make me no longer able " to take an active part. Let me not become " waſte by lingering in thoſe wounds. While I " can yet be of ſervice, take me to yourſelves, " and may Leyden be victorious and immortal." Amidſt theſe ſore diſaſters of battle, the news of their ſpeedy relief was brought by ſome pigeons, to whoſe feet were tied ſtalks of corn and hemp, in the tubes of which were letters. I muſt not omit to tell you, that theſe pigeons are ſtill preſerved, embalmed, and to be ſeen in the town-houſe.

On the 3d of October, the banks of the Meuſe, and the Yſſel, being cut, Louis Briſſot, Admiral of Zealand, poured in to the relief of the beſieged a

great number of flat-bottomed boats, armed from helm to ſtern. The Spaniards, panick-ſtruck by this unexpected reinforcement, abandoned their works and made the beſt of their way into their own frontiers.

The anniverſary of this memorable day is ſtill celebrated at Leyden. The clergy are obliged to recapitulate the ſtory of the ſiege, and the almoſt miracle of the deliverance of the town. It is perhaps to be wiſhed that the memory of ſimilar events were revived by ſimilar ceremonies, ſince every epoch which commemorates the well-directed fortitude of men, or the interpoſition of Providence, cannot be too extenſively known: in which indeed both religion and policy are alike concerned. We faithfully keep alive the darkeſt tranſactions—ſuch as the gunpowder plot, the revocation of the edict of Nantes, the maſſacre of St. Bartholomew, and various other incidents that ſtain the annals of hiſtory, and which it is for the credit of human nature to obliviate, while we neglect thoſe happy events, and bleſſed ſudden revolutions, which manifeſt a divine power aſſiſting mortal endeavours. Methinks ſuch memorials are calculated to inſpire a noble emulation in the citizens to imitate their anceſtors: for virtue like vice is certainly epidemick. William,

liam, Prince of Orange, although at the time labouring under a dangerous malady, ordered himſelf to be carried in a litter to Leyden, to return thanks in perſon to the citizens for their generous aſſiſtance. By way of recompence, he granted to the town many privileges and immunities, and laid with his own hand the foundation of its celebrated univerſity.

This famous ſeminary may properly be ſaid to be erected by Gratitude, and dedicated to the courage and intrepidity of the ſons of freedom. Many truly valuable members of ſociety have been ſent into the world from hence. Amongſt others, the celebrated Herman Boerhaave, of whom I made honourable mention in a former letter. His reputation as a phyſician was ſo great, that a letter ſent to him from Turkey in Aſia, was addreſſed to Dr. Boerhaave in Europe. His family have lately erected a monument, which I yeſterday viſited. It is in the ſpacious and beautiful church of St. Peter, where he was buried. The monument itſelf is a ſimple pedeſtal of black marble, on the ſurface of which is engraved, immediately under a buſt of the Doctor, theſe words. "*Simplex ſigillum veri.*" On the reverſe ſide is this emphatick expreſſion: "*Salutifero Boerhavii genio ſacrum.*"

Leyden

Leyden has to boaſt alſo the birth of Rembrandt, with whoſe life, as an artiſt, we are ſufficiently acquainted by hiſtory: but I do not remember to have ſeen the following anecdotes of his private life and character. His avarice, rarely the vice of genius, was ſo exceſſive, that it led him frequently to ſell his own paintings in an underhand manner, ſeveral times over: nay, he ſometimes made his own ſon diſpoſe of them, and by way of excuſing his deception when found out, pretended his ſon had ſtolen them.

It is reported of this painter, that being one day employed upon a family piece, in which every individual was to be exhibited, and news being brought to him that his favourite monkey was dead, he inſiſted upon the animal being immediately laid before him, and drew him as a principal figure of the group: refuſing at the ſame time to expunge the monkey, although he loſt the ſale of the picture, and although he loved money better than any thing but the monkey and his own caprice. That money was in the next degree precious to him, may likewiſe be evinced from a trick that was played on him by one of his ſcholars, who knowing the diſpoſition of his maſter, painted an apparently large ſum of money, in different coins, upon a pack of cards, cut into ſuitable pieces. Theſe the diſciple diſtributed

buted on the painter's table, when Rembrandt was from home. On his return he no ſooner ſaw the counterfeits, than ſuppoſing it the price of ſome pictures ſold in his abſence, he ran to pick it up, and when he found himſelf diſappointed, forgave the ſtratagem for the ſake of the ingenuity of the imitation: for though he loved gold immoderately, he could not but be attached to genius.

But the moſt extraordinary perſonage which the town of Leyden has produced, is the celebrated fanatick commonly called John of Leyden, the true name of whom is *Bucold*, whoſe ſtory is really curious. From the loweſt extraction he aſpired to the higheſt honours; and though born of the humbleſt parents, and intended by his father for a taylor, gave out very early amongſt his young companions, that ſo far from ſucceeding to his father's contemptible occupation, he was reſolved to live and die a king. Let us ſee in what manner he contrived to keep his word. He ſoon broke from the ſhop-board, uncroſſed his legs, and aſſociating with ſome itinerant comedians, commenced actor, and determined on royalty, made his firſt appearance in a princely character. His next connexion was with a man as lowly born, and as highly minded as himſelf, namely,

namely, with a baker of Amſterdam, who declared that he was an ambaſſador of God, to enlighten the darkneſs of his fellow-creatures, and erect a new Jeruſalem. This daring ſpirit aſſumed the name of the town in which he received his birth, *viz.* Thomas Munſter, who had infected a great number of Germans with his contagious doctrines, in oppoſition to the efforts of Luther, previous to his acquaintance with John of Leyden; and as religious ſeditions are always the moſt violent, it was at length found neceſſary to take up arms againſt this fanatick faction, every hour gaining ſtrength. Of all epidemicks, that of a wild but new ſectary is the moſt rapid and fatal. The Elector of Saxony, the Landgrave of Heſſe, and Duke of Brunſwick, entered into a confederacy to quell theſe inſurgents, whom they often routed, but whom they found it difficult wholly to ſubdue. Munſter was himſelf taken priſoner, and inſtantly beheaded. But this tragick event, ſo far from diſpiriting the party, appeared only to animate it with a more inveterate zeal and oppoſition. John of Leyden, commanding a troop of ferocious zealots, made himſelf maſter of the town of Munſter; where, after he had exerciſed the moſt horrible cruelties, he cauſed himſelf to be choſen and proclaimed king.

His

His prediction as to mock-majesty was now fulfilled; but not the measure either of his ambition or his crimes. No sooner had he established himself in his new government, than he issued edicts and enacted laws. He permitted polygamy, and set the example by taking unto himself twenty wives. Some authors limit the number to fourteen. He pulled down all the churches, and totally changed the administration. He next instituted a regular court, and insisted on receiving all the homage of royalty. A faithful historian of his times assures us, that he had all the abilities essential to wise and just legislation; but that his headlong passions and natural barbarity, hurried him into all the practices of a lawless and unprincipled usurper. Covering his sacrilege with a veil of piety, he denominated his pretended monarchy the new kingdom of Israel, and himself not only the political sovereign, but the religious high-priest and chief minister of justice, in the new temple of the living God. One of his wives had by her evil communication imbibed so much of his impious spirit, as to think herself inspired; and deeming it necessary to establish her character by something worthy of such a husband, intimated her design of following the example of Judith, by assassinating the Bishop of Waldeck. She was however seized in the attempt, by the good

good Prelate himſelf, who wrenched the ſword from her hand, juſt as ſhe was about to ſtrike, and was puniſhed on the ſpot with the ſame weapon. Another of John's wives was ſlain by his own hand for a ſlight heſitation to obey his orders. His coronation, of which the ceremony was performed in the midſt of his enormities, was accompanied by all the pomps of the eaſtern world. He always wore a crown on his head when he paſſed the ſtreets on horſeback. An hundred youths prepared the way, out of which was driven every living thing; yet he expected that at due and awful diſtance, the ſides ſhould be crouded by the proſtrate populace. In one hand he carried a ſword, in another the Old Teſtament. For any perſon to be ſeen ſtanding, or covered in his preſence, was an offence beyond pardon, and always puniſhed with death.

So many horrors and abominations, however, could not fail in the end to involve their author in deſtruction. The Biſhop of Munſter ſat down before the town, and determined on a regular ſiege, during which John's party was reduced to the moſt dreadful extremities, in the ſore preſſure of which ſome of his faction voted for a ſurrender. Forty-ſeven perſons were beheaded by their chief, as the forfeit of the propoſition. All this time

time they ſubſiſted on cats, dogs, and laſtly, on one another. A wounded or reluctant man was immediately ſlain and eaten. The ferocity of the faction, and particularly of John, ſeemed to gather force by this dreadful nouriſhment, and the town was at laſt taken by ſtratagem. This phantom of majeſty, who had however exerciſed more than kingly power, was taken alive with many of his companions. When this deſperate ruffian was conducted before the victorious Prelate, who reproached him with his treaſon and profanation, he replied to the charges with an audacity ſcarce paralleled in the hiſtory of fallen villainy. "Spare "your advice," which is loſt upon me, "and liſten to mine which is of more value. You have made me your priſoner. I have coſt you both money and blood. I have drained your treaſuries and depopulated your country. Having thus been your greateſt enemy, I will now put you in the way of making me your beſt friend. My death would be a loſs to you: my life may be a gain. Put me into an iron cage, carry me thus incloſed through Europe, and let a price be ſet on the ſight of me. The injuries I have done your ſtate will then be repaired, and I ſhall, by comparing your gain with your loſs, have a right to be conſidered, in the end, as your benefactor."

Part

Part of his plan was adopted, but not that part which would, with all its ignominy, have been the moſt acceptable to him, the preſervation of his life. As the principal author of the diſorders and iniquities, this was juſtly forfeited; but the manner in which John's of Leyden was taken away, is almoſt too ſhocking for a virtuous conqueror, conſidering him too as an eccleſiaſtick, to inflict even upon an impious traitor. The Biſhop of Munſter ordered the culprit to be faſtened to a ſtake, and two executioners to tear aſunder ſlowly, firſt the fleſh and then the members, with burning pincers; to let the operation be very deliberate—to avoid, for a given time, invading the vital parts; and laſtly, but not 'till himſelf and the aſſembled multitudes had been ſpectators of more agony than human beings ought perhaps to look on for the ſake of example, he was pierced with a ſpear to the heart, and then his mangled body was thrown into a cage of iron, in which it hung at the top of St. Lambert's ſteeple, 'till time, which deſtroys every monument of this world, whether erected to vice or virtue, mouldered it away. His accomplices ſuffered the ſame fate, except that they were not caged after death, and the ſect expired with its chiefs. Some fruitleſs attempts have been made at Amſterdam to revive it. A party calling themſelves Memnonites, (from Memno

Simons, a prieſt of Friezeland, who preached this doctrine in 1536) hold in abhorrence the atrocities of Munſter, and if certain of theſe Memnonites entertain ſimilar tenets on the ſubjects of baptiſm and oaths, they renounce that ſpirit of ſedition, fanaticiſm, and revolt, which diſgraced the adherents of John of Leyden, and I am told are good and peaceful citizens. You will be ſhewn, amongſt the curioſities of Leyden, the ſhop-board on which this ſelf-made ſovereign worked at his buſineſs.

In your viſit to this town, I wiſh to prepare you for two matters you ought to know; the one is a ſettled and indiſpenſable ceremony of pulling off your hat, in anſwer to a moſt troubleſome civility you will receive from every paſſenger of every deſcription; it being a cuſtom throughout Holland in general, and Leyden in particular, to make a very profound obeiſance to every ſtranger, and to expect the ſame in return: inſomuch that a traveller ought to lay his account for a hat extraordinary in making a tour of the Seven Provinces. In the great ſtreet of Leyden, which is an Engliſh mile long, I have been obliged to bow myſelf out of half my hat, and all my patience; and, what is the more provoking, if you meet the ſame people twenty times in a walk, the like ceremony is

is inflicted upon you, without any compromiſe being made for former civility. "Booing, booing, booing, booing," as Macklin's "Man of the World" ſays, all day long. Add to which, a Dutch bow is in itſelf a ridiculous and diſguſting piece of formality. The hand is lifted to the head, and the hat held up at arm's length and height, and replaced with ſo much deliberation, that you may walk fifty paces during the operation; and this is ſo frequently repeated, that the hat has ſcarcely time to regain its uſual place before a freſh paſſenger ſends it off again. But the whole of this is performed with ſuch ineffable *ſang-froid*, that the head ſeems as inſenſible as the hat. Not a feature appears conſcious of the ſalutation; not a muſcle moves in correſpondence with the greeting; it is altogether a mechanical act, and you have nothing for it but to take off and put on your hat, and go about your buſineſs.

The ſecond article, not leſs vexatious, is the importunate intruſion of a pack of fellows who call themſelves porters, who almoſt pluck your baggage, though but a ſmall parcel in your handkerchief, out of your hand, and are more troubleſome to get rid off than Horace's Impertinent. If you refuſe their ſervices, they are ſaucy. If you accept them, they are obſequious, even to

fawning. Thus, almoſt every body in this town, when they intend to be polite, are * too civil by half.

But

* The new-fangled republicans of a neighbouring kingdom have taken ſuch offence at this overmuch politeneſs, that they have, with their uſual paſſion for exceſs—ah! had they but known where to ſtop!—converted it into an object of conventional cenſure, and it would not be at all *contre le regle*, if the national legiſlators were to guillotine half a hundred of the citizens, *convaincu d'avoir courbè le dos en ſaluant*; for we are told, with an affectation of public virtue, and a rage for innovations perfectly ridiculous, perfectly *patriotick*—that a number of Republicans begin to feel the cuſtom of bowing the head, and bending the back, in meeting, has in it a ſeverity unbecoming the honeſt roughneſs, *de la fierté republicaine*—beſides, add they, it is a practice very inconvenient, and *wears out our hats!* Hereupon this once ſupple, but now ſtiff-necked generation, have petitioned the law-mongers to fabricate a *new code of civility*, the utmoſt limit of which is a fraternal hug. "That "it ſhould come to this!" The FRENCH nation making a law againſt *bowing!* and cutting off a man's head for the crime of his politeſſe!—Laughs not my friend? But what may not be expected from a race of rioters, who, in their outſet, brought before the moſt awful tribunal of their country complaints ſo infinitely ridiculous, that an air of ridicule was thrown over the moſt dreadful executions—formal petitions againſt white caps, in favour of red ones, and a long ſpeech in the ſenate-houſe, to lop away the excreſcence of an unrepublican cravat!

That ſuch a ſavage fury, high-ſouled courage, and petulant childiſhneſs, even to babyhood, ſhould mingle together! But what is all this, when theſe innovators nick-name the very months

But it is time I ſhould put an end to this long letter. After having made *my* bow then, to you, and to my readers, farewell.

months of the year! In a word, theſe reformers of the earth ſeem inveterately bent upon turning the world topſy turvy, and we may well exclaim, in the words of Hudibras:

" This ſhews how perfectly the rump,
" And commonwealth together jump;
" For as a fly that goes to bed
" Reſts with its tail above its head,
" So in this mongrel ſtate of our's,
" THE RABBLE ARE THE SUPREME POWERS!"

The French, it has been ſeen and felt, are capable of every thing great, every thing little; but after all, if they do not continue to mend on themſelves, they will do nothing but make a dire gap in creation, and fill it up with blood. To a certain point they had a glorious cauſe. They reached this point almoſt before a gun was loaded, or a ſword unſheathed. The ancient receptacles of tyranny were humbled to the duſt. Humanity ſmiled on the ruins. Royalty could not frown: for the very error of his reign was the unreſiſting ſoftneſs of his nature. For this he had been adored—for this he bled. But the ſhedding blood, like other habits, becomes familiar. Has it not often become an appetite? and Liberty herſelf, " divinely " fair," as ſhe is, muſt, if we ſuppoſe her to have her birth in the pure and unconfined regions of heaven, behold, with a bluſh, the atrocities committed in her name.

Horrible, horrible, moſt horrible!

LETTER XLVI.

TO THE SAME.

Leyden.

AMONGST the pleaſant events of my Dutch excurſion, is to be enumerated my meeting with a friend *, whoſe ſocial manners, and intellectual qualities, without taking his profeſſional ſkill into the account, though to *that* I am indebted for the preſervation of my health, would have made me quit the ſcene of our rencontre with regret, had it been even in Siberia, if the ſeparation had not been ſolaced by the hope of again meeting in England. To this accompliſhed man, who you know has, ſince his ſtudies and travels were finiſhed, " bettered this report" to his own honour, I am indebted for ſome valuable hints reſpecting the Leyden univerſity. They will be found in the cloſe of this letter: but I will firſt give his remarks on the Dutch in general; therein fairly exhibiting both ſides of the picture; for our features of the country and people are not exactly alike.

" Your laudable attempt to reſcue the amphibia " of this aqueous region from the charge of *inhoſ-*

* Dr. Pinckard of Great Ruſſel-Street, Bloomſbury.

"*pitality*," ſaid the Doctor, after having read my account, "will at all events be a novelty. In the "execution of it you will ſurely fall under no "ſuſpicion of plagiariſm. The intent is praiſe-"worthy, and in perfect uniſon with your chari-"table mind. Prejudice, I am ready to allow, is "a ſad bane; and its operation on the Engliſh "touriſts but too general: yet there are, I would "hope, among our countrymen, ſome who have "removed this moth from their eyes. Theſe, "however, ſtill join the throng in one common "opinion of this race of aquatics." I admitted the *opinion*; but not its validity, unleſs with very large exceptions.

"For my own part, although not yet enough a "citizen of the world, to think *any* other country "equal to our happy iſle," continued my friend, "nor ſo much a-ſtay-at-home traveller, as to "build my faith wholly on the reports of haſty "journaliſts; yet I cannot but confeſs, after a long "reſidence among them, that I have felt myſelf "inclined to inliſt with the multitude, reſpecting "this prominent feature in the character of the "Dutch people. Many inſtances could I relate "to you, that have come within my own obſer-"vation, which would militate ſtrongly againſt "the defence your benevolence induces you to

" plead in their behalf. On the other hand, it " were but juſt to acknowledge that I have expe- " rienced ſome ſignal marks of hoſpitality in theſe " provinces: but I fear you will inflexibly claſs me " among the ſtay-at-home—the prejudiced—the " ill-humoured part of our countrymen, when I " tell you that it has only been in ſuch *Engliſh* " families whoſe nature has not changed with their " change of abode." " You have been out of " luck, my dear Doctor," ſaid I. " And you," anſwered he, " have ſurely been peculiarly happy " in the ſociety you have found ſince your arrival " here, that the excellent fruit, which others have " ſought in vain, ſhould ſeem to preſent itſelf to " you as the common harveſt of the country." Not as the harveſt, but, indeed, very good pick- ings for a Gleaner, Doctor.

" Some, I fear, ſtill firm in their faith, may be " uncharitable enough to ſuſpect," reſumed he, " that the kind *Mynheers*, and their *Vrowes*, with " whom you aſſociate, had received private inti- " mation, that ſo able and benevolent an advocate " had journied hither *to glean them.* Others, alike " adhering to their former opinion, ſpeculating on " the title of your intended work, will perhaps " contend that the numerous claſs, who have " preceded you, have brought to market the real

" crop

" crop of the country; whilſt a Gleaner alone,
" from bending and looking nearer to the ſoil,
" and remaining, from the very nature of his
" labours, longer upon it, hath been enabled to
" collect the few blades of hoſpitality ſo thinly
" ſcattered over the land—and which having
" picked up, you ſo joyfully bind in your valuable
" ſheaves."

I ſmiled, bowed, and ſuffered my ingenious friend to proceed.

" A friend of mine, who has ſpent more time
" in Holland than has yet fallen to the lot either
" of you or myſelf, has ſometimes ſaid to me, he
" could almoſt imagine that, like their habits, the
" language of the Dutch did not admit of any term
" ſynonimous to what is generally underſtood by
" the Engliſh word *hoſpitality*; and this being the
" only part of your work I cannot ſubſcribe to,
" I may confeſs to you, that from the general
" want of candour and liberality in their dealings,
" and the repeated inſtances of penury and avarice
" which I have witneſſed, ſince the time of my
" becoming a reſident among them, I have,
" more than once, been half inclined to think
" ſo too.

" At

"At the metropolis of these states, you will "find a certain portion of the city appropriated "to the residence of the Jews. This part is "called the Jew's quarter of Amsterdam. Were "we to judge from their usual dealings, and "mode of traffick, with equal propriety might we "term the whole country of the Hollanders, *the* "*Jewish quarter of Europe.* Even *you* I fear, "friendly as you are disposed towards them, "cannot but acknowledge, that to deal with a "Dutchman it behoves every one to consider "himself encountering a Jew, who will not only "contend as obstinately for the last doight, as "old Shylock for the pound of flesh, but who will "certainly impose if possible, and take every "unfair advantage."

Just as in England, with an Englishman, my dear friend, said I; but individual vice or virtue has nothing to do with national character.

"I have been sorry to learn, that among the "English who have migrated to this country," observed the Doctor pursuing his point, "the "common reported Dutch principle often proves "rapidly contagious, and that from breathing "the same air they soon imbibe the infection, and "degenerate into the amphibious sons of penury

"and

" and avarice.—Of theſe Dutchified Britons, " ſome ſpecimens have come under my own " obſervation."

Why truly, anſwered I, if I did not " eat in " *memory* the cuſtard of yeſterday," I partook at your table, I ſhould think ſo too.

" As to Leyden," rejoined my friend, " I am " much intereſted in wiſhing it may abound in " Gleanings. Prepare yourſelf for a long viſit; " and remember that in the intervals, between " your gleaning hours, I ſhall hope to enjoy the " leaſings of your ſociety.

" The tedious and methodick ſyſtem of bowing, " for which the inhabitants of this city have a " peculiar fondneſs, will furniſh an ear or two for " your ſtore-houſe. In deſcription, touched by " the comick quill, it would afford a facetious morſel " for *John Bull*. To ſuch an abſurd degree do " they carry this cuſtom, that it is common to " ſee them bowing to the window where an " acquaintance occaſionally ſits, when no perſon " is near it; or to a friend's coach, as it paſſes " them in the ſtreet, although no one be in it.

" Neat and clean as are all the towns in Hol-

" land,

" land, Leyden exceeds perhaps the whole of them. " Its ſtreets—its buildings—its canals, all com- " bine to give it the pre-eminence. It is a place " well adapted to ſtudy; for although a large city, " it is ſo ſtill and quiet that we feel ourſelves in " perfect retirement. Its univerſity, ſo much " renowned, you will probably find to have been " ſo cloſely *mowed, reaped, and raked over and over,* " that in this particular it offers but a ſcanty ſup- " ply to a Gleaner.

" High as the fame of this ſchool was raiſed " by the uncommon talents of the celebrated " Boerhaave, it is but little wonderful that the " doctrines of that great man ſhould be ſlow " in their decline. In the eyes of the preſent " profeſſors, they have not loſt their charms. " The humoral pathology has ſtill its admirers— " ſpontaneous gluten, lentor, and acrimony of the " fluids, yet boaſt their advocates. In Holland, " innovations in medicine are thought more dan- " gerous than in politicks; political opinions in- " deed excepted, the Dutch have a known dread " at every ſpecies of change or reform; their per- " verſe and obſtinate nature compels them to plod " over the old taſk, coldly refuſing all the benefits " of new diſcoveries. To an *elève* of the Britiſh " ſchools it is matter of ſurpriſe to hear a learned " profeſſor

" profeſſor ſupporting with his utmoſt eloquence " theories which *he* has been taught to conſider as " old and exploded, and which have been proved " hypothetical and abſurd."

Talk thus, my friend ſaid I, and you will meet no interruption from the Gleaner, I promiſe you.

" It ſeems within the natural courſe of revolu- " tions that this celebrated univerſity," ſaid the Doctor, " ſhould now yield the palm to Edin- " burgh; which, from the great abilities and in- " genuity of the profeſſors, together with the ex- " cellent regulations and arrangements for the " improvement of the ſtudents, is at this period, " beyond all doubt, the firſt medical ſchool in " Europe."—I bowed aſſent.

" In Leyden," continued my friend, " the " different branches of natural hiſtory are taught " with much attention to methodical and ſyſtema- " tick arrangement. The botanick garden is " perhaps unrivalled. It is a moſt valuable ac- " quiſition to the ſtudents, being a very extenſive " and uſeful collection of plants, admirably and " methodically arranged according to the Lin- " næan ſyſtem.

" The

"The mode of graduation at this univerſity "may perhaps ſupply a few ears to an induſtrious "Gleaner." I pray you add them to my ſtore, ſaid I. "Moſt gladly," replied the Doctor. "It "has by ſome been ſaid," rejoined he, "that a ſtudent offering himſelf a candidate for "a degree at Leyden, finds little difficulty in "paſſing his examinations. This may be very "true, provided he be well prepared, but not "otherwiſe; and thus the obſervation applies "equally to every *other* ſchool. The trials to "which the candidate muſt ſubmit, previous to "obtaining his degree, are perhaps at no univer-"ſity more ſevere, certainly at none more general "and uſeful than at Leyden. It may be obſerved, "that the examination to which in any ſchool a "ſtudent is ſubjected, on his ſeeking literary ho-"nours, are, like all ſubjects of which we can "form no diſtinct idea, very much magnified by "anticipation. He knows not what he has to "undergo; but he knows and feels powerfully the "poſſibility of failure, and of being ſent back in "diſgrace to his ſtudies. This is fully ſufficient "to multiply the magnitude of the taſk in his "mind, to a ſomething tremendous—to a ſome-"thing that he feels a kind of terror at meeting. "To this it is probably owing, that afterwards, "when the tryal is over, and he has nothing fur-

"ther

" ther to apprehend, he reduces it below what he " actually found it, and is led to join thoſe who " have gone before him in ſpeaking of the exami- " nation he has paſſed, as ſlight or trivial. That " this is the fact would ſeem indeed to be proved, " by his not being able to impreſs the next that " follows him with theſe feelings—nor to main- " tain them himſelf when again called to trial.

" As this routine has come under my own eye, " and has been the ſubject of my frequent obſer- " vation, I will, if you pleaſe, undertake to glean " it for you.

" The firſt ſtep towards a graduation at Ley- " den, is the ſtudent preſenting himſelf before the " Rector Magnificus, to have his name regiſtered " on the books of the college. This done, he is " called to an examination before the Dean; " which is a long tryal, and of more general and " uſeful tendency than is commonly paſſed in " other ſchools. You underſtand that I am " ſpeaking of a graduate in medicine. If his re- " ſponſes are ſatisfactory, and the Dean thinks him " eligible, he is now admitted a candidate for his " degree. After a few days he is called before the " Faculty of Medicine. At this meeting the " queſtions are uſually confined to ſome particular

viſcus

" viſcus of the body, and relate to its ſituation, " ſtructure, and functions; the diſeaſes peculiar to " it; and the method of curing ſuch diſeaſes. If " the replies are approved by the Faculty, the can- " didate is next preſented with two aphoriſms, on " which he is to write commentaries, and to " appear with them at the college on the " following day at noon, when he undergoes a " third examination, by defending the expoſitions " he has written againſt the objections of the " faculty. It is not until after this third tryal that " he can have the ſatisfaction of knowing whether " he will obtain his degree. If in his anſwers he " has given proof of his abilities, and his cenſors " think him ſufficiently qualified, he has next to " produce a diſſertation on ſome medical or phi- " loſophical ſubjects to be approved by the per- " ſon whom the Dean appoints his promoter. " Such approbation being ſignified to the candi- " date, he has the privilege of fixing the period " of his fourth or final examination: when he is " required to defend his diſſertation in publick, " before the whole Senatus Academicus. The " commentaries and the diſſertation are writ- " ten, and the whole of the examinations paſſed " in the Latin language.

" The number of ſtudents educated at this univerſity

" verſity has much decreaſed ſince the days of " Boerhaave, but is ſtill ſufficient to add materi- " ally to the trade, and to the riches of the city. " They are not reſtricted to any regulations or col- " lege rules as in Oxford and Cambridge, but as " at Edinburgh, are left to their own induſtry and " emulation in the proſecution of their ſtudies.

" Many of the inhabitants at Leyden have " apartments which are kept expreſsly for the ſtu- " dents. Theſe are commonly diſtinguiſhed by " a piece of board hung at the window, on which " is written *cubicula locanda.*"

A thouſand thanks my dear Doctor, ſaid I, for theſe eſtimable remarks about which we agree entirely; and as we only are in contention about the ſubject of the *hoſpitality* of the country, you ſhall in the firſt inſtance give me an other good dinner, and each of your *Engliſh* families another, by way of proving to me how far the imputed avarice of the land has been epidemick amongſt the Britiſh reſidents; and in return I will take you by the hand to as many *Dutch* houſes, dinner for dinner, bottle for bottle, and then we will, at the cloſe of the account, ſee how ſtands the balance of good-fellowſhip and civility. " Agreed," exclaimed the Doctor, " and after all, we ſhall moſt likely

" maintain our preſent opinions." No doubt, ſaid I; then all that can be ſaid is, that I have been in this reſpect a fortunate—you a luckleſs traveller. We bade each other cordially farewell: and I now bid you the ſame.

LETTER XLVII.

TO THE SAME.

Holland.

I THANK you, my friend, for the box of Engliſh news-papers. They are the " brief chro- " nicles of the times," and an acceptable preſent to a Britiſh traveller, who feels an anxious deſire to know what is doing at home, while he is roaming abroad: and who, be his ſituation what it may, caſts

" Many a longing, lingering look behind.

Indeed a man cannot traverſe any part of the Continent of Europe, without almoſt immediately pronouncing our country to be the moſt news-paper-loving nation in the world. Yet it appears to be a mere national prejudice to tell a ſtranger the city of London publiſhes more papers in a week than

than the reſt of Europe in a year. On my aſſerting at what is called a *ſocieté*, (club) while at Amſterdam, that the metropolis of England could diſpoſe of near twenty papers of a day, on an average of fifteen hundred each, that the Morning Herald, St. James's Chronicle, and ſeveral others, were productive of ſome thouſand pounds a year, net money, to the proprietors; beſides yielding a large ſum to the revenue; I was looked on as giving my country a pretty handſome puff. A ſly old man who was ſmoaking his pipe in the corner of a coffee-houſe, where I had made this aſſertion, obſerved, as he took his pipe out of his mouth, "Your countrymen ought to be great politicians." He then recapitulated all I had ſaid on the ſubject, then reſorted again to his pipe, ſtill preſerving the ſame incredulous ſet of tones and features, marking his diſbelief of every ſentence with a whiff, ſignifying that it was ſmoke. "And ſo you ſay, Mr. "Engliſhman, your city of London can ſell ſo "many thouſand prints of a day! Yes. "Whew!" replied he, "And ſome of your citizens net a "thouſand or two of Engliſh guineas, indepen-"dently of Royal impoſts!" More. In anſwer to this, a drawing in of the breath, and a whiff full in my face; that ſucceeded by another, as if intended to blind or ſuffocate me for the lie direct.

In deſpite of this however I went on. "But "our news-papers are not leſs the vehicles of "politics than of faſhion: they are equally adapted "to the cabinet of a miniſter as to the tea-table "of a lady."—The ſmoker ſtared, and again drew in.—"They are the repoſitories of our dreſſes, "amuſements and amours."—The breath ſtill ſucked in ſtrongly.—"'Tis a ſort of ſoleciſm in "politeneſs, not to have one at leaſt ſerved up "with breakfaſt; the aforeſaid Morning Herald, "the Oracle, Morning Chronicle, Star, Sun, "Moon, Diary, Publick Advertiſer, Gazetteer, "or ſome other. And each coſts three ſtivers, "or I believe ſince the laſt regulations four; "but I am convinced if they coſt fourteen, the "curioſity of the Engliſh nation would pay up "to their price, and when taken freſh at break-"faſt, not a Dutch breakfaſt without tea-ſpoons, "or ſugar, or bread, but with all the luxuries of "tea-equipage, an Engliſhman 'has ſtomach for 'them all!' "*Ugh!*" ſaid the Dutchman betwixt a ſigh and ſuck! "Four ſtivers!"—"Yes, and "perſons of diſtinction muſt have ſeveral. In "ſome families as many as there are cups and "ſaucers: though they never laſt longer than "the hour of breakfaſt, which furniſhes by the "help of theſe hiſtorians of the morning plenty "of ſlight or ſubſtantial topicks for the reſt of the

" day. Love, hate, an enemy to be cenſured, " a friend to be praiſed, a beauty to be ſet off, " a rival to be decried, a miniſter to be ſcouted, " an oppoſitioniſt to be put into his place: a ſcan- " dal aſſerted, denied, re-aſſerted, re-denied. In " ſhort an Engliſh news-paper is a book of univer- " ſal uſe, knowledge and information, and is as " neceſſary to a man or woman of any pretenſion " to taſte, as powder in the hair, or a watch in " the pocket."—The man of ſmoke had by this time gathered a mouthful; his cheeks inflated, and he looked as if he was taking aim.

" Not," continued I careleſsly, " that they are " univerſally read. In private houſes there are " on an average five overlookers to one examiner. " The females of a family only ſkim the ſcandal " and amuſements, mixing a little of both with " each diſh of tea—a kind of ſentimental cream, " which is ſaid to give a moſt delightful flavour " to the repaſt: the maſter of the manſion betwixt " every piece of bread and butter lays a ſlice of " politicks, more reliſhing to him than the bread " and butter itſelf, and freſh made from that " prolifick milch-cow, the publick: and although " when ſhe has yielded a brimming pail in one " column, ſhe frequently kicks it down in the " next, till the ſweeteſt intelligence, whether for

" or againſt the miniſtry, all turns ſour on the " ſtomach, the good man would find ſomething " wanting were he not to ſee a freſh ſupply ſerved " up the next morning. Thouſands read only " the price of ſtocks, which though contained " generally in an inch of news,"—here a grand puff at me—" is chearfully paid for in the ſum " of three or four ſtivers. Thouſands divert " themſelves only with the robberies, murders, " deaths and marriages, all of which might be " packed in a walnut ſhell, and leave room almoſt " for the bankruptcies."—When I had gained this ſentence through fire and ſmoke, all that my principal auditor had collected into his mouth during the relation, was diſcharged in my face, which it enveloped in clouds. And pray, interrogated the puffer, where do you find room for your long hiſtory of pickpockets and highwaymen, for I am told you have as many rogues in a day as news-papers! What do you take us for, Mr. Traveller; do you recollect that we are too near neighbours to ſwallow all this! (ſwallowing a large quantity of ſmoke, as if to imitate the action) I inſiſted upon the truth of my aſſertions, which made my ſmoker ſeriouſly angry: he ſhook ſome of the fire from his pipe, then mouthed it again; and as he walked backwards and forwards, whiffed off ſeveral puffs in ſucceſſion, inſiſting that the number

number of papers publiſhed in Amſterdam did not exceed a paper a day, or two at moſt, and they contained all that was neceſſary; adding, that as to amuſements, ſcandal, &c. he looked on them only as ſkim milk; and the latter ſtill worſe—ſkim milk turned ſour. But you Engliſhmen, as all the world knows, are great *travellers*, and ever ready to take advantage of us poor ſtay-at-home people—he, he, he! The emphaſis on the word *travellers*, and the bitter irony in the laugh aggravated by the moſt ſarcaſtick ſet of ſnuff-coloured features, in turn vexed *me*; and knowing that a fellow of this caſt is beſt puniſhed by himſelf, I raiſed my voice a pitch higher to inform him, that every ſyllable I had uttered reſpecting the quantity and quality of Engliſh news-papers was true, and that moreover there were tens of thouſands in the city of London and its environs, who took in, and paid yearly for one or more of the ſaid papers, without reading a paragraph in a month.

This though, as you know my friend, literally true, was a great deal too much for my ſmoke-dried veteran, who throwing down his pipe and the price of the coffee, with which he had moiſtened it, and then throwing an old threadbare blue cloak acroſs his ſhoulders, took off his hat with the moſt ludicrous ſolemnity, and hobbled off,

thanking me for my BRUSSELS *Gazette Extraordinary!* When he was gone, ſome German gentlemen obſerved, that they ſaw I was reſolved to play on the old fellow, and that he deſerved it for his rudeneſs; and indeed for his not ſeeing more clearly I was in jeſt; for, added they, we live in a very large town in Germany where the Engliſh paper comes from London, and have been told it was the beſt of the three to be had in that city.

Such are the prejudices of nations. But I perceive amongſt the bundles you have ſent me is a Gazette Extraordinary *indeed.* You have marked one paragraph therein with your pencil, and archly underwrote this brief epitaph, *Alas, poor Gleaner!* In the very inſtant that I thus ſport with the pen, holding it lightly between my fingers, correſponding to the lightneſs of my heart, which bounds with pleaſure on the receipt of your letter and parcel; and at the novelty of unclouded ſpirits, after the depreſſions of ſickneſs, *I ſee that I am dead.* I breathed my laſt it ſeems at Coblentz. As I purpoſe gleaning that city in due time, I intend to pay due reſpect to the ſpot where I was buried, viſit my own grave, and write my own epitaph. Though you humouroufly inform me, that has been already done for me in a very handſome manner by my friends in England.

This

This is the third time in the courſe of my life, that I have been put to death in the news-papers, without my conſent or knowledge:

"Thrice they ſlew the ſlain."

True indeed I was taken out of the world ſuddenly, and once went off after a lingering ſickneſs. But to ſhew that the principle of charity ſtill ſurvives in me, I forgive all thoſe who have had a hand in my death with all my heart; and really at this good-natured moment feel a ſort of reluctance at the impoſſibility of giving my friends this publick ſatisfaction of knowing I am in the land of the living, without at the ſame time diſappointing thoſe, if any ſuch there be, who have derived any ſatisfaction in numbering me with the dead. By way of conſolation however, I will have the kindneſs to inform them, that notwithſtanding

"In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
"In all my griefs, and God has giv'n my ſhare,"

I am juſt now in general good ſpirits and health, they may expect in ſomething leſs than an hundred years to have the pleaſant intelligence confirmed. Meantime I heartily wiſh them, and you my friends and enemies, the comfort of being killed only upon paper for many years to come; with the additional *agrément* of reviſiting the country where they died as often as they pleaſe! If it contains

tains the lovely ſcenery which blooms round Coblentz, where I have been ſo long entombed; and which ſcenery I have in ſtore for you; their happy ghoſts miſtaking it perhaps for the Elyſian Fields might not "be fond to reſign it."

But gracious Providence! what will not *we hear*, and *l'on dit*, thoſe two well-informed perſonages who know every thing that has, and has *not* happened, ſay? Since I have been upon the Continent, I have been aſſured of ſo many events having taken place to myſelf and others, not one of which ever did, will, or can happen; in politicks, in civil or in *uncivil* matters; that methinks it would be a pleaſant work to bring under one point of view a collection of *l'on dits* and *we hears*, or the rumour book of *what was ſaid to be*, which was not, for the new year. It might be publiſhed you know with the almanacks, and I queſtion whether even Mr. Newberry ever yet offered his little or great readers a book half ſo full of pretty and wonderful *ſtories*.

But in another of the papers you have ſent me, I diſcover a ſecond pencil mark, accompanied by requeſts thus expreſſed: "This muſt be "gleaned." You remember it is oppoſite the little funeral tribute I paid to the death-devoted horſe

horſe of my beloved friend*, to whom the publick are indebted, and a large debt it is, for introducing the three greateſt poets of Greece into England, and in an Engliſh dreſs, as rich, graceful, and flowing, as the robes of their own country. You have a paſſage too, in your letter, importing, that the petitionary verſes of this poor ſteed, will ſerve as a very proper counterpart to the hiſtory I have given of my own aged horſe in our firſt ſheaf: and deſire to preſerve them from the fate of fugitive papers, or the flying ſheets of the day, in our, I hope, more permanent correſpondence. Here then, in obedience to your wiſhes, I inſert,

THE ADDRESS

OF

THE SUPERANNUATED HORSE,

TO

HIS MASTER.

Who, on account of his (the horſe) being unable from extreme old age, to live through the winter, had ſentenced him to be ſhot.

I.

AND haſt thou fix'd my doom, ſweet Maſter, ſay?
And wilt thou kill thy ſervant, old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray,
A little longer hobble round thy door.

For

* Mr. Potter, Prebend of Norwich.

II.

For much it glads me to behold this place,
And houſe within this hoſpitable ſhed;
It glads me more to ſee my Maſter's face,
And linger near the ſpot where I was bred.

III.

For oh! to think of what we both enjoy'd,
In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor!
When from the jocund morn to eve employ'd,
My gracious Maſter on this back I bore!

IV.

Thrice told ten years, have danced on down along,
Since firſt theſe way-worn limbs to him I gave;
Sweet ſmiling years! when both of us were young,—
The kindeſt maſter, and the happieſt ſlave.

V.

Ah, years ſweet-ſmiling, now for ever flown,
Ten years thrice told, alas, are as a day!
Yet, as together we are aged grown,
Let us together wear our age away.

VI.

For ſtill the times, long paſt, are dear to thought,
And rapture mark'd each minute as it flew,
To youth, and joy, all change of ſeaſons brought,
Pains that were ſoft, or pleaſures that were new.

VII.

Ev'n when thy loveſick heart felt fond alarms,
Alternate throbbing with its hopes and fears;
Did I not bear thee to the fair one's arms,
Aſſure thy faith, and dry up all thy tears?

And

VIII.

And haſt *thou* fix'd my death, ſweet maſter, ſay?
And wilt thou kill thy ſervant, old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray,
A little longer hobble round thy door.

IX.

Ah, could'ſt thou bear to ſee thy ſervant bleed?
Ev'n tho' thy pity has decreed his fate,
And yet, in vain thy heart for life ſhall plead,
If Nature has deny'd a longer date.

X.

Alas! I feel, 'tis *Nature* dooms my death,
I feel, too ſure, 'tis *Pity* deals the blow;
But ere it falls, oh Nature take my breath,
And my kind Maſter ſhall no bloodſhed know.

XI.

Ere the laſt hour of my allotted life,
A ſofter fate ſhall end me, old and poor;
Timely ſhall ſave me from th' uplifted knife,
And gently ſtretch me at my maſter's door.

Suffer me to connect with this, the poetical addreſs of my own old horſe, to the noble patroneſs who ſaved *him* from death.

THE

THE GLEANER's STEED

TO

THE COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE.

Who preſerved her from Labour and Famine after One-and-twenty Years hard *Work.*

Written in Mr. Pope's Gardens.

AS late my maſter, not to fame unknown,
Who, touch'd with pity, " mark'd me for his own ;"
Ev'n when—ah fate ſevere!—diſeas'd I lay,
To pain, to want, and fiercer MAN a prey :
Weak, old, and poor, when not a friend was nigh,
Till *He* was ſent by fav'ring ſympathy—
As late my maſter gently rode along,
In June's fair morning, meditating ſong,
We ſaw, at length, fam'd Twick'nam's tuneful ſhade,
Seat of the Muſe,—and fervent thus I pray'd :
O ſoul of him, who once theſe ſcenes adorn'd,
Friend of the gentle Gay, who never ſcorn'd
Our hapleſs tribe, but taught us to rehearſe
Our wants, our wiſhes, hopes and fears, in verſe;
Taught us to triumph o'er the reaſoning brute,
And made us often umpire in diſpute;
Do thou, on this bleſt ſpot, thy lay impart,
That ſpeaks the language of a grateful heart.
Ah, grant the power in numbers to relate,
How much I owe the ſoother of my fate;
To her, whoſe kind and hoſpitable care
Preſerv'd my being in the laſt deſpair.

I have

I have obſerved to you that the Muſe of Sympathy gleaned theſe lines in Mr. Pope's gardens at Twickenham; but the ſame viſit, you remember, was productive of a few verſes ſacred to the delightful bard, whoſe poetick ſcenes the Writer was then ſurveying. This is the place to preſerve them, and you ſay they were worthy of preſervation. They were written an hour after leaving the place; and here they are:

DEEM not, O ſpirit of the bard divine,
I came a ſpoiler to thy tuneful ſhrine,
Tho' from thy conſecrated tree I bore
One weeping ſpray, and robb'd thy mineral ſtore!
With more than pilgrim fervor to my breaſt,
The ſacred reliques were devoutly preſt:
Full of the power that mark'd the hallow'd ſpot,
"Where nobly penſive, St. John ſat and thought."
In every nerve I felt the kindling flame;
And warm from thee, the inſpiration came,
From thee ALONE—untouch'd by "Stanhope's ſcope";
The ſcenes that charm'd me were the ſcenes of POPE.

But as the day on which theſe lines were written, was wholly dedicated to the Muſe, ſo I beg may be this letter, which ſhall be cloſed by one more home-made copy of verſes, on a heart-felt occaſion, the alarming ſickneſs of my beloved Mr. Potter.

Potter. This is a tribute which the world will accept with ſmiles for the ſake of the ſubject:

If magic ſong, by every Muſe inſpir'd,
Enrich'd by ſcience, and by genius fir'd;
If wit, by wiſdom chaſten'd and refin'd,
Learning's ſtrong power, with fancy's glow combin'd;
If generous paſſions, by the ſoul approv'd,
And gentleſt feelings, never weakly mov'd;
If virtues, ſuch as theſe, may claim thy care,
Giver of health! attend a ſuppliant's prayer.
With healing on his wing, thy angel ſend
To ſave the bard, the father, and the friend!

The prayer was heard. My venerable friend yet lives, to the triumph of your friend, and the world.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Haarlem.

NOTWITHSTANDING my avowed and inveterate quarrel with brick and mortar, I ſhould be ſtrongly tempted to woo the deſcriptive Muſe, and make a long pauſe in this charming town,

town, till ſhe aſſiſted me to ſing the various beauties of Mr. Hope's delightful villa, but for a reaſon ſtronger than the temptation, and yet the moſt ſimple that can be imagined, namely, becauſe it truly "*beggars* deſcription."

Into this little paradiſe the worthy proprietor has contrived to bring every thing that the arts, or their happieſt votaries, could furniſh, that fortune could procure, or taſte arrange. Could we ſuppoſe a man of the fineſt fortune to be at the ſame time a man of the fineſt taſte, which is, by the bye, ſuppoſing a very rare aſſemblage, and which the Gods who made him poetical commonly refuſe; and could we even to theſe poſſeſſions adjoin the moſt correct judgment, the houſe at Haarlem would be the exact reſidence of ſo adorned a proprietor; ſince it actually contains and illuſtrates whatever

"Painting can expreſs,
"Or youthful poets fancy when they love."

It contains alſo my friend, what is far better than either poetry or painting—an highly eſtimable character—being indeed but one thing more elegant and beautiful than this villa, and that is, the heart of its owner, which is, amongſt "the nobleſt "works of God." Every perſon of every de-

ſcription is the hiſtorian of Mr. Hope; and he is one of the very rare exceptions of being ſpoken well of by every body, and deſerving it. Theſe univerſally-praiſed characters being, I have obſerved nine times out of ten, the objects of determined panegyrick, nobody knows why or wherefore; juſt in like proportion as thoſe whom this ſame every body has ſelected as a mark,

"For ſcorn to point the moving finger at,"

are deſerving better report. I have at this moment the honour, and it is my pride alſo, to know a man of whom all poſſible ill has been ſpoken, and who merits a character, where thouſands whom he has melted by his charity, animated by his affection, or informed by his wiſdom, have written it—in their heart's core—where long ſince I have written your's my friend: and this moſt excellent and moſt abuſed man is ſtill labouring under a load of accuſations that a fiend would bluſh at.

The trial of Warren Haſtings is as much the converſation abroad as at home, and it is uniformly ſpoken of with wonder, generally with indignation, as the darkeſt ingratitude of his countrymen for preſerving their country! a recompenſe too often attending the publick benefactor of *every* country.

Although

Although in point of *correſpondence*, I have now brought you my eſtimable friend, no farther than Haarlem; in point of *travel* I have therein mingled the remarks of ſome years, and you will all along underſtand that whatever I offer is the reſult of my frequent viſits or reſidence as well in Holland as other countries. The reflections therefore which I preſent to you, are rarely the conſequence of immediate notice at the moment of writing to you, but are ſtrong confirmations of what has been ſeen and felt during the courſe of thoſe reſidences and viſits, fully reſolved to exemplify what the valuable Dr. Moore, whoſe obſervations are not more ſprightly than ſolid, has ſaid on this very ſubject, "truly to know people "and places, it is abſolutely neceſſary to reſide "in, and amongſt them a conſiderable time."

It is then, after having in a tour of ſome years, round and acroſs many countries (which a rapid trippeſt would have ſkimmed with a dizzey kind of ſpeed that ſees nothing diſtinctly, and which certainly a-right-on traveller might paſs in a few weeks,) that I will now give you the collected evidence of different countries, gleaned at different opportunities, on the ſubject of the proſecution, ſtill as you inform me carrying on in Weſtminſter-Hall.

No man, who has not been abroad, can conceive the degree of aſtoniſhment which accompanies the ſlighteſt mention of this matter to foreigners. They aſk for an explanation of paradoxes. "Why do you bring to a tribunal of "publick juſtice a publick benefactor? Why "are you making him poor who hath made you "rich? Why do the Indians uniformly ſing the "praiſes of the man, whom the Engliſh have "ſelected for cenſure, on the pretence of his "having dealt cruelly by thoſe very Indians who "are the loudeſt in his panegyrick?" The Engliſhman tells them, that the like queſtions are continually made, without receiving any ſatisfactory reply by the people of England. He owns himſelf to be one of the thouſands who want ſagacity to ſolve the moſt palpable contradictions; and that, therefore, he is bewildered like themſelves, to account for the ſuppoſed union of the darkeſt vices and brighteſt virtues in the ſame mind: or how the moſt melting charity, and ſavage hard-hearted avarice, the ſofteſt affections, and moſt deſpotick exerciſe of the worſt paſſions, the moſt boundleſs generoſity with the moſt ſordid exaction, can aſſemble in the ſame boſom. But ſay they, we underſtand that the chief conducter of theſe contradictions is a man of ſplendid talents and virtues, and that he has brought himſelf

ſelf to believe his accuſations well-founded, although he cannot but know the exceſſes of virtue and vice in the ſame character are incompatible. That the beſt men have frailties we all admit; and that the worſt have ſome qualities leſs pernicious and deteſtable than others, is no leſs unqueſtionable; but to be at once eminently diſtinguiſhed for tenderneſs and rigour, for bounty and rapacity, for honourable dealing and for diſgraceful tricking, are contrarieties that nature herſelf forbids to meet *: "And yet your nation has

* A poem publiſhed in the courſe of this Gentleman's trial, has ſome lines correſponding to this very ſentiment:

O, ſtrange to tell! the deſolating hand,
Which ſcatter'd ruin over Aſia's land,
Its cunning loſes, till its ruthleſs ſpear
Turns to a wand, replete with virtue here;
The wounds which drop from fell Diſeaſe's wing,
The deeper wounds that from affliction ſpring:
This once barbarian weapon kindly heals,
A gentle heart this cruel hand reveals,
This countries' ſcourge, the traitor of his God,
To Pity's ſceptre ſhapes his iron rod;
And, wond'rous paradox! this man of blood,
In either zone but breathes for public good.
Go bid the neighbouring POOR his crimes proclaim,
Full in their anſw'ring ſmiles is writ his ſhame.
Go to the RICH, in their affection find
The blameleſs hiſt'ry of this monſter's mind.

" has found them to cohere in the breaſt of Mr. " Haſtings," obſerve they, " ſince we do not find " that

Go to his country, bid his ſov'reign tell—
All, all delighted, on his virtues dwell.
Go launch the bark, his baſeneſs to explore,
And pierce the bowels of the Indian ſhore.
Go make the viſit to the Begum race,
Scene of his fraud, his plunder, and diſgrace!
In Aſia, as in Albion, were he try'd,
Still ſhould we find that Honour is his Guide.

In confirmation of all which, it is a banquet to my heart of hearts, as it muſt be to every lover of juſtice and of long-ſuffering worth atteſted and approved, that I am able to ſubjoin the following official Congratulatory Addreſs, under the ſanction of the inhabitants of Calcutta.

TO WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

On his late acquittal by the Houſe of Lords, on the charges preferred againſt him by the Commons of Great Britain. It is collectively a glorious privilege of Parliament, to bring the higheſt ſubjects of the realm to a tribunal; but it is individually ſtill more glorious to have honourably paſſed that auguſt ordeal, and to have converted that tribunal into a TRIUMPH.

SIR,

THE inhabitants of this Settlement on your departure for Europe, having, in the ſtrongeſt terms, expreſſed their ſenſe both of your public Adminiſtration and private Conduct, during the long period in which you preſided in India; we feel it no leſs incumbent on us, now to offer you our warmeſt

" that the moſt ardent of thoſe who are brought in
" evidence againſt him, deny him this ſtrange
" mixture of qualities. Tell us the fact?"

I muſt

warmeſt Congratulation, on your acquittal of all the Charges that were preferred againſt you in England.

We cannot but admire, Sir, the Patience, Fortitude, and Reſignation, with which you have borne a trial unexampled in its length; and a ſcrutiny into Character, Motives, and Actions, the moſt ſtrict and minute that ever was inſtituted.—But, upheld by conſcious Innocence, you have given an example of your reliance on the Juſtice of your Cauſe, which, we doubt not, will carry conviction to the World and Poſterity, equal to the Verdict of the illuſtrious Tribunal before which you have appeared.

An Acquittal, under ſuch circumſtances, we muſt conſider as honorable in the higheſt degree to yourſelf, as well as demonſtrative of the impartial Juſtice of our Country. It is alſo peculiarly gratifying to us, as it confirms, and, if it were poſſible, it would ſtrengthen thoſe ſentiments which we never ceaſed to entertain of you.

Permit us to add, Sir, our cordial wiſhes, that your remaining years may be many, and accompanied by a felicity that may compenſate for the loſs of thoſe benefits and comforts of which you have been ſo long deprived.

We have the honor to be, with the greateſt eſteem and reſpect,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient,

And moſt humble Servants.

Calcutta, September 1795.

 N. B. The

I muſt beg, returned the Author, to decline involving myſelf and you in the labyrinths of this queſtion, the anſwers to which have, for more

N. B. The following Gentlemen were appointed a Committee to draw up the Addreſs:

Colonel *Morgan*—Colonel *Deare*—The Reverend Mr. *Blanſhard*—*W. A. Brooke*—*Charles Chapman*—*Edward Hay*—*John Bell*—*J. H. Harrington*—*J. Fleming*—*F. Balfour*, Eſquires.

The Committee having accordingly retired, after a few minutes returned with the Addreſs, which being read and unanimouſly approved, was ordered to be copied fair, in duplicate, for ſignature.

We may fairly then crown the ſubject of this "Patriot "Martyr of the Public Weal," with the ſubſequent inferences;

If a long life of faith ſeverely try'd,
If gentleſt virtues join'd to generous pride,
If temper meek, yet courage greatly prov'd,
Fear'd by the baſe, by all the good approv'd,
If rough in war as torrents when they roar,
Yet mild as peace itſelf when war is o'er;
If publick virtue for no private end,
Beſpeaks the patriot or diſplays the friend;
If private virtue ſtill for public good,
Of wealth the joy, of poverty the food;
If theſe pourtray a tyrant, traitor's mind,
Then Haſtings is the vileſt of mankind.
But if our reverence or our love they claim,
Haſtings ſtands foremoſt on the liſt of fame.

than

than three years paſt, filled the preſſes of Great Britain; and the puzzle remains. But of the man thus accuſed of every thing baſe on the one hand, and to whom has been attributed every thing great and good on the other, I will give you a little anecdote which may aſſiſt you, perhaps, more than all that has been written, to form your own judgment. It is indeed a very minute incident, yet of great account as to that part of your queſtion which enquires after general diſpoſition and character. I ſhall only preſume that the truth of the circumſtance is indubitable.

"This moſt injured and moſt excellent man," ſays the recorder of the anecdote, "was walking "at early day in his pleaſure-grounds near Wind- "ſor, when were exhibited the following traits of "a heart replete with the nobleſt virtues, though "charged with the fouleſt crimes.

"As an unſeen ſpectator," continues the relater, "I beheld Warren Haſtings going along a narrow "path-way, in a zig-gag kind of manner, ſome- "times ſtopping ſuddenly, ſometimes cautiouſly "ſetting his foot forward, retrograde, and ſide- "way, as if he trod with fear and trembling: and "this circumſpect movement he continued till he "was loſt to my view amidſt the windings of the

" walks. So ſtrange a procedure, however, " ſtrongly excited my curioſity, and I left the " chamber in which I was then ſitting, to explore " the cauſe. On reaching the ſpot, I perceived " an emmet's neſt on one ſide of the walk, and " the induſtrious proprietors of it called forth by " the warmth of the morning, had ſpread them- " ſelves over the path-way. The deſign of the " deſtroyer of ſo many thouſands of the human " race was ſtudiouſly to avoid doing any injury to " theſe poor ants. I traced, with a kind of bene- " volent joy, the Governor-General's footſteps, " in which crooked, irregular, and broken as they " were, I could plainly perceive the impreſſions " of the tendereſt heart, whoſe very inſtincts were " bountiful. It would have touched, warmed, and " melted a philanthropiſt, to trace the marks of " ſuch genuine humanity along the ſand. In one " place where I had obſerved Mr. Haſtings to " ſtoop down, he had been at the trouble to repair " with his hands the depredations of his feet, by " rebuilding the little populated hillock, whoſe " ſides he had inadvertently damaged; and at " another part, where I had noticed him to make " a large ſtride, the buſy creatures were gathered " together in a kind of foraging party, which but " for that generous ſtride he muſt have exter- " minated. The feeling this gave, penetrated my

" whole frame: but as I am of an ardent temper, I " ſhould have ſet down ſome part of my emotion " to thoſe conſtitutional propenſities, had not my " recital, deareſt friend, of this little anecdote to all " orders of people, friends and enemies of the man, " convinced me the feeling produced in all others " was the ſame, and ariſing from the ſame cauſe. " The heart aſked ſpontaneouſly, whether he who " could thus act towards a hillock of poor ants would " trample under foot all the laws of humanity, and " prove the ſcourge of his fellow-creatures, over " whoſe lives and properties he had equal power of " doing good or evil?" The heart thus queſtioning, does not receive a reply ſolely from the affections, for reaſon herſelf gives anſwer. Rigorous as ſhe is in her judgments ſometimes, where the ſympathiſing affections are moſt indulgent; ſhe heſitates not on this occaſion to pronounce, that the perſon capable of ſuch an unſeen, unoſtenſible action, is conſtitutionally and habitually incapable of thoſe cruelties with which he ſtands impeached. I have here uſed the word *conſtitutionally*, as implicating a *natural* incapacity to act contrary to the ruling paſſions of man, whoſe forbearance to commit acts of barbarity may be conſidered rather as an inſtinct than a virtue; and I ſhould think Warren Haſtings might be found innocent of *cruelties* on the ſimple argument of moral and phyſical impoſſibility

poſſibility to act the part of a tyrant. Do not at the ſame time ſuppoſe I am ignorant of the ſneer with which certain profound criticks would and will treat the important inferences drawn from theſe premiſes. Thoſe who judge of the bias of the human mind only from *great events*, will ſmile at the conceit of honourably acquitting a State criminal on the evidence of his forbearing to cruſh a neſt of inſects, whoſe death or preſervation, ſay they, weighs nothing in the ſcale of human offences. In anſwer to all which, I ſhall only beg to refer all ſuch lovers of the ſublime, to an honeſt ſcrutiny into their *own hearts*, where, if they have found, when alone, a diſpoſition to exerciſe undue authority over their birds, domeſtick animals, or even the flies that are ſporting on their window, in ſhort, to vex or haraſs any thing within their power or under their protection, (I mean when they were even in that early ſtage of life, when reaſon and natural tenderneſs, or natural cruelty, for I fear ſuch things are begun in their *firſt* diſplays and exerciſes) they will have a clear conviction of the importance of thoſe apparent trifles, in the judgment which they enable us to form of human hearts and characters, during the reſt of life: ſince our vices, like our virtues,

"Grow with our growth, and ſtrengthen with our ſtrength."

And

And my obſervations have never yet been able to accommodate mé with an exception to this very broad general rule, that as a tender hearted youth (I ſpeak not of an infant) never, even by the force of ill influence and example, makes a hard-hearted man, without firſt ſuffering many "com-"punctious viſitings of nature," ſo a cruel diſpoſition, manifeſted in our *firſt* childhood, is carried on to our *ſecond*, changing its objects, but not its tyranny.

Of the truth of this aſſertion, you are yourſelf, my invaluable friend, an example in reſpect to the firſt part. I have attended the progreſs of your being from its earlieſt dawn to its preſent full meridian. Every thing committed to your care was the happier for it.—While yet in your baby-hood, this natural benignity diſcovered itſelf. Was a lamb to be domeſticated? a chicken ſtraying from its mother, or too weak to bear the rigours of the ſeaſon, to be foſtered? I remember well you were appointed the nurſe, and were to be entruſted with its life or death. From that hour humanity marked you for her own: and you have honoured her adoption. The objects of your benevolence have of courſe varied. To the lamb, which was to be of your houſehold, and to the chicken which had wandered from its parent, ſucceeded the help-

leſs

leſs being, who had not wherewithal to make its bed or find a ſhelter from the ſtorm. The monarch Paſſion, ripened into a monarch Principle; and if in the courſe of my long, long abſence from your loved ſociety, I was to hear that you had been impeached for numberleſs high crimes and miſdemeanours, of which the baſis was *inhumanity*, I ſhould ſay, that if your ſenſes remained, your kind-heartedneſs remained alſo; and that, although conſidering the imperfection of our being, you might be ſeduced into many frailties, weakneſſes, &c. &c. you muſt have been born again, and with a diſpoſition diametrically contraſted, before you *could* be inhuman. And on this principle I would anſwer for your innocence, or that of any man, with my life. Thus in caſes of tender-heartedneſs and tyranny,

" Trifles light as air,
" Are confirmations ſtrong
" As proofs of Holy Writ."

LETTER XLIX.

TO THE SAME.

THAT the conduct of Warren Haſtings is to be venerated and loved, on the above principle,

ciple, all who truly know him muſt and will acknowledge: it is on ſuch knowledge that the following verſes, written in the midſt of his heavy trials, were addreſſed to him: and on a conviction of their truth and juſt application, it is with pride and triumph I now repeat my avowal of being their Author.

TO WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

AT BEAUMONT LODGE,

During the Receſs from Weſtminſter-Abbey,

In the year 1792.

WHILE Prejudice ſuſpends its roar,
And Envy's voice is heard no more,
Haſtings, withdrawn from publick ſtrife,
Enjoys the calm of private life;
Forgets the din he left behind,
And ſoothes in ſhades his ruffled mind;
Fits it to bear the ſtorms of Fate,
Amidſt the loudeſt guſt ſedate.

In Beaumont's fair contraſting ſcene,
My friend partakes the true ſerene;
There views the firſt advance of ſpring,
And hears her earlieſt linnet ſing;

And

And ſees her earlieſt flow'ret riſe,
In freſheſt incenſe to the ſkies;
The primroſe pale, the violet blue,
And ſnow-drop of a virgin hue:
There liſtens to the lapſing rill,
And Nature bids his ſoul be ſtill:
For only Nature's voice he hears,
And only Nature's ſmile appears;
For ev'ry breeze that fans the air,
In fragrance breathes a *peaceful* prayer;
And ev'ry note that vibrates round,
In muſick breathes a *peaceful* ſound;
And ev'ry bloſſom as it blows,
And ev'ry ſun-beam as it glows,
And ev'ry leaf that burſts the bud,
And ev'ry ſhrub that decks the wood,
In Nature's voice to peace invite,
And bid a jarring world unite;
But let it jar—for conſcience free,
That peace, my friend, beſtows on thee:
And tho' the world around ſhould rave,
That peace ſhall Faction's phalanx brave:
For not a ſhrub that ſpring beſtows,
And not a flow'ret ſummer blows,
Nor primroſe pale, nor violet blue,
Nor ſnow-drop of a virgin hue,
Nor ſofter breeze that fans the air,
Can breathe in fragrance ſuch a prayer:

Nor murmur of the lapſing rill
With ſuch a calm the ſoul can fill;
Nor melting voice that vibrates round,
Can breathe in muſic ſuch a ſound,
As that heav'n-miniſter'd relief,
That calm divine for ev'ry grief;
That boſom-ſunſhine, thro' the year,
A *conſcience—lofty, juſt, and clear.*

* BEAUMONT LODGE.

TO MR. HASTINGS.

O MUCH lov'd maſter, patron, friend, and gueſt,
Welcome, thrice welcome to this ſcene of reſt;
From the mute herds, that graze the mountains brow,
Ev'n to the feather'd tribes that feed below,
The ſounds of honeſt greeting meet your ear,
And only notes of gratitude you hear;
To Beaumont's fartheſt bound the faithful gale,
Exclaims to faithful echo—*hail, all hail!*
In ſweet ſuſpenſe, from every city ſtrife,
Here ſhalt thou taſte the bliſs of village life:

* Theſe in a manner belong to the foregoing.

Here ſhall the earlieſt ſpring-flower bloom at morn,
And cull'd by thee ſome choſen * friend adorn;
Or to Maria fragrance freſh impart,
The morning incenſe of thy faithful heart.
Far from the loaded air that bred diſeaſe,
Here ſhalt thou feel the renovating breeze;
Here the dumb train ſhall bleſs again thy pow'r,
And, ſure of plenty, wait th' accuſtom'd hour,
Then, flock'd together, at thy door ſhall ſtand,
And claim their banquet from Maria's hand.
The Muſe herſelf, in ſong already here,
Shall, by *her* greeting, prove her love ſincere;
And as around theſe quiet ſhades ye go
Scarce ſhall remember Goodneſs has a FOE;
But whereſo'er near Beaumont's paths you bend,
Ye MUST remember Goodneſs has a FRIEND.

* A family cuſtom.

LETTER L.

TO THE SAME.

YOUR mind will not ſimply pardon, but reverence this digreſſion, and return with me to Mr. Hope's villa.

To

To this beautiful place every reſpectable traveller may gain admittance. Since nothing but the living eye can do it juſtice, I truſt you will profit of this urbanity in the proprietor. In the muſic-room there is a pretty invention for receiving the ſounds, without ſeeing the inſtruments, by which means you may ſuppoſe them to be aërial; and indeed when this ſaloon is filled with beautiful women below, and harmonious inſtruments above, as is often the caſe on publick nights, it requires very little enthuſiaſm to feel and exclaim, it is heavenly.

Four objects of very different kinds will excite the curioſity of a ſtranger in the neighbourhood and town of Haarlem, *viz.* the beauty of the flowers, the whiteneſs of the linen, the almoſt celeſtial ſounds of the celebrated organ, and the firſt ſpecimens of Laurence Coſter in the art of printing.

In regard to the firſt, a floriſt may ſee his favourite paſſion carried to the greateſt exceſs and perfection; no leſs a ſum than 5000l. being given for a tulip root; and there is ſuch a rivalry in the amateurs, that a perſon has been known to deſtroy himſelf on finding the tulip of a neighbour more beautifully ſtreaked or blown than his own.

The linen bleacheries of Haarlem are an object of real curiosity. The superior whiteness of the cambricks, threads, &c. manufactured here, has been attributed to the slimy water of the Meer, a vast lake in this neighbourhood. However that be, it is certain the purest lily in their gardens must yield in colour to the linen that covers their tables. Indeed throughout Holland the article of beautiful linen, both at bed and board, is a luxury we shall in vain look for in any other country. The most ordinary inn, the cottages of the peasantry, and even the cabins of the publick boats, exhibit such sheets, towels, and table-cloths, that if we connect with these the excessive cleanliness of the floors, furniture, and kitchen-utensils, we should not hesitate to pronounce in an *hasty* survey, that the Dutch were the neatest people upon earth. I say, in an *hasty* survey, because in going over the same ground, and its appurtenances, a second time, some things so much the reverse of neatness will be found, that the Dutch are brought upon the whole to a level with the most dirty nation on the face of the globe: but as every man who stays long enough will see feelingly this truth, I will not add to the particulars which I gave in a former letter.

With respect to printing, Strasbourg disputes

with Haarlem the honour of that uſeful and beautiful invention; but on comparing the pretenſions thoſe of Haarlem appear to be the beſt founded. It is ſcarcely neceſſary to remind you that Coſter, who is ſaid to be the diſcoverer of this noble art, hit upon it as he was walking in the wood adjoining the town. For want of other amuſement, he cut the letters of his name on the bark of a tree, then ſtampt them upon paper as a ſeal, and being ſtruck with the impreſſion, he conceived he could render it more lively by engraving the ſame letters on lead. This alſo ſucceeding, he made a third eſſay on pewter, and erected a printing-office in his own houſe.

To Haarlem then we owe the birth of a man whom literature muſt conſider as its chief benefactor and parent. After ſo many ages paſſed in the darkneſs of incommunicable ignorance, the torch of ſcience was then kindled. Genius, wiſdom, and the affections had a wider range, and at once the book and the light of knowledge was diffuſed over the world.

The firſt ſpecimens of the art being given by Coſter, Etiennes ſoon ſpread it with improvements through France; Manutius (the inventor

of the Italic characters) through Italy, and the Plantins through the Netherlands. Of Plantin's high degree of perfection in the art, the famous Poliglotte of Antwerp is a sufficient proof.

Lawrence Coster is one of the very few to whose talents publick gratitude has erected a memorial. His statue is in the Botanick garden of this town. I have just visited the house he inhabited, over the door of which I observe the following inscription, engraved in golden letters: had they been of diamond his fame deserves them:

" Memoriæ sacrum. Typographia, ars artium conservatio:
" nunc primum inventa circa annum 1440."

Every man of great talents or atchievements makes an infinite number of poets, good, bad and indifferent. I have been shewn a volume sacred to the inventor of printing; and truly I am able to select only the following couplet, deserving your perusal:

" Illius arte artes omnes, linguæque renatæ
" Et sparsa in mediâ lux nova nocte fuit."

The Catholick religion is tolerated here, and its votaries are so numerous that each Catholick family is obliged to put on the door of the house, the letter C, that the ministers of the reformed church,

church, in making their viſits *ex officio*, ſhould know their own flocks, and not ſtray into another man's fold.

Haarlem Meer is as dreary a body of water as can well be looked on; it is not always paſſed without hazard: of which one might enumerate numberleſs inſtances. Amongſt others that which follows.

The King of Bohemia having been dethroned, and driven out of the palatinate by the Emperor, took ſanctuary in Holland. He left Haarlem, ſays the anecdote, towards evening in the month of December. The night proved very dark and the lake tempeſtuous, when a boat falling foul of that in which he was ſailing, ſunk it directly. The King ſaved himſelf by ſwimming; but his eldeſt ſon who had been the companion and ſolace of his exile, was drowned. It is added, that the laſt words of the young prince were—"Ah! "ſave me, dear father, ſave your ſon:" and that thoſe of the King, in his laſt illneſs, almoſt at the moment of his death, were a repetition of this pathetick but unavailing requeſt.

A man, ſays Carter, can hardly go through a ſtreet of Haarlem, without ſeeing ſome objects

that remind him of the hiſtory of the country. This is a truth which few travellers have allowed themſelves time to be acquainted with, as Haarlem is generally looked upon to be a mere thoroughfare to Amſterdam, which is complimented with notice juſt in the degree that this town is ſlighted.

The ruins of the old caſtle here wherein the burghers beſieged the Lord of the place for his tyranny, are ſtill to be ſeen. This ſiege would have coſt him his life, if his lady had not capitulated to ſurrender, on condition that ſhe ſhould be allowed to bring out of the caſtle as much of the valuable goods as ſhe could carry on her back. This article being agreed to, ſhe took her huſband on her ſhoulders, preſerving him in this manner from their fury, and left the place to their mercy; which by the bye, they were well diſpoſed to ſhew, on account of the pleaſant device which had ſaved her lord, and put the enemy into a good humour.

There was a notable wife for you. Perhaps wicked wits, the ſlanderers of the lovely ſex, who as Pope ſays, "libel all the fair," would inſinuate that many of our modern married dames would content themſelves with carrying out their jewel-box,

box, and leave their husbands behind them. But wicked wits may assert what they please; I am so far from assisting their scandal that I can never suspect this to happen, unless in the general hurry of securing No. 1, No. 2 should be forgotten: as who can answer for the effects of fear upon the memory; and at such a time too when you know the first law of nature presses for obedience? No! depend on it, should a husband be overlooked in a lady's treaty of safety, it could only proceed from a little inadvertence, or a very laudable design, to leave behind what was not worth carrying away. Such opportunities you know do not happen often:

> "There is a tide in the affairs of women,
> "Which taken at their ebb, lead on
> "To widowhood and second marriage:"

And this is one of them.

But Haarlem it seems was at all times popular for its gallant females. Historians mention almost as many heroines as heroes, who defended the town in the memorable siege of 1573. Strada tells us that making use of the invention peculiar to them in the *moment critique*, they conversed with the Prince of Orange by pigeons as couriers, but which being discovered by one of them set-

tling

tling upon a tent of the Spaniſh camp, the enemy ſhot all theſe flying expreſſes about the town, and put an end to the winged intercourſe. During the ſiege of this caſtle, the ſoldiers who fought for it within, finding it impoſſible to receive any ſuccours from without, were compelled at laſt to ſurrender, after being reduced to eat leather, graſs, and every other thing that could prevent them from being either ſtarved or vanquiſhed.

More than three centuries back there has been eſtabliſhed a tradition, which has the ſuffrage of ſucceſſive hiſtorians, but of which the modern reader may believe asmuch as he pleaſes, that a Mermaid was caſt aſhore by a ſtorm near this town, and was brought to eat bread and milk, and to ſpin, and in ſhort to become a very uſeful ſervant in the houſe where ſhe was nouriſhed. It is ſaid ſhe would frequently pull off her clothes without many reſerves, as to where or before whom ſhe *unmade her toilette*, and run towards the water, her old element, but that ſhe would return to her new one, after having taken a ſwim for an hour or two and ſeen what her friends were about at the bottom of Haarlem Lake. By way however of keeping this aquatick damſel, and her biographers, in countenance, authors mention a male of the ſame

ſpecies

ſpecies to have been taken in England about the ſame time. But then this young gentleman was by no means of ſo gracious a diſpoſition as the young lady, being very ſulky, feeding only on fiſh; "a moſt ſcurvy monſter," as Trinculo ſays; ſo his keeper finding him *intractable*, left him to his own ſullen devices, upon which he ſtole off again to ſea.

This ſtory is told with great gravity, aye, and to this hour with great gravity believed too, by the good Haarlemites.—But, "by this good light, "he muſt be a very ſhallow, a very credulous "monſter" that believes it, without ſome grains of allowance.

Yet this is nothing my dear friend, either in point of marvel or of evidence, to a ſtory that prevails in Holland, reſpecting a counteſs of Hennenberg, daughter of Florence the IVth, one of the ancient Counts of Zealand. This curious event which has the antiquity and credit of more than five hundred years upon it, happened at a little village about four miles from the Hague.

The Counteſs meeting one day a woman with twins in her arms, upbraided her as unchaſte, becauſe, ſaid ſhe, people may ſay what they pleaſe, but

but I ſhall never be brought to believe a woman can have two children at once by one man. Hereupon the Counteſs refuſed her charity; when the good woman hearing herſelf not only denied the alms ſhe ſolicited, but reproached at the ſame time for incontinency, wiſhed that her ladyſhip, who was then pregnant, might have as many children as there were days in the year. This malediction was fulfilled upon the uncharitable Margaret, who was delivered exactly of three hundred and ſixty-five children, who were all baptized by Guildo, ſuffragan, of Utrecht. All the males were named John; and all the females Elizabeth; and to make the prophecy tell better, it is roundly aſſerted, that all died the ſame day with their mother. Now that thoſe who are of little faith may be put into a way of enlarging it, we are informed, that one of theſe children is ſtill to be ſeen in the Muſæum Regium, at Copenhagen, where the curious who are diſpoſed to ſearch into this prodigy, may ſatisfy themſelves whether it be true or falſe; and as curioſity is ſeldom any thing more than another name for *buſy idleneſs*, I cannot but think a journey of this kind to the full as laudable as that which carries a man to Grand Cairo, to meaſure a pyramid, or to any other modern reſort of travellers, on modern motives.

At

At the ſame time I muſt tell you, Eraſmus relates, and ſeems to give credence to this event: ſo do four other authors of diſtinction. In the village church there is a board fixed to the wall, with a long inſcription, giving an account of the whole matter, and alſo the two braſs baſons in which the children were baptized, with this diſtich under them:

En tibi monſtroſum nimis et memorabile factum,
Quale nec a mundi conditione datum.

The tradition however ſerves a moral purpoſe; for the event being conſidered, by the common people eſpecially, as a judgment upon pride, uncharitableneſs, and contempt of the poor, I am told there has not been known a goſſip, male or female, who has ſaid a ſcandalous thing of a neighbour theſe hundred years, though the pariſh regiſter gives a yearly liſt of births, exceeding the marriages in a *ratio* of five to one.

After all, I allow the arguments of an advocate for this monſtrous birth, when he ſays, prodigies do ſometimes happen; and that an eminent modern writer is wrong in aſſerting abſolutely *Hunc partum poſt aliquot ſecula conflictum, ad fabulas pertinere aniles, placitiſque phyſicorum repugnare.* The origin of

of the preſent royal Family of Great Britain, from the Dukes of Bavaria and Saxony is remarkable enough: and its veracity is inſiſted on.

Germentrude, Counteſs of Altorf, in Swabia, having accuſed a poor woman of adultery, and cauſed her to be puniſhed for having twelve children at a birth, was ſoon after delivered of twelve ſons herſelf: Her huſband, Count Iſenberg, being then abſent, to avoid the ſame ſcandal, ſhe ordered the midwife to carry out of the houſe eleven, and put them to death: The Count, however, happening to come home at that inſtant, aſked the midwife what ſhe had in her apron; and ſhe anſwered *woelpen*, that is, puppies or *whelps*. Hereupon, inſiſting to ſee them, ſhe confeſſed the whole affair, and the Count in conſequence, enjoining ſecrecy, had them put out to nurſe. Six years after he invited moſt of his own and wife's relations to a banquet, and in the midſt of their jollity, brought out his eleven ſons all dreſſed alike. The Counteſs owned her fault, and the Count was in too good an humour not to forgive her; but in remembrance of this ſingular preſervation he ordered the children to be called *Guelphs*. From the eldeſt of theſe deſcended Henry Guelph, Count of Altorf, whom the Emperor, Conrod II. afterwards made Duke of Bavaria.

I juſt

I juſt now recollect the well-atteſted account of a third ſea-monſter, which appeared on the coaſt of Martinique in the year 1671, and which may be conſidered as a very good match for the Haarlem Mermaid. He had the figure of a man from the head to the waiſt, a good ſhape, large eyes and noſe, a full face, and long hair, which flowed over his ſhoulders, with a very good complexion. The lower parts reſembled thoſe of a fiſh. He ſhewed himſelf above the waves for the firſt time, about an hour before ſunſet, and ſwam to ſhore. He then walked along the beach, and did not go again into the water till nightfall. Thoſe who diſcovered him, aſſert, that he ſeemed to be extremely gentle, and ſtood looking at them for ſome time, without any ſuch ſigns of apprehenſion as might have been expected. Another of the ſame kind appeared the ſame year, near Belle-iſle.

But enough of monſters; the bell-boat informs me the ſchuyts are ſetting off for Amſterdam, and were it not ſo, it is time to bring this long letter to a concluſion, and bid you very affectionately adieu.

LETTER LI.

TO THE SAME.

Amſterdam.

IT has but juſt ſuggeſted itſelf to me, that I have ſent you now more than two large volumes of letters, principally without dates. This would certainly be a moral offence in commercial correſpondence, but I do not by any means think it unpardonable in an intercourſe ſuch as ours.

You know the *places* at which I am reſident. The known diſtance of theſe, and the no leſs known progreſs of the poſts and mails, allowing for "*moving* accidents by flood and field," are in themſelves an explanation of dates as to weeks and months; and as to the *day* of the week, or the hour of the day on which I begin to write, it is as little material as if I were to ſend you a critical account of the time I take in writing my letter by a ſtop watch. Beſides all this, whenever I ſit down to addreſs a friend, my heart is ſo full of affection, and throbs ſo ſtrongly to pour forth its effuſions, with all the ardour and rapidity of Nature, that in the outſet I cannot ſtop to ſettle the chronology of my correſpondence, and really as often forget the day of the month, as I remember it; and even

when

when the latter happens to be the caſe, there is ſo little of mere mechanical authorſhip in my letters to you, that it is frequently a wonder that I allow myſelf time to tell you, by any other way than the ſubjects of the letter, where I am; and I dare ſay it may have happened, that you have received ſome of my communications without any other intelligence whence they came, than you have been able to learn from the matter treated of.

Furthermore, I have always been diſguſted with your over-exact journal travellers, the half of whoſe books are taken up with the very intereſting news of their day's journey. At ſix o'clock, in very fine or very foul weather, they left England. A ſweet or a ſour ride down to Harwich or Dover; a very ſick and ſorry paſſage over the water; very hungry on getting to the inn; ate heartily, or could not touch a morſel; reached the ſhore exactly at three quarters and three ſeconds after four in the evening; ſat down to dinner juſt as the clock had given warning to ſtrike ſix; poſt-horſes were ordered preciſely at ſeven, but did not come to the door till thirty-two minutes, five ſeconds, and one fourth of a moment before eight; got to the next ſtage at half-paſt eleven; hurried ſupper, which came on at twelve, and was over

before half after; people ſaucy; victuals bad; worſe dreſſed; bills high; beds execrable; and ſat down to write theſe obſervations on the manners and cuſtoms as ſoon as I reached my chamber, betwixt ſleeping and waking; ſhall put this into the poſt-office to go by the returning mail; and will *continue* to give you an account of every thing I hear and ſee as I go along.

Helveotſluice.

Calais, Sept. 18, 179—2, 3, 4.

Sixteen minutes, 2 ſeconds paſt 1, P. M.

Here is to be ſure a little exaggeration, into which the ſpirit of burleſque imitation naturally hurries one; but the colouring is not very ſtrong; and I have a thouſand times been made ſick with the like nauſeating ſcrupuloſity. What is it better than the tedious logbook of a landſman, in which every thing of no moment is recorded, and all that affects, intereſts, touches, or informs, is omitted!

Very proper certainly for the counting-houſe, and the courts of juſtice, and for all the literature of *Meum* and *Tuum*. But what is it to my private friends, ſuppoſing them ſatisfied that I am not in want of theſe daily comforts, or what is it to the publick at large, whether I got into the coach at ſix or at twelve; reached the boat in the

the morning or in the evening; ſat down to dinner at ſeven or eight; or began to write a journal about nothing at one hour or at another? Away with ſuch minute chronologiſts!

For myſelf, I obſerve at leiſure, and write in haſte—I glean ear by ear what lies in my path, or on either ſide; I ſtoop with patient diligence and gather whatever I think may give pleaſure or information to my boſom's friend. The intervals of weeks and months, it is true, often ſeparate one letter from another; but all that time I am aſſiduouſly, though ſilently proceeding; and while (either from the richer ſheaves of *another*, I ſelect what is moſt valuable from the maſs of what appears to me of no account, or to my *own* I give arrangement and ſpirit) I am ſo occupied that I appear to be in a manner converſing with you in particular, and in general with all I love and have left behind. Every particular friend indeed, has his character of mind and pleaſure diſtinct and appropriate. In the ſecrets of his habits, I feel frequently gratifying them as I go on. Such as delight in the repoſe of ſolitude, and ſuch as appreciate the clamour of the world, take their turn in my thoughts, as I paint the ſcenes and places, or lay up materials for them in my note-book, which differently affect them. Does

Nature ſpread her blooms before me as I paſs, or ſojourn in a far country?—Is the eye regaled by proſpects, or the ear by melodies before unſeen and unheard?—I ſoftly whiſper to myſelf, as I take out my tablets, this is imagery, which will exactly ſuit the fancy of one friend. Are my affections aſſailed by a touch of genuine nature as ſhe works in the human breaſt?—I ſtrike my penſive boſom and ſay, this is a ſcene that will reach the heart of another. Is my ſoul agitated by the ſublime, or torn by the tender exhibitions of finely imitated nature on a foreign theatre?—How, exclaim I, will a third friend ſympathize with *this*.—In a word, all the time (though months intervene) that I am going over the country or the town, "with penſive ſteps and ſlow," I am holding "communion high and dear with thoſe whom no abſence can obliterate; nor even any eſtrangements can make me think of without the ſigh of an abſent friend, who cannot but remember they have afforded him many a delightful converſation, and many a bliſsful idea ſince they parted." And though perhaps it is a parting to meet no more—the memory

"That ſuch things were,
"And were moſt precious to me, is bliſsful ſtill."

But ſee how my heart has run away with my

hand. I ſet out ſimply with an apology or rather juſtification for neglect of dates—but

" With thee converſing I forget all time,
" All ſeaſons and their change."

I forget that I am writing from one of the moſt clamorous cities in the whole world; and that this very moment cars, coaches, wheel barrows, and their more noiſy attendants are paſſing by the window at which I write; yet ſo veritable is every word of what I have hitherto ſet in this letter, ſo ſuperior is the rapid progreſs of animating nature to all the mechanical feelings and impediments of art, that I have ſcarcely heard the din. Wonder not therefore that I overlook dates. I overlook in the flow of my affections much more neceſſary things. With ſuch energy is my heart filled, and ſo powerfully does it haſten to give up my effuſions, when once the pen is in my hand, that when that pen, unable to keep pace with the impetuoſity of my affections, grows weary or is worn out with marking them upon paper, I do not believe (though I never tried) I could bring myſelf to the mechaniſm of tearing myſelf from you to look for another, or mend that my ardour has tired on any conſideration. And this muſt account to you for the illegibility of moſt part of my correſpondence. I mention this not ſo much

in the way of excuſe for bad writing, as to exemplify the motives of it, which are really thoſe of ſincere affection. For I repeat to you that though I glean my materials of correſpondence deliberately, I write at the fulleſt ſpeed of the heart when thoſe materials are to be put down; and I always know the degree of love I bear a perſon by the general handwriting of the letter I am about to tranſmit. Take then theſe almoſt undecypherable hieroglyphicks as ſo many inſtances of the energy and vivid powers of my friendſhip. If I loved you leſs you ſhould have better writing. Every page ſhould carry all the formal ceremonies of polite indifference, all the freezing regularities of a correſpondence that gives and receives letter for letter; and the debt of our epiſtolary intercourſe ſhould be ſettled with the preciſion and with the apathy of a ſteward in the balance, and buſineſs, of pounds, ſhillings and pence, with the accuracy (mind I ſpeak of a *faithful* ſteward) of Cocker's Arithmetick. Nay every ſyllable ſhould be as fair to your eyes, and as cold to your heart, as ſnow. Methinks I hear you exclaim, ah continue to give me what the heart dictates, though you mark to me its genuine movements with a ſkewer or a pot-hook! Well be it ſo; for after the above honeſt confeſſion of my ſcrawlings, I know you would not forgive me were

were I to check the impulſe of the ſoul by the chilling operation of mending a pen, though I thereby might ſend you a letter (for I really can write legibly though you may not think it) fairer than copper-plate.

So now for Amſterdam. But having brought myſelf to a breathing place, and being too late for this day's poſt, I will, when I continue my letter, ſit down with a new pen; for this now in my hand has faultered and tripped under my work, like a jaded horſe panting to reach its goal, but almoſt deſpairing to do ſo, juſt ready to die upon the courſe. With unfatigued regard, awhile, Adieu.

Having thus ſatisfied myſelf that I may continue to enjoy the perfect freedom of obeying the motions of my own mind rather than be obliged to conſtrain it to the mercantile rules of letter-writing, I proceed to give you my account of Amſterdam, of that magnificent and opulent city, which lifting its head above the waters aſſerts pretenſions to a rank in the map of the world with what Paris once was, and what London has the triumph to be at this moment. Suffer me to paſs over in ſilence thoſe ſtrong ſmells which certainly take a traveller by the noſe the inſtant he enters

the gates, and which do not let go their hold till he is ſeaſoned to the ſcent. Peace to their contagious canals and mantling pools. Numberleſs are the multitudes that prefer theſe, from habit and from gain, to the Citron Groves of Mexico, and the Spice Iſlands of the Orient.

Amſterdam indeed is in every ſenſe of the word an aſtoniſhing city, and as a reflecting man walks along he may well exclaim, Is it credible that this huge pile of buildings with all its buſy inhabitants ſhould have been ſupported for ſo many hundred years on a foreſt ſtanding in a river; that, in the neighbourhood of the roaring ocean, that river ſhould by the aid of human induſtry command that ocean to know its bound? Even though in the firſt inſtance the ocean was robbed of its ancient rights, to form the river and to rear the city which reſts upon it,

"A new creation reſcu'd from his reign."

On recollection, this image has before ſuggeſted itſelf, and been communicated in a former letter; but it recurs at almoſt every view I take; and though the ſtreets, buildings, buſineſs and intereſts of this mighty maſs of wood and water have been familiar to me ever ſince I became a traveller,

even

even in books; and though I have actually compared the city itself with the various descriptions of it, it is the only place I ever read about and visited, of which the impressions of astonishment remain unimpaired; not so much on account of its wealth or beauty, as for its origin, progress and situation. Consider what it is for millions of living things to have existed for centuries in, as it were, one immense ship of merchandize! to which an hundred forests must have contributed the timber, and myriads of hands the workmanship!—Shops, houses, temples, &c. in an abundance that seems to ask the most solid foundations on the driest hills or hardest rocks, sustained by huge planks driven into a trembling bog! And in a country where, at the time of erecting the city, the *carriage* of materials was more difficult to be procured than the materials themselves! The Hotel de Ville itself reposes on more than thirty thousand stakes, or rather trees. A vast ark at anchor! containing almost countless beings, the greater part of which are engaged in the most laborious and heavy employments! Is the architecture of Amsterdam massive? are the edifices rude, clumsy and inelegant? are the ornaments awkward and without taste? Admitted. But what does this prove? Nothing more than that the grand design was to build a warehouse for the

the world; of which the original proprietors did not ſo much conſider decoration as uſe. A light, airy city might perhaps have been ſupported, with all its feathered dancing inhabitants, on the twigs of thoſe enormous trees, which were to ſuſtain this vaſt fabrick of buſineſs! But would ſuch an airy city have anſwered the ſolid purpoſes for which that ſtorehouſe of the world was at firſt conſtructed? No. And even could it have been raiſed to its preſent ſize on ſlighter principles, the treaſuries of "either Ind" which now reſt ſafe and dry, would tumble in the water, and the airy city with all its airy people periſh along with them, and

"Leave *but* a wreck *behind*."

Yet this great mart of commerce is not without its votaries and manſions of the elegant arts. It boaſts a theatre conſtructed and conducted on far more polite and liberal principles than any playhouſe more flouriſhing in our ſtage-ſtruck Britain. It is ſupported by the voluntary contribution of, comparatively, a few individuals, for the benefit of the publick; that is to ſay, every ſubſcriber is entitled to ſuch a number of tickets as gives him the power to amuſe *many* of his friends; and thus the houſe is filled every evening by friendſhip and generoſity, with as brilliant and numerous

an

an audience as I ever ſaw in any part of the world. Every perſon is at full liberty to take the range of the houſe which is large and beautiful. Travellers have but to ſend, announcing their names and country, and tickets will be preſented to them in proportion to the party that ſolicits.

Delightful England—thou to whom I owe the balancing joys of a thouſand ſorrows, and of whom I would, and do ſpeak with grateful and juſt eulogy, preſent or abſent, whenever, and wherever, I can; put not the "frontlet on," if I thus dare to do juſtice to other people, whether in a land of friends or foes, of trade or elegance. And thou, John Bull, for whoſe rough honeſty and bounty I have as great a reverence as any of thy moſt ſturdy aſſociates, ſpurn not my book, which only

"Laughs where it muſt, and is candid where it can."

Confeſs then that though, on a proper occaſion, thou wouldeſt give thy box ticket to the ſtranger that is within thy gates, and mount thyſelf to the one ſhilling gallery, ſo abaſing thyſelf, that thou mayeſt be exalted; confeſs that theſe Dutch neighbours of thine, living in Amſterdam, have an inſtitution, the adoption of which would not at all diſgrace thy beloved London: the more eſpecially, as thou mayeſt have heard, and art to be informed

if thou haſt not, that charity, as well as pleaſure and generoſity, attends on this theatre. The magiſtrates receive the money, defray the charges, and pay the actors very ſufficient ſalaries. The reſidue is applied to the poor, and to the ſupport of the different hoſpitals, amongſt which latter is one ſacred to all poor *travellers*, without diſtinction, who are lodged, nurſed, and entertained for three nights.

If one could ſee all that was under Amſterdam, ſays Carter, a greater foreſt could hardly be found on the face of the earth. Old Eraſmus facetiouſly obſerved, on his firſt viſit to this place, that he was arrived in a city, the inhabitants of which lived upon the tops of trees; and another wag tells us, that Amſterdam, like Venice, has wooden legs.

But the *publick lions* of this mighty city, of foreſt-growth, namely, the churches, ſynagogues, hoſpitals, gaſthouſes, dolhouſes, raſp-houſes, and ſpin-houſes; that is to ſay, receptacles for the ſick, inſane, wild, or wicked, I ſhall ſpare you the repetition of, as your memory muſt be full of them, in tours upon tours, and travels upon travels. But a few particulars that lie more out of the beaten track of obſervation, I will communicate by the

next

next poſt. *En attendant*, may your felicity be proportioned to your merit; and then—how happy will you be!

LETTER LII.

TO THE SAME.

Amſterdam.

IT has been obſerved of this place, that none of the inhabitants are idle. This is ſo true, that an indolent perſon might traverſe the city in all its parts without finding a companion. He would thus be driven, by the very nature and miſcarriage of his ſearch, into action himſelf. Nay, he would ſee every eye ſo buſy, every foot ſo hard at work, and every head *ſeem* at leaſt ſo full, that, forgetting his natural torpidity, or remembering it with reproach, he would catch the ſpirit of objects before him, and feel that it is at leaſt as good and natural for man to be in motion as at reſt. The city of Amſterdam is a hive where all the inhabitants are collecting honey from one end of the year to the other, excepting only the repoſe of every ſeventh day, and where a drone dares not ſhew his head. If, in ſo large a Republick, large with reſpect to its population, as this ſingle city is

is computed at 300,000 perſons, there ſhould be any unworthy members of that deſcription, they are conſtrained to lurk in holes and corners, indulging their dormouſe diſpoſitions apart from the ſcenes of almoſt univerſal induſtry, where wealthy ſtores are accumulating by inceſſant attention, and where an unwholeſome ſoil is ſo meliorated by the exerciſe neceſſary to ſuch accumulation, that the air and water, which would almoſt ſuffocate a lazy fiſh, is found very little to invade the powers of health: for it is more an ill name than a fact, that the reſidents of this city are the victims of avarice, which leads them to dig for gold in a ſoil that produces it, amidſt the droſs of diſeaſes. The florid vigour, which glows in the cheeks, and braces the limbs of the inhabitants of other places in Holland, Rotterdam, and the Brielle, more eſpecially, is not, certainly, ſeen ſo commonly in the Amſterdamians, but there is good general health amongſt them; and therefore, as there is no denying the atmoſphere is in itſelf "a foul and "peſtilent congregation of vapours," it is manifeſt that induſtry ſupplies what nature has refuſed—no ſmall motive to labour diligently in one's calling this. In like manner, it is no leſs true, that ſtagnant indolence will create a diſtemper, fatal to the ſpirits, the ſtrength, and the underſtanding, where nature has been the moſt prodigal of her bounties,

bounties, and every day convinces us, that, as at Amſterdam, while men grow rich, healthy, and happy, amidſt the toils of life in the moſt noxious ſituation, thoſe who neither toil nor ſpin, and who, curſed with the inverted bleſſing of an unwieldy fortune, and with either the apathy or the paſſions, which too often are in the train of hereditary wealth, conſume their beings in uſeleſs inaction, and waſte themſelves by indulgence, though they breathe in the pureſt air, and ſlumber on beds the ſofteſt luxury has prepared, amidſt flowers and fragrance :

" Die of a roſe in aromatick pain ;"

Or live only to prove, that exerciſe alone can give it a wholeſome perfume.

Thus, if labour is its own reward, indolence is its own proper puniſhment; according to the maxim of the ancients, " that acute (which to the induſtrious are rare) diſeaſes are from heaven, and chronick from ourſelves ;" and in the whole circle of human truiſms, there is not one, my dear friend, more incontrovertible than this, that almoſt every occupation, however inconvenient, or formidable, is happier and ſafer than a life of ſloth. Diligence, ſays Addiſon, makes more laſting acquiſitions

ſitions than valour, and ſloth has ruined more nations than the ſword.

It would have diverted you extremely to have been an eye-witneſs to my progreſs through the ſtreets of Amſterdam: any indifferent ſpectator, indeed, unacquainted with my habits of ſauntering at ſome moments, and quickening my pace almoſt into a run at others, would have imputed my irregular motions and pauſes to a diſpoſition equally partaking the vice of idleneſs, and the virtue of induſtry.

I ſallied forth on a fair morning, with an intent to make a tour of the town. Convinced by experience, that at almoſt every ſtep a diligent man, who will take time to look about him, may find ſomething to feed obſervation, I ſtopped almoſt at every ſhop, looked into every face as long as it remained in view; and if by good luck I could catch a knot of men of buſineſs, gathered together upon a bridge, by the ſide of a quay, or at a ſhop-door, I broke ſhort my own ſtep, and ſtood fixed as a ſetting dog while they ſtaid. If in any of the party I ſaw a face I was intereſted about more than the reſt, that I followed, and ſtuck to it, till it was loſt in the coffee-houſes, or at the exchange. Theſe general reſorts I often entered, and

and there loſt *myſelf* in the croud of various affairs and nations: but even here when it was poſſible to ſingle out a particular object, whoſe diſcourſe, manner, or appearance were inſtructive or intereſting, I ſtopped to note him. In any other city of the world perhaps this would have been noted as ridiculous, at leaſt ſingular. A polite mob would have ſet it down as an offence, and corrected it as impertinence; as in effect, though not in deſign, it might be; but at Amſterdam, either becauſe an apparently ſaucy fellow who has nothing better to do, was deemed too inſignificant for remark; or becauſe the people were really too ſeriouſly engaged in their own buſineſs to attend to another man's idleneſs, they never noticed me. They took their noſes almoſt out of my ears, where I had (to come within *gleaning* diſtance) planted them, then hurried off on the full trot to their different concerns. I trod upon a merchant's toes and by my anxious look, ſuppoſing he had returned the compliment with intereſt, he took off his hat, begged my pardon, and buſtled away. With reſpect to the ſubject of diſcourſe it was uniform with a ſingle exception. During two hours liſtening, if for every repetition of the words ducat, guilder, and ſtiver, that ſtruck my ear, I could have gathered in a tax of a doit (half a farthing) I might have aſſiſted the Britiſh mi-

niſter to liquidate the national debt. But the exception took quite another turn: I was ſetting a couple of merchants in the heat of converſation with a knot of the ſons of Iſrael, (one of whom was warmly defending the price that he demanded for his commodity,) "I will not give "you the money you aſk: it would be throwing "it into one of the canals, and I never threw "away a ſtiver ſince I came into the world, "and hope I ſhall not while I live in it." The Jew perſiſted in his price, and the merchant left him to the other chapman. A very poor and ſick looking creature, who had all the time been leaning, for ſupport more than idleneſs, againſt one of the pillars of the exchange, and who had heard this laſt unpromiſing ſentence for a man that deſigned to aſk a merchant to give away his money, now ſtepped forward and took hold of the merchant's coat; when the following dialogue literally, and as nearly as tranſlation allows, unornamentedly paſſed between them.

Merchant. You, Thomas! you look ſick.

Petitioner. I am: what is worſe I am half ruined, and came from Friezeland on purpoſe to tell you, I can pay you neither your rent, nor the money you lent me.

Merchant.

Merchant. How ſo?

Petitioner. I have been burnt out into the ſtreet. My furniture, and the houſe and money are now aſhes. But it was God Almighty's doing not mine. Laſt Thurſday's lightning did it at a flaſh. So 'tis in vain for you to be angry with me. I have been fretting ever ſince, and ſcarce ate or drank; but ſeeing that only made bad worſe, whether you are angry or not I am here to tell you.

Merchant. Angry. God forbid! We will rebuild the houſe and put ſomething in it. Meanwhile take your family into that occupied by Boormans—I ſuppoſe that is ſafe.

Petitioner. Yes—Boormans offered to come up to Amſterdam to tell you my misfortune, and ſoften you, and even to lend me money.

Merchant. Did you think the misfortune itſelf would not ſoften me enough. No matter. Go to Boormans—I will be down next week—dine with me to-day; and as I know you are not an idle man, lay the contents of this bag out to the beſt advantage in ſuch neceſſaries as the misfortune has deprived you of.

Petitioner. It has deprived me of all, and my wife and girls too.

Merchant. Then buy a little of every thing. But we have neither of us any time to throw after our misfortunes. Let us uſe it to repair them.

The petitioner took the ſack and ran one way, the merchant another, and though apparently always active, with more than wonted activity; for never was a point more obvious than that the pace of the firſt was quickened by the lively impreſſions of grateful joy, and of the laſt by happy generoſity.

Leſt however thoſe who feel within themſelves a promptitude, for certain reaſons, to diſbelieve there is ſuch a thing in the world as happy generoſity, and leſt even you my virtuous friend, who live in the daily practice of it, ſhould be led to ſuppoſe I have dreſſed this worthy fact in the borrowed plumage of imagination, from the circumſtance of the merchant's giving his unfortunate tenant a *ſack* of money, it is proper you, and they ſhould be informed, if peradventure ye already know it not, that bills of exchange, drafts, &c. &c. are paid for the moſt part in ſilver

ver of different ſorts and ſizes; that five and twenty pounds ſterling of Engliſh money, thus converted into Dutch coins, returns you a very reſponſible looking bag; and that the double of this is, if paid in ſmall pieces, as much as a man can well carry; and it is not unuſual to ſee people carrying off a ſum which would, by virtue of an Engliſh bank bill, lie ſnug in a nutſhell, but which thus *Dutchified* fills a wheel-barrow. So that if the good merchant's ſack contained fifteen or twenty Engliſh pounds, which I preſume it might, it would though lightly borne by a man in diſtreſs, be a very dead weight to a modern beau of theſe degenerate days, unuſed to feel either the preſſure of want or the bliſs of ſudden relief from it. Whatever might be the value of the ſum in ſilver, it was more worth in the eye of humanity, than the gold of Ophir; and you will join me heartily in a prayer that it may be returned into the worthy donor's coffers even in this world, a million fold, and that it may add to thoſe treaſures which we are aſſured are lent to the Lord, and ſhall be paid again! To this heavenly recompenſe you will think the giver yet more entitled, when you learn farther that in parting from the perſon aſſiſted, there were the tears of benevolence guſhing faſt to his cheek, which he hurried away to conceal.

From all these things I gather that the men of business in Amsterdam, may many of them be men of feeling at the same time; and that though they are generally too intently fixed on their grand objects to be diverted from pursuing them, by an apparently idle spectator, like your friend, staring them in the face, they have eyes to see, ears to hear, and hearts to feel for the unfortunate. Tell me, whether in an assembly of the gay and fashionable, a suppliant, circumstanced like our poor Friezelander, would have had in the politest country a better chance of having his wants relieved than he found at Amsterdam, in a country where gain is said to be the Aaron's serpent, which swallows up all other considerations, and particularly in the publick Exchange, a place dedicated immediately to the God of Riches? But a superior God, to whom mere riches are but as the dross of the earth, had raised a temple to Benevolence and the Charities, in the bosom of this merchant, who therefore found time to make his offerings of compassion

"Ev'n there, where merchants most do congregate."

Yea, and suffered his

"Bargains and his well earn'd thrift,"

to wait till this devotion of his heart was performed.

This

This great mart of commerce, from whence I ſend you theſe *memoranda*, was little more than a circumſcribed hamlet before the thirteenth century. It roſe to the dignity of a conſiderable fiſhing town by ſlow degrees, and it was not till towards the end of the fourteenth, that Commerce ſpread her more expanded ſails, and ſought it as her port. But after this it grew rapidly into a city, and in due time ſurmounted all obſtructions, and roſe to the power, wealth, and grandeur, in which we now behold it, inſomuch that it is with great propriety called the Storehouſe of Europe, into which are brought the moſt uſeful and beautiful productions of the four quarters of the globe. I have traced the powers of its trade, with an attentive and aſtoniſhed eye.

There anchor at this moment at the quays of Amſterdam, a vaſt number of veſſels which have ſailed hither from every point of the compaſs; for there blows not a wind that does not prove favourable to ſome adventurer who ſteers for this celebrated haven; Ruſſia, Norwegia, Denmark, Sweden, Pomerania, Livonia, and the Baltic, with the commerce of the Elbe, the Weſer, and the Meuſe, Great Britain and its fair appendages, Spain, Portugal, Italy, contribute to the immenſe navigation of Holland.

As to the trade of the Levant, it was not till the year 1613, that the Dutch ſettled any intercourſe with the territory of the Grand Seignor. It proſpered beyond expectation, after the treaty was once eſtabliſhed between them. The Levant merchandize conſiſts principally of tea, cocoa, ginger, and thread: of Dutch, Iriſh and Engliſh cloths. In the Mediterranean trade, eſpecially Smyrna, the Hollander has his ſhare. His broad-bottomed veſſels are yearly fraught with ſtores, which he takes in exchange for the profitable luxuries that are brought by the Carevanzeras of Perſia; nor does the commercial ſpirit limit itſelf to theſe countries; but ſtretches onward to Conſtantinople and Cairo; nor ſuffers its ambitious enterprize to be bounded by any thing but thoſe parts of the globe, which navigation has not yet explored.

But there is yet ſomething, and of a very liberal kind, no leſs extenſive at Amſterdam than its commerce. Its perfect freedom of conſcience and ceremonies in the great article of religion. The various modes of worſhip which prevail amongſt mankind, not only find her in ſocial indulgence, but religious union; and it may be ſaid, that wherever Holland has erected the ſtandard of trade, ſhe has raiſed alſo the ſignals of toleration, and invited

invited the piouſly diſpoſed of all countries to her capital, that their ſecular and ſacred, their temporal and eternal intereſts may be equally cultivated and protected.

Here it is, my friend, and perhaps only here, that in matters of faith all men are indeed free: and as in Rome, during the liberal government of the Antonines and of Trajan, when *her* provinces were united by laws, and adorned by art, and when *her* capital was filled with ſubjects and ſtrangers from every part of the world; the United Provinces of Holland hold out *her* capital as a temple ſacred to the ſpirit of univerſal concord, and though fixed on principles of everlaſting ſteadineſs as to their own tenets, they offer to the reſt of the earth a ſanctuary to adore, according to their different perſuaſions, that God

> " Whoſe temple is all ſpace,
> " Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies!

In return for this toleration, it is but fair to acknowledge that the ſpirit of religious peace, that high, and alas! rare bleſſing, has been leſs hurt by the indulgence of the States, than, from the jarring hiſtory of the world on this ſubject, might be expected. On the contrary, it has been demonſtrated that much of the blood which has

has been ſhed in other countries, and particularly in our own by religious perſecution, might have been prevented, had the charitable accommodation, which diſtinguiſhes this Republick, been more generally practiſed. The publick ſafety of the commonwealth, and the happineſs of each individual has rarely been found incompatible with the liberty of mind and opinion at Amſterdam.

Nothing indeed that I can offer, can ſhew ſo fully the extenſiveneſs of this liberty, as obſerving to you that, although there are neither convents, friars, nor abbeſſes, in the real monaſtick form to be ſeen in Holland, there are in this city more than twenty churches, where the Roman Catholick religion is publickly tolerated. One of theſe, called Moſes and Aaron, is a very beautiful edifice and magnificently ornamented. There are two orders, however, of perſons combined in religious aſſociation, that you may perhaps conſider as a ſort of exception to my aſſertion of there being no conventual aſſemblies. I allude to the Society of Beguines. Of whom the following is, out of many, the moſt faithful account.

The houſe appropriated to this order is built like a little diſtinct town, with a wall and ditch round it, and a church within, where the Beguines

are

are obliged to attend divine ſervice, "at ſtated "hours of prayer." They wear a habit of dark brown, not unlike the hermit weeds, in which we are accuſtomed to ſee pilgrims on the Engliſh theatre; they receive and pay viſits, and may quit the convent, and marry when they pleaſe. They are either unmarried women, or widows who have no children; and need no other recommendation for being admitted, but a certificate of their good behaviour, and that they have a competency to live upon, either by themſelves, or in ſociety with the other ſiſters as they think fit.

In Roman Catholick countries, you know, there are many ſuch eſtabliſhments. Their life is a kind of medium, between a ſecular and religious aſſociation: and is, in effect, no more than a ſocial retirement for regular people. There were, and I believe are ſtill, two houſes of this kind, which I viſited ſome years ago in Flanders. They are about a mile in circumference, and conſiſt of neat little ſtreets, ſo that they deſerve the name rather of ſmall towns than religious houſes. The church or chapel is always in the centre. Every Beguine has her apartment and garden. They have a chaplain; but take no vows of celibacy, &c. The Beguines of Ghent and Bruſſels, wear black with a particular kind of round cover on their heads, plaited

plaited in the form of a roſe, and about a foot in diameter. The reſt of their head-dreſs is of cambrick. Whenever they marry, as being ſuppoſed no longer to want ſociety, they quit the order. In great eſtabliſhments of this kind, the ladies have their carriages; and in ſhort, Beguine is another name for a woman to do whatever ſhe pleaſes, and I do not know what female who is not a very happy wife, might not wiſh to become a Beguine.

But the moſt extraordinary ſect to be found in this all-tolerating city, is that of the Rhynſburgians, ſo called becauſe the aſſembly of the perſons belonging to this ſect, is held at the village of Rhynſberg, near Leyden; and the three peaſants who were the founders of the Rhynſburgian religion lived there.

Their names were John, Adrian, and Gilbert Van Code, each of whom was a rare example not only of ſkill and diligence as farmers, but of erudition as linguiſts, having as perfect a knowledge of languages as of agriculture, and cultivating both without ſacrificing the one to the other. A fourth brother (William) aroſe to the diſtinction, certainly not without deſerving it, of Profeſſor of the oriental languages in the Univerſity of Leyden. Thoſe above-named continued to divide

divide their labours betwixt the duties of the ſpade, and the duties of divinity, and, while yet in the flower of their age, became ſo celebrated as to receive viſits from Prince Maurice, and Monſieur Du Maurier, the then Envoy of France. Maurice, who was himſelf a ſcholar, converſed with theſe ſelf-taught countrymen in Latin, Greek, Italian and French, in each of which tongues they replied with a ſpirit and readineſs that aſtoniſhed their auditors, and wanting only, what every body not natal to them muſt more or leſs want, correct pronunciation.

The remonſtrant clergy being baniſhed in 1619, left their churches without a paſtor: this determined our three brothers, who were of that ſect, to ſupply the deficiency, undertaking to expound the Scriptures to the people. They adminiſtered baptiſm in the manner of the primitive Chriſtians; and ſettled their modes of worſhip on particular paſſages of the holy writings, eſpecially the fourteenth chapter of St. Paul's firſt epiſtle to the Corinthians. The eſſential difference betwixt this and other Chriſtian aſſociations is not a little honourable to their community, viz. its toleration of every other, every perſon being at full liberty to adore God according to his own forms of faith. Every perſon admitted to their meetings delivers in turn his ſentiments, and offers up his prayers without reſerve,

reſerve, on the given text of the day, and a perfect equality prevails: the Bible is their ſole guide. They aſſemble on the Saturday, and enter into certain preliminary diſcourſes, by way of preparation for the Sabbath, when one of the brothers diſtributes the bread and wine, humbly declaring himſelf as little worthy of that honour as the other communicants. On the Sunday evening they meet to enumerate the many motives of gratitude, which every member of the fraternity has to return thanks to the Fountain of all Good, and on the Monday morning they take leave of each other, with the moſt fervent exhortations, to perſevere in virtue and religion; and in that perſeverance to be uniform, whatever diſſimilarities may variegate their external ceremonies: for it is not uncommon for people of *all* modes of faith, to aſſiſt at the Rhynſburgian Aſſemblies.

Religion and trade, however, are not the only things in this great town wherein there is unbounded freedom. They tolerate vice as well as virtue; the number of common brothels, licenſed by the States, in almoſt every large town, is enormous. They are known by the name of Muſick-houſes, of which there are not leſs than five-and twenty in Amſterdam. Strange as it may ſeem to you, they are no leſs the repoſitories of guilt and ſhame,

ſhame, than the reſorts of innocence and curioſity; as perſons of the beſt characters, and of both ſexes, are to be ſeen in them, almoſt every evening. The Muſick-Houſe, is amongſt the publick places viſited by almoſt every ſtranger; but you are to underſtand that the ſcenes thus exhibited to travellers are no otherwiſe groſs, than as they excite ideas inſeparably connected with the ſight of ſuch a number of females, devoted by avowed profeſſion to a life of impurity. The muſick-Houſe has always one very ſpacious apartment where all perſons are admitted on paying at entrance the price of a bottle of wine. Two benches, the whole length of the room, are placed for the reception of inhabitants and viſitors. There are ſeldom leſs than twenty women belonging to one houſe. Theſe aſſemble about eleven at night, dreſſed, or rather undreſſed, in all the diſguſting diſplays of their trade; an enormous pad to ſwell out the hips, a flaming red petticoat, which ſcarce reaches the calf of the leg, an immenſe pair of ſhoe buckles, which nearly cover the foot, two broad black patches, the ſizes of half-a-crown piece on the temples, and uncovered boſoms. This indeed, excepting only the boſoms, is the ordinary Dutch woman's ſtyle of dreſs. A miſerable pair of fidlers are ſcraping in a corner of the room, which is flaringly lighted up with tallow candles; the men are moſt of them

ſmoaking on the benches, and the women dancing in the middle. Some of the dances are curious enough: one in particular, where the man turns the woman round on tiptoe, ſeveral hundred times together, without the ſmalleſt intermiſſion, with one hand encircling her waiſt, and elevating the other above the head, to meet her hand. The incredible rapidity with which this whirling is performed, and the length of time it continues, turns the ſpectator giddy, but ſeems to have no effect on the parties engaged in the dance. And while one couple are performing this roundabout, it is not uncommon for ten or a dozen others, to leap from their ſeats, pipes in hand, and ſeizing the girls, join in the twirl, like ſo many *te-to-tums*, or rather ſleeping tops; for notwithſtanding their activity of limbs, there ſeems in their countenances and even in their movements, a ſort of torpor, which the ſprightlieſt pleaſure cannot diſſipate; although it ſhould be obſerved, that the Dutch are much addicted to dancing, and albeit, they beat the ground with the foot rather of a giant than a fairy, they appear to derive from their unwieldy, and ſometimes ungraceful motions, ſuch ſolid happineſs, that a good natured ſpectator cannot but be himſelf happy on the principle of general benevolence, to ſee an Hollander rampant.

Carter

Carter tells us, these Musick-Houses have undergone diversity of fortune. Sometimes they have ample toleration: now and then they have inspectors, to see that no indecencies are committed. At other times, in consequence of great disorders, they are shut up, and perform a kind of quarantine before the magistrates suffer them again to open for the reception of company. In point of number, privileges, and enormities, they certainly exceed any thing of the kind, even in Rome itself. What the State offers in its own defence on this head, amounts to the stale maxim, that

"Private Vices are public Benefits."

On the night that I visited this curious assembly it was crouded with people of all countries: for it was during the time of the fair, and the humours of the Musick-House were considered as one of the fine sights of the fair. Amongst the sets of strangers that attracted my notice more particularly, was a group of female Friezeland peasants, dressed in the picturesque habits of their Province. Bonnets made umbrella fashion, and not much less as to size; the linings of flowered linen, of a more flaring pattern than the out-of-date printed cotton for bed-furniture and window-curtains: but at the extremity of these, were

ſnugly depoſited ſome of the faireſt faces I ever beheld, which, coloured by modeſty at the bluſhing ſight of ſo many young creatures, who diſdained covering of almoſt any ſort, appeared yet more beautiful—the beauty of virtue—from the powerful advantage of immediate contraſt with the deformity of vice. In the lovely eyes of one, I marked the tear of innocence pitying guilt, and at the ſame time vindicating her ſex. This gentle drop was hid from the company in general. A young man, poſſibly her lover, on whoſe arm ſhe hung, ſaw and felt it; for I perceived him preſs her hand, and whiſper ſomething that increaſed the crimſon in her face, and yet checked the tear upon her cheek, where it fixed midway, like a dew drop on the roſe-bud.

Of the muſic-girls, many are pretty featured, but carry in every lineament the ſigns of their lamentable vocation, ſodden complexions, feebly gloſſed over by artificial daubings of the worſt colour; eyes that are commanded to attempt, exciting paſſion, but which, in the very attempt, ſeem diſobediently to ſhrink into the ſockets; and conſtrained merriment which ſubſtitutes a noiſy and diſcordant laugh, and childiſh anticks for the notes of genuine mirth and unharaſſed ſpirits. How different, my friend, the powers of modeſty, and

and the bluſhing honours in its train—how different from the blameleſs beings I have juſt deſcribed for you—breathing health, and blooming in beauty, the bleſſed effects of pure manners, air, and habitudes!

The inhabitants of the licenſed houſes of Amſterdam, are indeed more unfortunately ſituated than any of their ſadly merry ſiſterhood of London. They are never ſuffered to paſs the doors, which are guarded by three or four ill-looking fellows, who literally conſider them as private property. Theſe keepers of their priſon-houſe (for it is not leſs ſo though with leſs accommodation) abſolutely purchaſe them in the firſt inſtance. The buyer finds them in the haunts of the laſt diſtreſs, and many are ſeduced by the hope of an eſcape from famine, and the idleneſs which produced it, to accede to almoſt any terms. For a few weeks they are ſupplied, even to profuſion, with not only neceſſary comforts, but with thoſe meretricious and flaring decorations which at once diſcover their trade and their taſte. Little do they ſuſpect that this bounty is a trap to catch them; that it is intended only to plunge them beyond redemption deep in guilt and ſlavery, ſerving the double purpoſe of dreſſing out the victim, and binding the priſoner in chains—though they ſeem of ſilk—of ſin and miſery, and diſeaſe and death.

They have not united themſelves to the wretched ſociety of the muſick-houſe a ſingle month, ere they find themſelves involved in unpayable debts: ſome of three, others of five hundred guilders, for thoſe very articles which at once increaſe the revenue of their tyrants, and aggravate their own poverty and guilt. They have literally nothing to offer but perſonal ſecurity, and as it rarely happens a gallant can be found to pay the price of their ranſom, they remain ſlaves for life, ſubject to rigours to which no other ſlaves are liable.

After I had been a ſilent ſpectator of this female jail, the hardeſt to which any culprit *can* be condemned, I perceived many of the priſoners jaded with muſick and dancing, for the charms of which they could have no reliſh, fallen into a profound ſleep, out of which their cruel owners arouſed them by the moſt brutal language, and even by blows.

Certain diſciplinarians have thought that a ſight of the hateful portraits of vice do but recommend thoſe of virtue. So far as that is true, a viſit to the muſick-houſes of Amſterdam may conduce to the intereſts of morality. Unqueſtionably a youth who has been trained in the principles of a pure

pure education, and known the endearments of ſociety; when refined and ſoftened by innocent women, could ſuffer no permanent ſtain by a review of ſcenes from which, indeed, a man of the leaſt touch of pity, or ſenſe of what is due to the diſtreſſes of even the worſt of the ſex, would turn with revolt, or obſerve only with commiſeration. And hence it is, that I am inclined to think the tendereſt miſtreſs, or the moſt faithful wife, would have little to fear from a lover's or huſband's inſpection of theſe diſgraceful and diſguſting receptacles. What could they exhibit but the exceſſes of the groſſeſt, oppoſed to the perfection of the moſt delicate paſſion? And after allowing for the poſſible impreſſion of a tranſient view, and the effect it might have on human frailty, I ſhould venture to believe that the unſullied charms of a virtuous woman muſt gain freſh honours and triumphs from the *deſcent* of their admirers into theſe regions of indecency, intereſt, and loathing, where all is glaring, forced, and unnatural.

A far more dangerous ſituation, my friend, is that, where to the blandiſhments of ſeduction, are joined the ſemblances of virtue. Where female libertiniſm arrays herſelf in the robes of apparent innocence, and where the relenting heart is taken

captive by temptations that almoſt perſuade it, that it is yielding itſelf up rather a votary to virtue, than a victim to vice.

But I am upon trembling ground; and will go lightly off, while I may yet eſcape thoſe over-nice moraliſts, who are ſo wonderfully apt to miſ-interpret a paſſing reflection into a recommendation or encouragement of error. By what I have thrown out on this ſubject, I give only the reſult of my own feelings, which have always aſſured me that there is not more poetry than truth (and particularly in applying them to women) in theſe well-known verſes,

"Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mein,
"As to be hated needs but to be ſeen."

And though the ſubſequent lines

"Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
"We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace,"

may be alſo true, in a general ſenſe, it may be conſidered ſo far as an exception here, inaſmuch as the embrace itſelf is ſucceeded by an hatred of vice, and a return to virtue.

It is time, however, we take our leave of this great and populous city. You will allow it is well entitled to the latter epithet, when you are reminded

reminded that at a medium for fifteen years nine thouſand perſons have died in it annually. In Paris, for the like term of years, twice that number have deſcended to the tomb. I ſpeak of the time of the deaths of nature, ere the introduction of the dreadful guillotine—of whoſe devaſtations I am ſoon to ſpeak.

I underſtand that the bills of mortality in London for the like ſpace, give in a calculation of twenty-four thouſand. I ſhould ſuſpect twenty-ſix thouſand would be nearer the truth, if we include the villages and detached houſes. The preſent averaged number therefore of the inhabitants of theſe three capitals of Europe, according to the uſual eſtimate by deaths, ſtands thus: Amſterdam upwards of 230,000; Paris 500,000; and London about 700,000. At Rome no publick regiſters of chriſtenings or burials are kept; but in 1683, M. Augout computed the inhabitants at about 125,000. In 1714, Pope Clement II. cauſed an exact account to be taken by S. Carraccioli, which he made to be 104,300 ſouls, including ſtrangers, who are generally ſuppoſed to be 20,000.

It is aſſerted by Carter however, that the inhabitants of the two Provinces of Holland and Zea-

land, do not consist of more than one million and a half, that is little more than half an acre for every head.

Upon the whole, Amsterdam has been justly called the modern Tyre, for beauty, opulence, and accommodation of every kind: and the government of the city is so well regulated that in five years there are not five malefactors executed. In short, whatever is the particular bent of a traveller's disposition, whether trade or pleasure be his object, he may find wherewithal to gratify himself in this city, to which we will bid adieu, as I wish now to conduct you to one of the greatest curiosities either in this or in any other country; I mean North Holland, where I have passed some of the most agreeable days of my life, and where every thing one sees is so appropriate and distinct, that in a quick transition from Amsterdam, the contrast is almost as great as if one were to be suddenly transported into a new world.——My friend, farewell.

P. S. I have just recollected a passage of the great author of The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, on the subject of Roman population, which far exceeded the estimate I have just mentioned. The number of subjects who acknowledged

ledged the laws of Rome, of citizens, provincials and ſlaves, cannot now be fixed with ſuch a degree of accuracy as the importance of the object would deſerve. We are informed that when the Emperor Claudius exerciſed the office of Cenſor, he took an account of ſix millions nine hundred and forty-five thouſand citizens, who with the proportion of women and children muſt have amounted to about twenty millions of ſouls. But after weighing with attention every circumſtance which could influence the balance, it ſeems probable that there exiſted in the time of Claudius about twice as many provincials as there were citizens of either ſex, and of every age; and that the ſlaves were at leaſt equal in number to the free inhabitants of the Roman world. The total amount then of this important calculation would riſe to about one hundred and twenty millions of perſons: "a degree of population (ſays Gibbon) "which poſſibly exceeds that of modern Europe, "and forms the moſt numerous ſociety that has "ever been admitted or united under the ſame "ſyſtem of government."

LETTER LIII.

TO THE SAME.

North Holland.

BEYOND diſpute, the little country from whence I date this letter is the moſt deſerving to be inſpected as a curioſity, of any, not only in the Seven but in the Seventeen Provinces; and yet like many other deſerving objects in this perverſe world of our's, is the leaſt viſited by thoſe who have even no other motive of travel than to gratify curioſity. Satisfied with ſeeing the capital, which they run over as if that time which they throw away were really precious to them, they ſhift the ſcene with the rapidity of our ancient play-wrights, who in the courſe of a ſingle act, which takes half an hour in the repreſentation, carry us from one quarter of the globe to another, leaping the ſpace between them, though "whole oceans roll" to ſtop them, with as much eaſe as if they were ſtepping over a gutter. Inſomuch that a thorough-paced traveller will breakfaſt in Helvoetſluice, dine at Rotterdam, take ſupper at Amſterdam, return the next morning to breakfaſt at the Hague; and write a tour through Holland of what he has not ſeen, in good time for the returning packet.

But

But more ſedate perſons, as has been well obſerved by one who deplored it, rarely viſit the province of North Holland, but turn their backs on the country as ſoon as they have ſeen Amſterdam; thereby loſing a view of one of the moſt beautiful romantick ſpots in the whole world.

I will proceed my friend to juſtify this aſſertion, by particularizing what, on comparing the given deſcriptions with the eye-witneſſed facts, I find to be the moſt faithful.

North Holland is another name for *Weſt* Friezeland, paradoxical as that may ſound. Formerly it was a marſh compoſed of many great lakes ſeparated from each other only by high roads or dikes: but now nothing remains of them except their names and dimenſions in maps. With incredible toil they have been entirely drained, and changed into the delicious place I have juſt mentioned. Even Sir William Temple, who was not apt to ſpeak too kindly of Holland, obſerved that a once rotten marſh, the draining of which was the inceſſant labour of four years; a ſpace, including highways and dikes, of no more than ten thouſand acres, is ſo well planted with gardens, orchards, and majeſtick rows of trees, as to form the moſt pleaſant landſcape he ever ſaw. "It was

"here

" here (ſays Temple) that I met with a curioſity " yet greater than the place itſelf—a poor fellow " in an hoſpital (a ſuperannuated ſeaman) who " proved to be the only rich man I ever ſaw in " my life: for on offering him a crown as a " reward for the trouble of ſhewing me the hoſ- " pital, and giving me with the hiſtory of the " place, the hiſtory of himſelf as one of its moſt " veteran members, in a very pleaſant manner, " he abſolutely refuſed my money ſaying, he *could* " have no uſe for it, being plentifully ſupplied " with every thing neceſſary in the hoſpital."

The manners and cuſtoms of North Holland are ſaid to differ eſſentially from thoſe in the South; but I could trace the diſſimilitude only in the articles of dreſs and ſuperior neatneſs: for though all the Provinces are clean on the ſurface, this of Weſt Friezeland is ſo even to a painful affectation. Saardam, Alkmaar, Hoorn, Enkhuiſm, Edam, Monnikendam, Broek, Medenbik and Parmerende are the principal towns.

The firſt is a village, where, inſtead of a gleaning, a traveller of curioſity may gather an harveſt. The ſingle article of windmills and woodmills would afford him a ſheaf. The number of each is really incredible. There are not leſs than two

hundred and fifty of the mills to cut wood into planks for the purpoſe of ſhip-building, of which the proceſs will prove a morning's entertainment to any man, and of which the invention is due to Corneille Van Uitguſt. I have never ſeen them even in our naval iſland, where aſſuredly they would prove a powerful auxiliary; or am I miſtaken? Have they been adopted by our ingenious countrymen? I recommend them at all events to every traveller, who like myſelf hath never ſeen them before. Saardam, like the other towns of North Holland, is almoſt entirely of wood, painted on the *outſide* with as much care as to colour and figures as our choiceſt apartments on the *inſide*. Before and behind every houſe even in this buſy, populous and commercial town, which contains many thouſand inhabitants, are little gardens, the eighth, tenth and even twentieth of an acre, where flowers, vegetables, ſhrubs, graſs-plots and cockle-ſhell walks are arranged in ſo ſingular a manner, that they ſeem rather the property, and indeed the work of fairy fingers and fairy people, than of a hardy, heavy-looking ſet of men and women, whoſe lighteſt tread or touch might ſeem to throw them into irretrievable diſorder. You cannot look at a tree of a year's growth but its bark is painted of all hues, figures and fancies; nor can you ſit down on a bench without

without preſſing under you blue tygers, red wolves, green foxes, yellow rabbits and white ravens. Taſte is abſolutely forbid to enter North Holland; but in lieu of it whim is privileged to play whatever pranks he thinks proper, ſo as he makes no dirt. They almoſt quarrel with nature, whom they welcome during the ſpring and ſummer, for dropping her leaves upon their ſhell-walks in autumn. But of this more in its place.

The paper-mills of Saardam are the moſt conſiderable in Holland: for while Louis the XIVth was making an irruption in 1672, many of the moſt ingenious paper-makers took refuge in this town, carrying with them their families, and the art by which they were ſupported.

Induſtry becomes ſtationary, where it is moſt favoured; and at Saardam the encouragements were too great to permit a ſecond emigration. Near an hundred thouſand reams of poſt paper are annually fabricated at Saardam; and a like proportion of grey and blue.

The Saardam veſſels are alſo juſtly celebrated; and here it was that Peter the Great of Ruſſia, gained his elementary knowledge of ſhip-building.

It

It is aſſerted perhaps with ſome boaſt, that a ſingle ſhip-carpenter ſet a navy of twenty conſiderable veſſels on float.

But Saardam has yet other attractions, and which ſome travellers may think greater objects of curioſity, in a country where the Cyprian goddeſs is not reputed to keep her faireſt court, than any I have yet mentioned. The women of this town are generally handſome; and notwithſtanding on a firſt acquaintance there is an air of diſtance, reſerve, and even coldneſs, they are all, as well as men, replete with an anxious deſire to *break the ice*, and when broken, make up loſt time by ſuch a flow of queſtions, and with ſuch rapidity, that you muſt be gifted with uncommon ſpeed yourſelf not to be overborne by the torrent, which hurries away with your anſwers almoſt before they can be got out of your mouth. This loquacious character is indeed a characteriſtick mark of a Dutch woman; and yet none but a reſidentiary Gleaner can diſcover it. A firſt, ſecond, third, and even fourth viſit, does not often ſerve to thaw the inveterate and chilling air which ſeems to bind up their tongues. They hear you, at length, with a fixed doll-like ſtare, and anſwer you in ſhort, exchanging a monoſyllable for a ſpeech, or more frequently giving only ſome nods,

nods, of which they are all prodigal, for half an hour's converſation. But when you can once make them aſſimilate, which the habit of ſeeing you will effect by degrees, a knot of Dutch women over their ſtoves, equal if they do not ſurpaſs in ſport, chit-chat and pleaſantry, with due proportions of tittle-tattle, any female convention over their tea-tables, and even that which is ſuppoſed to be appropriate to the tea-table, and indeed a part of its equipage, namely, good, ſolid detraction.

The entrance of a ſtranger however has the power of ſtopping them in mid career. The merrieſt of the circle would forego her jeſt; and even the moſt malicious would let her neighbour's reputation, when ſhe had juſt got it between her teeth, fall from her lips. I had an opportunity to obſerve an inſtance of this. Some frolickſome Dutch girls ſtarted in a converſation, where as a domeſtick friend I was permitted to mingle, the character of a young woman, who was ſuſpected of growing more ſuddenly corpulent than in the way of general *en-bon-point* ſhe ought to do. The whole party followed the trail, and joined in the cry againſt this poor abſentee, who, by the bye, was a native of this very town of Saardam. Never was any miſerable hare more hardly hunted than

than this luckleſs girl's character. It was fairly, or rather unfairly, worried by the young and the old. At laſt a lady, who had been hitherto the leaſt violent of the pack, caught it from her next neighbour, who had been giving it ſome hearty ſhakes herſelf, and determined upon tearing it all in tatters, exclaimed in the moſt vehement Dutch I ever heard uttered—'tis a terrible language for anger—" Take it from me ladies, this " girl as ſure as I am putting this fire under " my petticoats, is, and always was, a moſt deſign- " ing, forward, good-for-nothing huſſey; and if " ſhe is not now big with child, I, that am the " honeſt mother of two-and-twenty, am a " maid—yes, take it from me, ſhe is a vile " ſtrum—" Strum-pet ſhe would have ſaid, but the huſband of one of the party leading in a ſtranger, cut off the laſt ſyllable, which fell to the ground with the remains of the mangled reputation.

The ſtranger remained till the party broke up, but whether from the ſeverity of the diſappointment, or any other cauſe, the loudeſt and the moſt voluble group that ſlander ever gathered togegether, became the moſt taciturne and ſullen: inſomuch that the ſtranger, whom I met the next day at the coffee-houſe, aſked me if I had ever

ſeen ſuch an horrid ſilent meeting, aſſuring me at the ſame time, that he had employed all his morning in ſending to his friends in England a true picture of a viſit to a Dutch family, where nothing was either looked or ſaid for ſeveral hours, though there were near a dozen females in company!

I contented myſelf with obſerving, that if he remained in the country long enough to become domeſtick in the family, he might poſſibly collect materials for a letter of a very different caſt: in the mean time his friends would doubtleſs be much entertained.

"Long enough in the country," no, cried the gentleman! "I have had enough, and do not "mean to repeat my viſit, I thank you. I love "ſociety, and muſt hear a little converſation as "well as ſee a good deal of beauty, which I own, "to my great ſurpriſe, I obſerved, amidſt the "ſtill-life of laſt night. No, Sir, I have had "enough of Dutch ladies, and ſhall go into a "country where women can ſpeak as well as hold "their tongues, as ſoon as poſſible."

As it would have been impoſſible to remove theſe impreſſions, I let them paſs; for it would have

have been in vain to assure this *hasty* traveller, that the fair Hollanders he had thus accused of being dumb, were they to exert their powers, could talk him deaf; add to which, the tradition goes, that a Dutch wife is always the head of the house.

Their general complexion is clear and fine, as to a proper quantum of white and red, but the effect is lost by the immoveable fixture of both. A stranger to the settled colours would pronounce them artificial: the red forms one strong circle in each cheek, and yields, no, not for a moment, to occurrences or to passions. In rage, in jealousy, in love, in surprise, and even in fear, this rubied hue neither increases nor diminishes; the same inflexibility holds good as to the white, which gives their countenances the air of wax-work painted. These steady colourings are scarcely removed by age: I have seen a great many women who possessed them unmixed and unimpaired to their seventieth year. The old women of Liege are the only part of the sex, who are, almost without an exception, of the worst colours, forms, and features; insomuch that had not male gallantry long since set it down amongst the inviolable etiquettes, that a female cannot be ugly, I should not scruple to say, that at Liege a race of women might be found

who reſembled rather Vulcan than Venus, both in ſhape and hue. This ſtrength of alluſion, however, being inhibited, I ſhall only obſerve, that all ranks of the ſex are in the part of Germany abovementioned, leſs likely to make a man ſhoot himſelf through the head, after being ſhot through the heart, than in any other country I have yet viſited. In my firſt tour through Flanders, I wiſhed, out of the ſpirit of candour that is in me, added to a ſincere love and admiration of the ſex, to vindicate the females of this town from this cenſure. To which end I ſallied forth on knight-errant principles, to do the damſels and the dames juſtice. The morning was fine, the weather was warm, and the ſun had drawn every body abroad. How aſſiduouſly, how generouſly did I follow every petticoat, and meet every apron, to diſcover pretty features and a good complexion: yea, and often diſappointed as I was, I ſtill cheriſhed the hope of finding, in the next comer or goer, a face that might ranſom the reſt. I could, returning at duſk, only glean a few handſome eyes, more to be admired for their blackneſs than the teeth, which ſeemed to vie with them, as aſſerting the charms of a finer jet. Of Liege, you know, it has been ſaid, that it is the hell of women, becauſe the poor of that ſex do the work of our coal-heavers. I could not help aſſigning another reaſon for this appellation, *viz.* becauſe both

both rich and poor * of that large and ancient town were ——— fill up the blank, my dear friend, for it cannot be expected I ſhould ſo little reſpect the laws of *pre-determined* politeneſs as to inſinuate any thing about ugly as the deuce. The hell of women it is ſtill called, be the reaſon what it may: alſo the purgatory of men, becauſe they are almoſt all governed by their wives, their ſappho-faced partners—and the paradiſe of monks, becauſe of the rich benefices. The latter, however, is juſt now a little out of repair, as the eccleſiaſtical fruits have been more than once ſeized upon by the ſpoiler.

The village of Alkmaar is ſo environed by gardens, orchards, canals, avenues, and meadows, that if we include the beautiful little wood in its neighbourhood, it may be pronounced one of the moſt highly cultivated and blooming ſpots in the world. Many Chriſtian communities aſſemble here; and you are ſhewn a ſet of buildings ſacred to age, known in Holland under the name of *Hofje*, the houſes of elderly women.

It is an article of admittance into this place, that the party entering renounce marriage for the reſt of

* This is not peculiar to Liege—but is alſo cuſtomary at *Leith*, near Edinburgh.

her life, whether ancient virgin or widow, and to break all ſort of intercourſe with mankind. This vow reſembles not a little that of the monaſtery, but then it is ſomewhat eaſier to be obſerved, ſince it is not impoſed till age itſelf has made it a matter of no great difficulty.

Fruits and flowers, and groves, and fair meadows in Holland! methinks I hear you exclaim. Yes truly, my dear friend; albeit thorough-fare travellers have aſſured us, 'tis only a collection of dykes and ditches, with a few huge rows of trees, where half the platform juſt reflects the other, I again and again aſſert, that in this ſequeſtered village of Alkmaar, and in very many other ſweet nooks and corners, where travellers of the above deſcription diſdain to go, there is very beautiful ſcenery, and worth a viſit were there no other attraction; becauſe the ornaments, the diſpoſition of the ground, the arrangement of the flowers, and the novelty of the walks, are curious and original.

In the next town, which is a conſiderable ſea-port on the banks of the Zuyder Sea, (Hoorn) the meadow grounds are delicious. The publick walks are extremely fine, and to variegate the proſpect of eight or ten thouſand induſtrious people at work

work in the docks and veſſels, you have cloſe under your eye upwards of four hundred gardens, inwhich a weed would be looked upon as an offence ſcarcely leſs heinous than a morſel of dirt in any part of their houſes.

Enkhuizen, Edam, and Monnikendam, have the ſame ſort of beauties in the ſame abundance; nor is Mendenbik or Purmerind unworthy notice. But the beautiful and ſingular village of Broek will command a more particular deſcription. Mr. Peckham has with great juſtice called it one of the prettieſt little towns in the world. A journey of a thouſand miles would be repaid with pleaſure, were there no other objects than ſuch as aſſemble in the village of Broek. The whole of it is a cabinet of curioſities, on which one can ſcarcely gaze without trembling, leſt ſome injury ſhould be done them even by our homage. My pen ſeems not ſufficiently delicate to deſcribe them. There is but one ſtreet through which carriages of any kind are permitted to paſs; and that, as if profaned, is but thinly furniſhed with inhabitants. Every part of every houſe, within and without, is painted with the moſt coſtly colours; and though ſeparately examined, the figures and ornaments would be found to violate all laws of proportion, the general effect is really charming. Every ſtreet,

the one above excepted, is in every part clean beyond all compariſon; and little gardens, where perennial verdure and bloom ſeems to preſide (for not a blade of graſs, nor a withered leaf, is ſuffered to reſt on the ground) extend from one end of the ſtreet to the other; each man's proper bounds being diſtinguiſhed by fences of every ſort and kind, but all ornamented with a care that makes one rather afraid to touch them. The houſes are roofed with tiles ſo gloſſy, that in the ſun-ſhine they glitter like ſpar. The pavement of the ſtreet is inlay-work, of beautifully ſmall pebbles of various forms and colours, ſquared or diamonded, croſſed and intercroſſed, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, agreeable to the taſte or fancy of the proprietors. Shells, pieces of glazed brick, marbles, glaſs beads, &c. are called in as auxiliaries. To tread upon them ſeems not only profanation, but peril; and indeed the inhabitants ſeem to be of the ſame opinion; for the greater part tread with a moſt diſtreſſing caution, and look critically at the ſhoes of every paſſenger. In ſhort, were not the age of enchantment paſt, even from the fairy land of fiction, and could one reduce the ſolid limbs and unwieldy forms of the owners of this wonder-working village, a traveller coming into it from the city of Amſterdam, might fancy himſelf tranſported by ſome magician into a region of fairies.

As

As the fact is, it ſeems, on a compariſon of the *place* with the people, that the natives of Brobdignag have here eſtabliſhed themſelves in a town of Lilliput.

Broek is divided and ſubdivided by numberleſs little rivulets that ſerpentine by the ſides of the houſes; the paintings and ornaments on the outſide of every houſe look ſo vivid, as to the colours, as to ſeem but juſt finiſhed; yet they have, moſt of them, ſtood the tyranny of wind and weather three or four years. In ſuch pretty baby-houſes for grown, and, I am ſure, I may ſay *full* grown ladies and gentlemen, there reigns more ſimplicity than you would ſuppoſe. I ſpeak of the interior of theſe little paradiſes, where, by the bye, it is not very eaſy for a traveller to gain admittance. The North Hollanders are exceſſively ſhy at firſt ſight—at Broek more particularly—and "of ſomewhat a "jealous complexion;" for if a ſtranger of a wild air, and rude manner, appears amongſt them, they return his behaviour in kind, by ſhutting their doors in his face; and as a farther proof of diſlike or fear, order their wives and daughters into the moſt retired apartments, where they remain priſoners, till they have aſſurance of the intruder having left the place. It is, however, only *impertinent* curioſity, or that air of rude command, which

which too often accompanies a ſtranger who re-refuſes to make allowances, that is thus diſ-appointed. While I was drinking coffee with a family at Broek, two ſtrangers paſſed the window in a diſorderly manner, peeped into the room, and were ruſhing forward without any other notice. Two very pretty daughters and their mother, were put to flight inſtantly, and the maſter of the houſe ran to faſten his door, after which he came and took my hand, obſerving, that although he did not keep an inn for every ſaucy or lazy fellow to come and do what he thought proper, he knew what was due to a quiet and well-diſpoſed gueſt, ſaying which, he took the opportunity of the ladies' abſence to walk over the apartments, all of which, and particularly that which held his beſt bed, were, he aſſured me, entirely at my ſervice, ſo long as I thought proper to make uſe of them.

In Broek, there is a great deal of female agreeableneſs amongſt the people of higher ranks; but the peaſant girls who inhabit the environs, are of a complexion ſo delicate, and the white and red ſo ſweetly diffuſed, and in ſuch juſt proportions, that it is worth any perſon's while to deport himſelf peaceably, were it only for the ſake of getting a ſight of them; which certainly would not be done by an hurry-ſcurry traveller, were he to remain in the

the town for a twelve-month. The Dutch women ſeldom ſtir abroad, and ſcarcely ever to take a a walk as it is called.

Peckham tells us of a ſingular cuſtom retained in North Holland, of having a door in every houſe which is never opened, but when a corpſe is carried out: he ſhould have added the information of this door's being opened only on *two* occaſions—the *marriage* or death of ſome one of the family. There is a ſolemnity in the cuſtom, that may conduce, perhaps, to ſome domeſtick morality. It is the great door in the centre of the houſe. A ſmaller one on the left hand ſide, is that which ſerves for ordinary purpoſes.

The inhabitants of Broek are chiefly perſons who have retired from buſineſs, or who are connected with ſome commercial houſes in Amſterdam. They are extremely rich; and it is here that the practice ſtill prevails amongſt the wealthy peaſantry of diſpoſing of their children in marriage by weight of metal. A countryman dreſſed in a coarſe blue doublet is the father of a young man, who is to be ſold in wedlock: he meets the buyer, another countryman, who is the parent of the girl that is to be bought. While the parties thus to be diſpoſed of, are trying to become agree-

able

able to one another, or at leaſt, to accommodate, the old folks are making the bargain for them, over a pipe of tobacco.

Will you give your ſon to my daughter with ſo many barrels of gold?

I cannot.

She cannot be afforded for leſs.

Well, I will give it.

Then take her.—I will cart the caſh to-morrow.

Done. A match.

The buſineſs is done, and they are as happy, at leaſt, as money can make them.

The painful neatneſs of the houſes within, and the ſtreets without, have been productive of the following anecdote. The ancient Vicar of Broek being dead, and much lamented, his ſucceſſor tried every method that a worthy prieſt could think of, to repair the loſs, not only as to his paſtoral duty, but as to ſociety. "I would fain gain your good will and conciliate your eſteem, my dear pariſhioners," ſaid he, "How is it I fail?"

The want of confidence in the inhabitants made the

the new Vicar unhappy: and yet for many months he could get no one to aſſign a reaſon for it. At length, an old man, one of his congregation, after ſome heſitation, ſpoke as follows: "I will tell you, Mr. Vicar: You are a fine ſcholar: you talk Greek and Latin: your diſcourſes are very learned; but you mount the reading deſk and pulpit in your ſhoes, after having walked through the ſtreet. Your predeceſſor always put on a pair of ſlippers, which are ſtill left for your uſe in the conſiſtory. You know, now, the cauſe of the ſhyneſs and diſaffection of the pariſh: and you know, alſo, the way to remove it."

The Vicar took the hint, and ever after adopting the ſlippers, very ſoon became as great a favourite as the good man he had ſucceeded.

Peckham has noticed very exactly, the curioſity of the head-dreſs of the women of North Holland. A little hair cut very ſhort and thin, which is combed down on the forehead, and powdered. The cap ſticks cloſe to their ears, and under it are two pieces of ſilver or gold, which appear at each temple, and a broad piece is under the cap on the back part of the head.

Of the ſaw-mill, his deſcription is the moſt ac-

curate that can be given. Forty boards can be ſawed at the ſame time. The flies of the mill are fixed to a large beam, which turns on an axis; in the centre of the beam is the grand wheel, which puts in motion another immediately below it; this is likewiſe fixed on the middle of a piece of timber, which hangs on an axis; and to which four perpendicular ſaws, ten in each compartment, are faſtened; which, as the wheel goes round, are elevated, and again thruſt down. At the end of this beam are two iron hooks, which catch a wheel, and each time the ſaw goes up and down, it moves this wheel one cog, that wheel moves another, which catches into a piece of iron, and draws it towards itſelf. At the end of this iron is a croſs bar, which preſſes againſt the end of the tree, while the other end is ſawing, and puſhes it on to the teeth of the ſaw, with a motion proportionate to the diſpatch of the ſaws.

When you compare, my friend, the effect of all this with the tedious proceſs of our common Engliſh ſaw-pit, you will wiſh with me, that ſuch of our timber merchants as are ignorant of it, would take the hint, and condeſcend to be inſtructed.

The oil and tobacco mills are equally curious, but

but as their conſtruction is more generally known, I ſhall not take up your time in deſcribing them.

Upon the whole, the village of Broek is one of the greateſt curioſities of the United Provinces; and, indeed, North-Holland, generally, will be found to juſtify even more than has been ſaid in its favour.

The village of Medemblic, which I have not yet mentioned, and which, before the building of Encheuſon and Hoorn, was the capital of North-Holland, is ſtill remarkable for its immenſe Dams, which have reſiſted the violence of the turbulent Zuyder Sea ſo many centuries. The water is here much higher than the land, and in tempeſtuous weather threatens to overflow the banks, enormous as they are; by which the country would be inſtantly deluged. To prevent this dreadful event, the inhabitants cover the banks with many folds of ſail-cloth, which, ſimple as it appears, checks the fury of the waves in their moſt violent career. A million of human beings truſt their lives to this ſeemingly ſlight invention. The above adventurous little town looks, as you approach it, to be juſt riſing out of the ocean: the ſavage roaring of the waves vainly menace it every moment. When they ſwell beſide the banks, mountain high, ladies

are

are to be ſeen walking, and children at play: while the boldeſt ſtranger would tremble for their ſafety and his own. So reconciling is the power of cuſtom. All that you have ever ſeen in your own country of ſublime pier-heads, moles, &c. though they may ſurpaſs in majeſty, fall infinitely ſhort of the Dam of Medemblic, in point of the terrible, and the induſtrious. I have looked down from the heights of Shakſpeare's cliff, and from thoſe

"Where huge Plinlimmon lifts his awful head:"

but the ſenſation was in neither inſtance ſo full of tremendous imagery. And the contraſt, from the ſmiling and peaceful retirements of Broek, made it more impreſſive.

The character of the North Hollander, is that of phlegm and even apathy: He is certainly more ſaturnine than his countrymen farther ſouth. Slow in deciſion, perſevering in opinion, but unſhaken, as the banks of Medemblic, in a reſolve when taken. They are alſo more muſcular in their forms, and of a ſuperior ſize, but neither clumſily put together, nor coarſe in their feature. The beauty of the women as to their grand articles of red and white of nature's own putting on, though ſhe mixes them better in ſome countries, I have already mentioned. I have, therefore, only to add,

add, a grace which has been in and out of fashion, many times on your side of the water; I mean a very high forehead. The North Holland Ladies consider this as so indispensible, that they press down and even eradicate the hair, bind it with ribbons and fillets, and use every other art to expand the brows. A low forehead, and an abundance of hair near the temples, is of course deemed a grand personal defect. The females of North Holland, have also a beauty which the other Provinces rarely shew us, that of good teeth; which is in any of the great towns a rarity in either sex, and seemingly one but little desired.

Their complexion is almost invariably fair. A Dutch Brunette is scarcely to be seen, and when seen not either envied by one sex, or admired by the other. They partake, however, in a very high degree, the defects as well as beauty of that fine colouring—extreme indolence.

We are told that lovers are more constant, husbands more obsequious in North Holland, than in any other part of the Republick, which even in general has the reputation of being under the government of the petticoat. This must be understood to extend only to household affairs: In matters of publick concern the North Hollander

is the moſt independent aſſerter of his rights, and the *Amor Patriæ* is here more vitally felt, and has been more ſtrenuouſly maintained, than in any other parts of the Provinces.

Enough has now been ſaid to induce every reader of theſe our gleanings, to make the tour of this very ſingular and beautiful little Province.

Adieu my loved friend. Here and every where may bleſſings attend you.

LETTER LIV.

TO THE SAME.

YOU tell me I have too long neglected the Muſe; accept then a poetical offering in the form of a Sonnet, which breathes a ſadneſs that will reach your affections. It is the effuſion of a melancholy moment, and entirely confutes the aſſertion of the ingenious bard, who ſaid

> " What mourner ever felt poetick fires?
> " Slow comes the verſe that real grief inſpires."

For it was written as faſt as the pen could move along

along the paper, and when the writer's heart was wrung with ſenſations of greater ſorrow than either verſe or proſe could deſcribe.

* *SONNET.*

I.

WHEN every charm of life is fled,
And every thought is fill'd with care;
When peace, and hope, and health, are dead,
And nothing lives but dire deſpair;

II.

When Sleep, the wretch's laſt relief,
Tho' potent drugs invite his power;
Denies one little pauſe to grief,
The balmy reſpite of an hour:

III.

Ah! what can PITY's ſelf deviſe,
From farther ills the wretch to ſave,
But wiſh his death, with tender ſighs,
And drop a tear upon his grave!

Grief is not more various, my friend, in its cauſes, than in its effects upon the minds of

* The author cannot reſiſt the pleaſure he feels in announcing to the publick the gratification it may expect from the enchanting Shields, who deſigns to grace this Sonnet with his harmony.

different ſufferers. There are many who endure in a ſilence, at once dreadful and profound, the *firſt* ſtages of their diſtreſs, and burſt forth into the loudeſt paroxyſms in the *ſecond*. And there are others who begin with violence and clamour, which, ſo far from not remaining in force, decreaſes only in ſound, but ſettles afterwards into a tremendous calm, which remains fixed for the reſt of life, in the melancholy anguiſh of unſpeakable deſpair. This I know inverts the popular idea, that the deepneſs of grief like that of waters, "makes the leaſt noiſe," but there is no aſcertaining by a ſtandard the diverſified effects of agony or joy. Every human being muſt feel in his own way; and perhaps no two ever yet felt exactly alike even the ſame pain or pleaſure; becauſe temper, conſtitution, age, ſex, or circumſtance, with myriads of combinations, will make an alteration ſome where or other, in the occaſion or in the ſufferer.

I have read the heart of man in many countries, my friend, and though every where, it is true,

"The fleſh will quiver where the pincers tear,
"And ſighs and tears by nature grow on pain;"

as well as that happineſs has its general characteriſticks,

teriſticks, I do not remember ever yet to have found the effects of either—no, not even when the cauſes have been preciſely the ſame—exactly or even nearly ſimilar as to the manner of receiving them at firſt, or bearing them afterwards, in any two human creatures.

For my own part I have been a thouſand times ſatisfied, that our minds are yet more diſtinct and appropriate than our perſons, and that no man ever reſembled his neighbour ſo much in the former as the latter. Something renders each being original; and though we are all of one ſpecies, were the diſſimilarities of each individual to be laid open in a candid hiſtory of his peculiar ſenſations, they would be perhaps numerous enough for every mortal to exclaim—"Although "I am of the ſame kind, and reſemble you, "neighbour, in ſome things, I differ from you "ſo eſſentially in others, that I am myſelf alone: "nor do I deny that you may lay claim to like "original traits."

I believe with reſpect to the ordinary effects of pleaſure and pain, I am ſpeaking of neither in their extremes, it is common for the firſt to render men voluble, and the latter ſilent. I confine myſelf to mental not bodily pain. The reverſe happens to

myſelf. In pleaſure, eſpecially if it be ſudden, I hardly know what to do with myſelf—a letter which deſcribes the health or wealth of an abſent friend, the conciliation of an enemy, or of any thing *like* conciliation of the latter, the view of a happy countenance, the ſound of a happy voice, the ſmiling face of general nature in the ſpring, diffuſing general felicity on animal as well as human life, the ſight or even the relation of a generous action, the ſoft remembrance of kindneſs received in years long paſt, the recollection even of places where I have ſeen or converſed with thoſe, whom though, *perhaps*, I may converſe with and ſee no more, perhaps I *may*:—all theſe, and ten thouſand times ten thouſand other things, work themſelves ſo ſtrongly into the frame of my heart and ſoul, that I am for a conſiderable time bleſſed *beyond talking*, and am as reſtleſs and ſilent, as if I were ſpeechleſs from diſtreſs. As the pleaſurable idea takes poſſeſſion of me, I am driven about in a manner, and with a rapidity, that a ſpectator ignorant of my habits, would ſet me down as an unhappy fellow, vainly trying to run away from his miſery. I cannot ſit in my chair, nor keep out of it. I even turn from the object, if it be near, from which I derive my felicity. But I turn away frequently with a heart ſo full of tender gratitude, that even when the object

object is inanimate, (a fine expanſe of water or of wood, or a ſmall rivulet, or a little path way, near, or along which I have wandered, or to which I owe an agreeable image for my muſe, or for my friend) thoſe tears which come from the ſpring of pleaſure guſh to my eyes. It is certainly great happineſs, but I can neither tell, nor at the moment write about it:

"Mine is the *harveſt* dancing in the gale,
"Whatever crowns the hill, or ſmiles along the vale."

Yet till the firſt impreſſions are ſomewhat ſubſided, I could not put into the ſheaf of our correſpondence a ſingle wheat-ear.

How different is the influence of pleaſure on many whom I have had the delight to ſee happy! how has their felicity poured itſelf forth in expreſſion! How has it made thoſe ſpeak, who, in leſs fortunate hours, were ſo profoundly ſilent, that

"They quite deteſted talk."

In grief alone it is, that I am loquacious and yet tranquil. I remain for ſome hours fixed, as if ſtatue-ſtruck, to the ſpot where the misfortune fell upon me; but if a friend appears, on that ſofteſt pillow for an aching heart I lean for comfort, and

explain my feelings without reſerve. If no reſource of this kind is at hand, I can, even while the anguiſh is upon my mind, force it, or rather ſhall I ſay indulge it, the only mode of communication which abſence allows:

"Heav'n firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid."

Or I derive conſolement from the Muſe, and have proved, in a thouſand inſtances, that "flowing "numbers" *are* very ſuitable "with a bleeding "heart." If I have ever had the power of intereſting the affections of my reader, in deſcribing any imagined ſorrow, it has always been when I felt the puncture of ſome actual diſtreſs. And if I have at any time had the happineſs to ſatisfy others by any ſtrain or ſtory which painted fancied, or real felicity, it has been the production of ſubſequent memory rather than of immediate ſenſation. I am made happy: the inſtant effect does what it will with me, and for ſome hours it keeps me in perpetual motion. I think and feel volumes; but I could no more uſe a pen than the gander or gooſe, on whoſe wing it once grew. As the matter ſettles a little, I am equal to converſe or correſpondence: the fitneſs for which I firſt gather from perceiving within me the power of talking to myſelf. With the return of my ſoliloquies, return alſo my colloquial abilities; and after a few diſcoveries

diſcoveries or thinkings aloud, I open upon every perſon I meet, chat with every cottager, enter almoſt every hut; and though I am not ſo violently happy as I was, am, perhaps, more comfortable; to others I certainly am; for during my whirligig, outrageous ſtage, a cottager would be frightened at me, and a hut ſcarce hold me. Yes, my friend, it is then that I muſt

"Have ample room and verge enough."

But what am I about? Much of this you know, and have humoured me both when the fit has been on and off. Into what length of ſelfiſh delineation has the introduction of a little melancholy ſong betrayed me? Yet may it not have thrown ſome general light on ſome commonly received opinions? and were it only a particular portrait of my own way of feeling, ſurely I may be indulged in a few pages ſacred to a friend, who will pardon my egotiſm, and ſmile on my peculiarities.

Poſſibly they are not the peculiarities of any other man, and therefore can expect to find favour only in the eyes of a friend; unleſs every other man would remember, that they too have peculiarities of ſome ſort, and perhaps not many ſo pleaſant

pleaſant to themſelves, or ſo harmleſs to other people as the Gleaner's.

It is thus that the joyful tidings which open the lips, and put in motion the pens of others, cloſe and lay aſide mine. I talk and write, not when I am leſs happy, but when I am in the beſt condition to relate: in other words, when I can ſit ſtill. Not a thought, not an image, however, is impaired. It is even more vivid, and aſks the brighteſt colour of language, as well as the ſpeed with which the words that compoſe ſuch language demand. This letter dedicated ſolely to her, who could alone read it, marked as it is with the hurry that illuſtrates what I have juſt obſerved, ſhall cloſe with a truth that can never change; that in every ſtate of my mind and its feelings, whether I am ſtruck dumb with happineſs, or impelled to loquacity by ſorrow, I am, with equal affection and fidelity, it's deareſt attributes, yours.

LETTER LV.

TO THE SAME.

Amſterdam.

FROM North Holland you return to this city in one of the publick barges. It is a paſſage of

of a few hours, at the end of which you reviſit thoſe ſcenes of buſtling activity, which are in ſuch wonderful contraſt with thoſe images of general repoſe, that it ſeems almoſt as if the great ferryman of the Heathens had taken you back in his boat from Elyſium to this nether world. I allude only to the more tranquil parts of North Holland; ſuch, for inſtance, as Broek.

In and about that lovely village I have forgot the reſidue of the cold weather weeks, and their bluſtering attendants, and awaited the arrival of the ſpring, whoſe harbingers have long ſince recompenſed the fondneſs of expectation. I have almoſt a month breathed amongſt all that April has in this country to offer, from the opened violet to the unfolded roſebud: the tendereſt green covers the whole village, which appears almoſt to vegetate and bloſſom. I ſaid to it yeſterday, adieu, and yeſterday was one of April's moſt delightful offerings:

"Forth flew the tepid airs, and unconfin'd,
"Unbinding earth, the moving ſoftneſs ſtray'd."

There had been four-and-twenty hours of unuſual warmth, and at length one of thoſe ſhowers fell on the earth, which ſeem to ſprinkle over it the balms

balms of heaven. One might almoſt, without a figure, ſay

"Celeſtial odours breath'd around."

On regaining this capital, I could not help exclaiming in the vigorous language of a modern poet, who ſeems to have had the trueſt reliſh of nature,

"God made the country, and man made the town!"

The genial ſhower above-mentioned, that over-ſpread Broek with flowers and fragrance, had not even quieted the duſt of the traffick-trodden city. Man and beaſt, notwithſtanding the eternal operations of the mop and ſcrubbing-bruſh in this country, were "beſprent." But the clangor of induſtry, and the aſſembled powers of gain, perſonified, rendered the change intereſting to the ſpectator. It is aſtoniſhing how the paſſages of thoſe bards of our poetical land, with whoſe writings I have paſſed my early days, recur to my memory, and break into quotation as occaſions apply them. In an inſtant, the appoſite verſes ruſh to my lips, whatever be the ſubject, and I feel new love and admiration for the author, for aſſiſting me to illuſtrate affecting objects with more vivid language than I could myſelf ſupply. As I paſſed through the ſtreets of Amſterdam, from the quay

to

to my lodgings, a paſſage from the poet of Nature, who painted the ſeaſons of the year in colours, inferior only to thoſe of nature herſelf, broke from me:

" Then would a ſplendid city riſe to view,
" With cars and carts, and coaches roaring all;
" Wide pour'd abroad, behold the buſtling crew,
" See how they daſh along from wall to wall!"

But ſcarce had I uttered theſe lines ere others no leſs appoſite, from the inexhauſtible ſtores of the ſame author, followed them. They exactly characteriſe the provinces in general:

" Gay plains extend, where marſhes ſlept before,
" O'er recent meads th' exulting ſtreamers fly;
" Dark frowning bogs grow bright with Ceres ſtore,
" And woods embrown the ſteep, or wave along the ſhore."

Excuſe the variation of a word or two, which brings the picture nearer the truth and the life.

On my going to dine at the Table D'Hote, I met with a circumſtance which is too notorious not to deſerve cenſure, and which nevertheleſs Engliſh travel-writers have been pleaſed, whether from national prejudice or falſe kindneſs I cannot tell, to paſs over. I ſpeak of the ſhameful, but very general practice in ſtrangers, of defaming the country, and the government, and the people, by

by which they are protected, and with whom they aſſociate.

At the publick ordinary juſt mentioned, there might be gathered together about forty perſons of different countries. Not leſs than twelve of theſe were Engliſhmen, chiefly young men eſtabliſhed in good commercial houſes, for the ſake of reputable connexions in buſineſs, and for a trade-education.

I love my countrymen, for I love my country. But I eſteem the one no longer than they do credit to the other. It is at the end of ſeveral years patient and ſilent obſervation and diſguſt, that I now reſolve to mention, with the moſt marked indignation, a *characteriſtick*, and I am afraid incorrigible offence to ſocial manners and common decency, perpetually in the practice of *this* claſs of Engliſh reſidents, in whatever parts of the Continent they are placed.

1ſt. They are beyond compariſon the moſt overbearing part of the company, when they condeſcend to talk; and the moſt diſobligingly ſullen, when they are ſilent.

2dly. They get into groupes; and truſting to the

the ignorance of the reſt of the company in our language, uſe it as a ſort of maſked battery to play off the moſt illiberal obſervations on the perſon or perſons ſingled out for the ridicule of the hour.

3dly. Whatever is the ſubject of table-talk, Engliſh men, Engliſh women, Engliſh porter, Engliſh punch, Engliſh air, fire or water, is ſuperior to any thing to be found in any other place; and yet by a ſtrange verſatility, when theſe very eulogiſts get back into the country they have ſo bepraiſed abroad, they find out that it ſcarce contains any object fit to be borne by a perſon who has lived ſo long in foreign climes. The women are inſipid, the men inſufferable, the porter ſtupifying, the punch vulgar, the air heavy, the fire dull, and the water worſe than that of a canal.

4thly. Where a traveller of any other country gets into a ſcrape once, the Engliſh youths are under a dozen unpleaſant dilemmas, from indecent or intemperate behaviour. Are the Dutch ſpoken of by theſe great ſatiriſts? They are a pack of intereſted, grubbing, heavy-headed ſcoundrels.—The French—I ſpeak of France as it uſed to be—They are the moſt faithleſs, fawning ſycophants. The Italians? They are dark aſſaſſins.

ſins. The Spaniards? Proud, poor, baſe and idle. Thus, catching the popular character, which is commonly the vulgar error, of each nation, and pre-determined to find the old threadbare ſlander that ſome jaundiced ſplenetick firſt gave out, they root in themſelves the habits of abuſe, and ſacrifice the reſt of the univerſe to that very old England, which, when they inhabit it, is ſacrificed in its turn to other nations.

It is really afflicting to ſee, my dear friend, with what boyiſh tricks, and unmanly, as well as ungrateful aſperſions, our ex-countrymen of this order entertain each other. I ſat oppoſite to ſome of this deſcription this day, and had the mortification to hear what follows: A French gentleman offered his ſnuff-box to his next neighbour, a young Engliſhman.

"Dirty dog!" cried the latter, in a *ſtage* whiſper to his next neighbour, "I won't touch it. "The French monkey may want to poiſon me "for aught I can tell."

A Portugueſe gentleman underſtanding an Engliſh youth, preſent, had juſt come from Hanover, begged to know the route——"D—n "the yellow-faced fellow's impertinence," cried the

the Britiſh hero to his comrade, " I know he " can't ſpeak a word of Engliſh, and ſo I won't " underſtand him." This amiable obſervation produced a loud laugh amongſt the Engliſhmen, and the Portugueſe was put out of countenance but not out of manners. " I preſume," ſaid he, " bowing, " that Monſieur does not underſtand " my bad Engliſh; and as I have not the honour " to ſpeak good French, I can only regret that I " muſt loſe the benefit of his information." Hereupon the gentleman left the room, and the Engliſhmen laughed louder than before.

Is it not very uncomfortable to ſee ourſelves thus generally outdone in all the conciliating courteſies of life? On my honour I adhere to the ſimpleſt facts, when I again aſſert that a native of this, and of almoſt every country I have paſſed, will attend to every queſtion you pleaſe to aſk—anſwer it the moſt ſatisfactorily in his power,—liſten to the moſt irrelevant and prolix converſations in which you chooſe to addreſs him; go out of his own path to ſet you right in your's; hear the feebleſt attempts to explain yourſelf in his language; and ſo far from ridiculing your deficiency, try to ſupply, by gueſſing your wiſhes, through all the defects of your expreſſion, and be your air, manner, motions, or dreſs, the moſt obnox-

ious in the world, you will never ſee or hear any odious compariſons or national triumphs.

You know me too perfectly to believe I would inſinuate, that the reverſe of this demeanour is univerſally prevailing in Britiſh travellers abroad, or reſidents at home, but it is lamentably general; and I have felt my cheek burn with indignation and ſhame at it, in various countries.

" Reform it altogether," I beg of you, my young countrymen; ſince although the good breeding of thoſe you treat thus ungenerouſly prevents them from recriminating, they ſecretly feel all the contempt for you which ſuch conduct excites, and it impreſſes on their minds an indelible idea of the coarſeneſs, buffoonery, and inhoſpitality of the Britiſh nation.

" What can they reaſon but from what they know?"

And as they may never go into England to vindicate it from theſe firſt impreſſions, and may perhaps avoid mixing with mere Engliſh travellers, after the firſt inſults have been received, you are in effect a depreciator of your country, and ſcandalize it in the eyes and in the eſtimate of every other!

But

But enough of this: and enough of Amſterdam. The lovely ſeaſon invites me to range abroad, farther a-field, and in my irregular, but I hope not unpleaſant way, to mark other places. My purpoſe is now to go once again higher up the country; again to traverſe the pleaſant regions of Guelderland; to circle Weſtphalia, to penetrate into Germany, and in all, to

" Try what the open, what the coverts yield. '

I invite you to accompany me with my whole affectionate heart.

Come then my friend, my genius come along; and may every good and pleaſant thing attend us on the way.

LETTER LVI.

TO THE SAME.

AND the way is literally ſtrewed over with flowers. A journey through Holland in that part of the year when

" Nature all
" Is blooming and benevolent like thee,"

is a journey or rather a voyage, for you go by water, by the ſide of a garden in which nature has done all the ſoil allows, and art has ſupplied her deficiencies as far as it is poſſible. But it is a very curious matter, and worthy of remark, to ſee as you go on higher land, how art declines and nature aſſerts herſelf; I mean as to vegetable beauties. Induſtry and toil, whoſe ſtrong and ingenious hands have wrought ſuch wonders in the Provinces of Holland, Utrecht, &c. appear to be mere lookers on in neighbouring places. The flat but flouriſhing lowland gradually riſes to an hillock, the hillock ſwells to a hill, and the hill ſpreads, as you paſs onward, to a mountain; the regular alley of trees yields to the luxuriant hedge rows; theſe give place to the ſublimer woodland, and that is ſucceeded by the almoſt immeaſurable foreſts: the ſlow and ſmooth canals of Holland improve into the running brooks of Guelderland, theſe expand to the ample lakes of the adjoining countries, and the various ſcene is cloſed by the ſtupendous cataracts of Switzerland. Different proſpects! and a different people! but a Supreme Being preſides over each, and has extended his benignity to all. Let us then

"Etch the proſpect as it lies."

Reſpecting Dordrecht, Gorcum, Breda, Bergen-op-

op-zoom, &c. I muſt beg leave to refer you to the numerous books in which they are very juſtly deſcribed, and in none better than in Peckam. I am anxious to go on with you to the faireſt poſſeſſions of the Dutch Republick, over and acroſs which I am competent to be your guide on the ground of long experience, having traverſed the country of Guelderland—certainly entitled to the epithet of the faireſt poſſeſſion—ſeveral times and at all ſeaſons of the year.

We will juſt ſtop by the way to take an anecdote from Dort. At that town is a very curious, and I believe hitherto unpubliſhed cuſtom in regard to the German timber-merchants. Theſe men having prepared and ſeaſoned their wood, come down upon it along the boſoms of the Rhine and Maiſe. It forms a train of immenſe rafts ſimply tied together, and on the ſurface of theſe planks they erect temporary habitations for the accommodation of themſelves and families. Thus they ſwim down from the high to the low countries to ſell their timber, for which on their arrival at Dort they have a certain market. This traffick is an amuſing novelty; for in defiance of wind, waves or weather, all ages and ſexes, from the cradled infants to the great grandfathers, are on float. But the beſt part of the buſineſs is,

that theſe itinerant Germans having vended their ſtores, and converted their rafts into good Dutch ducats, ſeem to forget they have any other habitation or country, ſince they generally continue to idle about till thoſe ducats, inſtead of making the tour of Germany, remain by the medium of inn-keepers in Dutch land, as if unwilling to emigrate from their native country, or to tarry with the German timber-merchants, many of whom having ſpent the laſt ſtiver in this ſtrolling way, often repair themſelves by marrying ſome pretty Dutch woman, who can pay their paſſage back to the German foreſts; where they hew timber with great induſtry till the ſeaſon of idleneſs again arrives.

Of the Duchy of Guelderland I have in a former letter given you a general character. But our particular attention is due to its principal towns; theſe are Arnheim and Nimeguen, whoſe environs and appertaining villages will employ the lovers of natural and artificial beauties, with many a day of pleaſant obſervation.

The interior parts of this very agreeable Duchy are amongſt the many things ſlighted by poſt-haſte travellers. Nimeguen, indeed, one of its capitals, as being in the direct route of Weſtphalia and Ger-

Germany, forces itſelf upon the notice of the moſt rapid traveller, who *therefore* informs you that it is a rich, ancient and populous town; that the market-place and ſtreet to which it belongs is remarkable for its extent, and the elegance of the ſurrounding buildings, eſpecially the church towers and ſteeples of St. Etienne, by which it is terminated. The town-houſe alſo being amongſt the palpable objects, is deſcribed by the heroes of the whip and ſpur as a magnificent ſtructure, ornamented with the ſtatues of the emperors; and laſtly, we gather from the ſame haſty authors, that the garriſon is in conſiderable force, in the beſt repair, and that it is worth a ſtranger's while who has time to ſpare, and is not fatigued with his journey, to take a ſtroll round the bulwarks while the kettle is boiling, or the beef-ſteak dreſſing.

I can witneſs the truth of all this; but he who mounts his horſe, or throws himſelf into his carriage with having ſeen only theſe ſtaring objects, and then daſhing right on without turning to the right or to the left, enriched as both ſides are with charming little villages and countries, will loſe what is well worth looking for. Of theſe however in their place.

Nimeguen is celebrated in the hiſtory of modern Europe for being the place where the Congreſs

of Plenipotentiaries assembled to conclude the treaty of peace in 1678, between Spain, France and the United Provinces, August 10th; and between the Empire and France, and the Empire and Sweden on the 3d of Feb. 1679. The mediators on the part of the Pope and Great Britain, were Aloise Bevilagua, Patriarch of Alexandria, Lord Berkeley and Temple. The ambassadors of the Emperor were the Count de Goes, Bishop of Gurck; and the Counts de Kinski and Straetman. Those of Spain, France, Sweden, Denmark and the United States were men of equal rank and abilities. We find the eminent name of Colbert amongst the representatives of France.

The Nimeguens, in consequence of this meeting, had the address to procure for their town more solid advantages than are derived from the empty distinction of the signing a treaty of peace, even though of importance to Europe. The States-General contrived to ratify the said treaty by setting on foot a subscription, which was soon filled by the assembled parties, to repair the injuries they had contributed to bring upon the town at the siege which it sustained a few years before. By this means a demand of fifty-five millions of florins, which this town must otherwise have paid by stipulation to the French, was done away.

Numerous

Numerous are the readets who would be ſurprized were I to aſſure them, that the part of the Dutch territory known by the name of Guelderland is replete with not only the beautiful but the ſublime of nature; that the loveliеſt vallies are under ſhelter of the moſt magnificent hills; that theſe extend in a chain which ſometimes is bathed in the clouds from one end of the Province to the other; the moſt romantick foliage and ſcenery luxuriating above, and a delicious branch of the Meuſe, or of the Rhine flowing beneath—the intermediate vallies and plains on a dry, elevated and plentiful ſoil, filled with flocks, herds and game; and enriched by towns, villas, caſtles and hamlets, that to a well-tempered traveller would give the ſenſation of pleaſure, to perceive with what an equal hand the God of nature has been the God of all; and to even a grudging traveller, muſt extort a confeſſion that it is not for Providence to copy the vices of ſelfiſh mortals, but for ſelfiſh mortals to imitate the bounties of Providence. For my own part, I confeſs to you, I never look at theſe bleſſings beſtowed on my fellow-creatures in a foreign land, without feeling my heart at once enlarged and bettered by the view. I have a feeling on this ſubject I anxiouſly wiſh I could deſcribe to you, but the ſenſation is too ſtrong for language; at leaſt for my powers of deſcrip-

deſcription. In traverſing a new country, as its beauties riſe to my view, I conſider each of thoſe beauties as ſo many freſh arguments for my admiration of the great and good beſtower: I conſider a traveller as having even better opportunities than other men to become converſant with his beneficent works. Warmed with this idea, I have beheld with ardent eyes, and felt with an adoring heart, the ſurrounding ſcenes. I have all my life read and heard of the high enjoyment derived from the idea of property; ſimply and independently of the real comforts, or benefits, which ſuch property affords. I have been told of the exquiſite ſatisfaction with which a man walks over a ſpacious garden, or an extenſive meadow, from the conſciouſneſs of their being upon his own ground; and I have been informed likewiſe that the human heart warms with more chearing influence amongſt the flowers, fruits, and other rural charms that are diſplayed in that ſoil where it firſt began to beat, than in any other clime. Of the truth of theſe aſſertions I know nothing. I have never been in poſſeſſion of fine fields or gardens, except as a mere yearly renter; and therefore cannot ſpeak to the wonderful delights, that are ſaid to proceed from the commanding idea, that I was Lord of the land, the fruits, the flowers, the herds, the flocks, &c. &c. Nor have I reſted long enough in the place,

or nation that gave me birth, nor been ſufficiently happy in it to make me think with ſome (I ſuſpect affected) patriots, that even miſery and inconvenience at home are better than comfort and accommodation abroad. Yet I am not inſenſible on general principles to the pleaſing reflection that my countrymen reſide in a fair land, that it is juſtly celebrated for arts and arms, and protected by wholeſome laws. Neither on particular principles, am I without a fond conſolation that the friends, from whom fate or fortune ſeparates me, enjoy all the above privileges, added to the fame and diſtinction which their own talents or virtues ſecure. But this is too broad a ſatisfaction to give me the ſenſation of having a landed intereſt in that country, and luxuriating in the idea that I am the proprietor of ſo many thouſand of its acres. I fear unleſs I were to *liberalize* this ſenſation, by ſuppoſing it aroſe chiefly from the idea ſuch ample poſſeſſions gave of aſſiſting thoſe who had more cauſe to thank nature than fortune—I fear, I ſay, my dear friend, that unleſs I were to ſuppoſe this, which I doubt would be ſomewhat too candid, that to deſcend to the feeling of valuing a tree, a park, a garden, or any other natural beauty, becauſe by purchaſe or birth-right it was my *own*, I muſt very much *narrow* my preſent ſenſations. As it is, I aſcend the mountains at home

home or abroad, and ſee from them, with real joy, the ſmiles of nature, the riches of induſtry, or wonders of art, which, I hope, render tens of thouſands as happy as myſelf.

If half of them are as pleaſed with the poſſeſſion as I with the proſpect, they are delighted indeed. It never enters into my mind—*theſe are not mine*—a thought which is enough to darken the ſun, and envelope the whole ſcene. I even derive gratification from knowing that the view which at the moment regales me, is only a ſpeck, a ſpan, in the great ſyſtem of human felicity, or, at leaſt, the materials of felicity. I paſs the boundary of this ample proſpect, but find no boundary to the felicity: other ſcenes, another people to enjoy them, but an equal abundance of the materials. I expand my reſearch yet further, and find ſtill reaſon to congratulate human nature, and myſelf as ſpectator of the various good appointed for it. I look into a fine territory, and hail the poſſeſſors of it. I ſurvey a majeſtick wood, and ſo far from appropriating a ſingle twig or leaf of it, I am grateful to the owner, for cultivating it. I love it for itſelf, and I love it for the God that made it ſo fair. If imagination ſometimes creates a foreſt, or a flower of her own, or builds me up a manſion or (as I have ſomewhere elſe ſaid) places me a cottage

a cottage in any country, and puts into it what furniture and what inhabitants ſhe knows her votary beſt approves, that is quite another matter, and that is certainly poetical *property;* but for coveting other men's goods, in any other way, or in any other place, through all the works of created nature, I never did, nor ever ſhall. And I do not believe I could walk in the grounds of an enemy, ſee his flowers in bloom, or his fruits in bearing, without plucking a canker from the one, or a ſlug from the other, if I found them in my way.

Bleſſed be your *ſéjour* in Guelderland, my friend. If the vapours of Holland, and her low lands ſhould have relaxed your frame, or ſeized your ſpirits, here you may brace the one, and invigorate the other. Deviate into the ſequeſtered paths and you will be delighted with cluſtering villages that make directly to the heart, by the medium of peculiar neatneſs and ſimplicity; for here nature begins to reſume herſelf; in Holland ſhe was often obliged to yield to art. If you keep the direct roads, they will guide you to many noble towns, and highly ornamented countries. In either path, I repeat, bleſſed may you be.

LETTER LVIII.

TO THE SAME.

ONE of the main roads will take you to Arnheim; a town which rivals Nimeguen in beauty, and ſurpaſſes it in ſituation.

It is a pretty curious fact, that a ſtranger cannot come into this place, or go out of it, without paying for his exit and entrance. In the ſpace of half a league, there are half a dozen bridges raiſed over as many canals. At each of theſe you pay a paſſage money; the firſt takes a half-penny, the ſecond a penny, and ſo on in a riſing ſeries; the ſixth payment carries you to the great gate, at which you are ſtopped by a worthy perſon who has another demand on you: and whether on foot or on horſeback, or in a carriage, you muſt pay your quota. As this was the firſt time I had been aſked to pay for the uſe of my legs, I thought it worth while to inquire the reaſon, and was told that I had the honour to pay at all theſe bridges, for the good of the Republick, and by order of the States. I bowed and paſſed on to my hotel, where I had ſcarce time to felicitate myſelf on having contributed my mite to the Republick ere mine hoſt of the Golden Eagle (the beſt inn of Arnheim)

heim) preſented me with a book and pen, to announce my name, quality, object of travel, how long I purpoſed to remain in town, and which of its inhabitants could ſpeak to my character. By the bye, all theſe demands are made in Dutch, and if your landlord cannot interpret, you muſt make it out as you can; for your anſwer to every queſtion muſt be given in to the magiſtrates, early the next morning. The interrogatories here are:—

De Naam?
Woonplaats?
Qualiteit of Beroep?
Van waar gekoomen?
Hoe lang blyve?
By wie hier of Elders in de Provintie bekend?

This being a pretty general cuſtom on the Continent, I ſhould not have noticed it but for the abruptneſs with which it was done; and being ſomewhat weary, I wiſhed to get a quiet pot of tea, before I wrote down my hiſtory; unleſs, ſaid I to the landlord, you ſhould be of opinion it may be for the good of the Republick and the States-General, that I ſhould give an account of myſelf before. The Republick, anſwered my hoſt, is always happy to receive ſtrangers, and to know who they are, what they come for, how long they remain, and where they are going; and the ſooner the

the chief magiſtrates are made acquainted with all this the better. Then my information ſhall be conciſe, complete, and immediate. I come to pick up what I can find in other countries, and carry it off to my own. I have already gone half the world over with the like view; and before I get home, ſhall perhaps traverſe the other half. There was ſomething in this account which my landlord did not like. He faſtened a ſtrong ſuſpicion on the declaration, that I was come to pick up and carry off what I could find. But in the courſe of the evening, a gentleman of the place, to whom I was known, cleared me up to the good man's ſatisfaction, and he afterwards made ample amends for his over-haſty ſuſpicions.

He told me what was worthy of remark, both in his town and neighbourhood. He advertiſed me of a book in which were ſet down and printed the prices of baggage, carriages, boats, and poſt-horſes, by which extortion was rendered impoſſible. He told me I was within a day's walk or morning ride of ſeveral very beautiful villas, and he ordered his little ſon to write me down, as well a direction to, as a deſcription of theſe: "When you have got "out of the town-gate," ſaid the little fellow, "*you will ſee* a long avenue of trees, which you "muſt walk under, and *when you get* to the end of "this

" this long avenue, *you will ſee* two roads, you muſt " take the left, and *when you have* walked another " quarter of an hour, you will ſee a fine inn, and on " the other ſide of this fine inn *you will ſee* Claarem- " beck, and then another quarter of an hour, and " *you will ſee* Angleſtein; and *when you have got* " to Angleſtein, then go ſtraight forward till you " come to Ronſindale, where there is another " good inn, from whence you have but a ſhort " walk to Belljoen; and when you ſee Belljoen, " you ſhould go to the inn called the Brouverye, " and there you will learn the way to Backheuſen, " which is the moſt beautiful of all." My inſtructor was but eight years old; and though his account was ſomething like, " Walk in gentle- " men, *and ſee what you ſhall ſee*," it was done with ſo hearty a good-will, and ſo many apologies for bad French, and ſo well-natured an offer of his little ſelf, to prevent my ſuffering by his ignorance, that it abundantly atoned for the behaviour of his father on my firſt coming into the houſe.

My young director, however, who had more of the French courteſy (I ſpeak of France when it was a nation) than of the French language, made a ſmall miſtake in putting the word *gauche*, where he ſhould have written *droit*, by which I was carried a good hour's walk out of my tract, and for

which I return him my hearty thanks, being thereby conducted into ſome of the moſt delightful bye-walks, nooks, and corners of Nature. I might have driven along the main road for a month together, without ſo much as ſuſpecting thoſe ſweetly-ſequeſtered beauties were ſo near at hand.

And now my good reader, if peradventure thou art, like myſelf, maſter of thy time, and a deliberate traveller, let me ſuggeſt to thee the ſupreme ſatisfaction of now and then loſing thy way; ſince by ſuch accidents thou wilt ſometimes find, at every devious ſtep, a rich reward for thy wanderings. Indeed I would adviſe thee (where the general courſe, ſituation, and proſpect of a country inſures thee a beauty of nature go were thou wilt) to ride or walk, contrary to the inſtructions thou mayeſt have received, incontinently turning to the right when thou art deſired to keep the left, and *vice verſa*. If thou haſt never tried, there is no convincing thee of the enchanting ſcenes which a dull regular right-on journey makes thee paſs. For my own part being, as thou haſt ſeen in the courſe of theſe wanderings, in the habit of holding long and audible converſations with myſelf, when perhaps there is neither an human creature, nor the habitation of one within a league of me, and when

when warmly engaged in the queſtion and anſwer of ſuch ſelf-ſuſtained dialogues, I often take the left for right, and the right for left without knowing it. My diſcourſe, however, being uſually on the beauties of nature, I loſe none of them by theſe errors, but am upon the whole a gainer. It is true I have frequently been benighted, but then I have found an inn, a public houſe, or a private one, or a cot, and all theſe have commonly been prolifick of adventures either for good or evil, or a mixture of both: new ſcenes have preſented themſelves; new characters; and in the courſe of the next day I have got by ſome other cut (which is another novelty) into the main road. I glean every inch of the way, and on coming home, add ſomething to my ſheaf: Or if you ſhould ſtray *very* far out of the beaten path, you will always meet ſomebody good natured enough to ſhew you the way back. For inſtance: by the miſdirection of my little guide I deviated a league. I heard the ſound of an axe in the middle of a foreſt, juſt at the opening of four different great roads cut through the ſaid foreſt. I took that from whence the ſound ſeemed to come. But the ſound ſoon led me through numberleſs verdant difficulties, and leafy labyrinths, which, though far from being unpleaſant, conveyed me to the thickeſt parts of the wood. On a ſudden, the

ſound of the axe ceaſed, and I was without any guide at all:

"Where woods immeaſurably ſpread
"Seem'd length'ning as I went."

I wandered about for ſome time, before I recollected that I could occaſion a ſound as well as the axe. I raiſed my voice to its extent. Had I whiſpered it muſt have been heard, for within a few paces the woodman, who had been felling timber, was ſitting upon a tree he had juſt cut down; and converting it both into a ſeat and table, was eating his mid-day meal: this conſiſted of very dark brown bread, a bunch of radiſhes, and a lump of cheeſe; of all which he invited me to partake, and in a manner that to refuſe would have been churliſh. Beſides I had rambled about, like the babes of the wood, till I was hungry. After my repaſt, the hoſpitable foreſter, with an urbanity that would have thrown luſtre on the dweller in a palace, conducted me to the ſide of the wood; and there, not having ſufficient confidence in his explanations, or in the ſpecimens I gave of a knowledge in his language, he took my cane, (which, however, he returned with a bow almoſt in the ſame moment, as if ſenſible he had in a manner committed an outrage on his former courteſy) then uſing his fingers as a compaſs, he drew a correct map

map of my route upon the ſand; by means of which I was as perfect a maſter of the geography of my intended excurſion, as if Cooke, Kitchen, or Sanby, thoſe celebrated mappiſts, had made out my chart.

There was ſo much natural good-will, and good-breeding in the ſervices of this man of the woods, that as he drew the lines of direction, my heart warmed towards him. I gave my hand to raiſe him from the ground, on which he kneeled to draw his inſtructions; and as I bade him adieu, I felt that comfortleſs ſenſation which has ſo often accompanied me in my journey through the world, when I have taken leave of the kind and courteous, whom accident has thrown into my path, but whom the chances are againſt my ever meeting again. The longeſt paſſage of life is ſhort; and one ſees in travelling it many objects, and catch glimpſes of many perſons *en paſſant*, to whoſe countenances, converſe, and other charms, we muſt bid moſt likely an eternal farewell, juſt as they begin to intereſt and delight us. But the pleaſure of ſuch encounters, tranſitory as they are, have a ſweetneſs that ſoftens the regret of our not being able to enjoy it long. My advice therefore is, in caſes of travel, the reverſe of that given in caſes of morality. In the latter we are very pro-

perly admoniſhed to reject the crooked paths which lead to vice, even though ſtrewed with roſes, and to perſiſt in the ſtraight road which conducts to virtue, though ſurrounded by thorns. But in a journey purely to ſee the world, "and "all that it inherits," my exhortation is, that you quit the broad right-on way, and take the winding one. For inſtance, hadſt thou, my friend, in the deviations of half a day, met nothing more than the man of the wood, would he not have more than paid thee for thy wanderings,

Certainly I have in my perambulations of this day, received as much vernal pleaſure, and in as great variety as the moſt ardent lover of nature could deſire. I performed the tour my obliging little guide had deſcribed, infinitely to my ſatisfaction; and on my regaining Arnheim, was juſt as fatigued as is conſiſtent with a ſound and quiet reſt.

I roſe with all the freſhneſs of the morning; and yet I feel myſelf at a loſs how to make you a partaker of my gratified heart; having, as you know, a ſettled diſlike to all formal accounts:

"Where pure deſcription holds the place of ſenſe."

And yet it is impoſſible to paſs over a ſeries of

of very beautiful ſcenery, without ſaying ſomething.

Firſt, however, you are to obſerve that the country itſelf, I mean this part of Guelderland, does not admit of thoſe elevations or deſcents which characterize the land betwixt Nimeguen and Utrecht. You meet in the environs of Arnheim, no cataracts which, impatient of controul, burſt their way through a thouſand fiſſures of the rocks; you perceive no mountains which give you all the changing ſeaſons as you aſcend them: at their baſe the ſoftneſs of the ſpring, in their centre a glowing ſummer, and on their ſummit a rigorous winter. But you have abundance of thoſe graceful riſings and fallings, that by the help of a little art afford you many charming landſcapes. Travellers of every deſcription will, in the walk I have taken, find amuſement and delight, from the riſing even to the ſetting of the ſun. Here are pictures for the painter and the bard. In each of the places is the happieſt diſpoſition of the evergreens, and the whole view is enriched by cottages, convents, churches, mills, and turrets: huſbandmen and women at work; children ſpread over the ground in ſport, ſheep at paſture: bloſſoms of all colours, flowers of all fragrance; the Rhine flowing on one ſide, the

Maeſe on the other, with numberleſs intermediate ſtreams, brooks, and rivulets, meandring through the verdure. To theſe the poet would be able to deſcribe in his numbers, what cannot be ſo forcibly impreſſed by the maſter of the pencil; the harmony of nightingales *, which are even in flights throughout Guelderland. Indeed they are here too numerous for poetry; for they echo each other in ſuch rapid reſponſes, and the charm is ſo inceſſant, that a young votary of the muſe would have more Philomelas than he knew well how to manage. Indeed they are in this country, in too great quantity for a proſeman; for the note of one runs into that of a ſecond, the ſecond into a third, and ſo on, that they put each other out of tune, and produce rather a clamour than a concord. I think, verily, I heard in this little tour as many of theſe celebrated ſong-

* It would, for inſtance, be impoſſible for painting to colour with half the richneſs or melancholy ſweetneſs with which poetry has tinted the Nightingales of Shaw or Laura Maria; in proof of which I have only to refer you to the poems of either of thoſe charming writers: It would be ſuperfluous to quote what the world has literally got *by heart*. Allow me, however, to preſerve in our correſpondence, by way of poſtſcript, in verſe, ſome lines leſs known, and which, under the proud name of Petrarch, (but uſed only to aſſort with that of Laura,) were deſigned to expreſs my ſenſe of Mrs. Robinſon's beautiful compoſition.

ſters,

ſters, as would have added a nightingale to half the groves of Great Britain. Nor would travellers of a tender complexion, fail to find ſomething in keeping with their feeling. There are bowers of moſs, arbours of the thickeſt verdure, and hermitages of the profoundeſt ſequeſtration: and if peradventure, as in parties of pleaſure ſuch painful things occur, any two perſons, whether of the ſame or of a different ſex, whether ſingle or married, wiſh for the relief of a little abſence from each other, it is but taking the right path when the other goes to the left, (for they are very artfully connected, ſo as to render the ſeparation unperceived) and I will enſure to both the felicity of at leaſt an hour's reſpite from the ſmalleſt hazard of their coming near each other.

In this general deſcription I include the general beauties of the ſeveral places already mentioned, as the objects of my ambulation, *viz.* Clarembec, Roſindale, Belljoin, and Bacheuſen. A few particulars muſt however be noted. The dwelling-houſe of Roſindale, whoſe other beauties are ſo manifold, and in ſuch good taſte, has its foundation in water, not a running ſtream, not a flowing river, but a filthy, diſcoloured, ſtanding pool—a fault common to the very beſt houſes, and even palaces of the Republick; and what is ſtranger ſtill,

ſtill, conſidered as an advantage. I might mention too, as a counterpart to this, the misſhapen and *outré* paintings of gods and goddeſſes, fiſh and game, fruit and ſhell-work, in one of the moſt ſpacious pavilions of the ſaid Roſindale. This pavilion is alſo ornamented, or if you pleaſe onerated with urns and vaſes, and ſtatues ſo ill aſſorted, and ſo cloſe together, that it has rather the air of a ſtone maſon's or ſtatuary's ſhop and warehouſe, than of a nobleman's ſummer-houſe. But, indeed, all Dutch embelliſhments exhibit a falſe taſte and clumſy genius. At Bacheuſen, however, are objects that would find their way to your "heart of hearts." From a path almoſt open to an extenſive country, you enter into a grove of evergreens, which, by a very ſkilful gradation, take a deeper hue in your progreſs. The firſt five or ſix hundred yards the foliage is of young fir, which gives a tender kind of ſhade, at the end of which the path begins to darken, the trees, which are ſtill of fir but of greater age, being more lofty and venerable. Preſently you come to a double, then a treble row of theſe on each ſide. About a quarter of a mile farther on, the ſhade becomes ſo thick that twilight overtakes you. You are alarmed; your ſtep is awed; you liſten. The wind blowing through the firs, in ſuch a place, gives the ſound of heavy human

ſighing,

ſighing, when, urged by a wiſh to regain the day, and preſſing onward, you are precipitated into an abyſs ſo profound, and are ſurrounded by ſuch melancholy foliage, as wraps you in almoſt utter darkneſs, even in the noon of day. The trees in this part are cypreſs, the growth of ſeveral centuries, and the underwood below is of the dunneſt ſhrubs, ſo interwoven as to exclude the light. You are thus in "the darkneſs that may be *felt*," from which, however, a few minutes walking relieves you. You come into a path, where the ſame artful arrangement of foliage, which had excluded the ſun-beams, is uſed to reſtore them. The greens are at firſt only *ſomewhat* leſs dark, the livelier ſhades ſucceed—the tints ſoften apace, the day returns, and you are touched by an emotion too mighty and ſingular for the pen, at leaſt for that of your affectionate friend.

PETRARCH,

TO * *LAURA MARIA*,

On her Ode to the Nightingale.

O if thy penſive muſe can tell,
The ſtory of her woes ſo well!
If thus the anguiſh of thy Lyre,
Can more than mirth's gay notes inſpire!

* Mrs. Robinſon.

If

If more of gentle pity lies,
In the ſoft magick of thy ſighs;
—If, as thy plaintive tale we hear,
More wiſdom flows with ev'ry tear,
Than ever Joy's extatic power,
To Folly brought in Rapture's hour;
If thus thy tuneful griefs impart,
A charm that melts and mends the heart:
And if, as ſound the trembling ſtrings,
Thy PHILOMEL more lofty ſings
In LAURA's verſe than in the grove,
Ev'n on the night ſhe loſt her love;—
Oh, who can wiſh that bird or thee,
From ſuch ſweet ſorrow wholly free?
Or who that heard ye once complain,
But liſtens for the ſounds again.

Yet who that ſees that gentle breaſt,
In life's fair prime depriv'd of reſt;
That hears thee tell in truth-taught lays,
"How full of grief has been thy days!"
But would that magick verſe forego,
Could ſilence eaſe thy weight of woe!

Yet to the Muſe ſince powers belong,
—For ſuch the force of ſacred ſong!—
To calm Misfortune's troubled mien,
And give the "PATIENT SMILE ſerene,
"Till by its bleſt and chearing ray,
"The clouds of ſorrow fade away,"
O may the NIGHTINGALE and THEE,
Still ſhare our tender SYMPATHY,
Which, join'd to thy reſponſive ſtrain,
May ſteal from BOTH "the Thorn of Pain!"

LETTER

LETTER L.

TO THE SAME.

TO the beauteous country which includes theſe attracting ſpots, I ſhould tell you that you may be conducted by land or water, each of which has its peculiar charm. Your route by the former is Harwich, Helveotſluice, Rotterdam, and Nimeguen. By the latter you embark at Rotterdam, and are carried on the boſom of the Maeſe, even to the places deſcribed: your paſſage to which in the ſummer-time is replete with beautiful ſcenery: but let me apprize you of the neceſſity there is to go by the public barges, and not in one of the private bye-trading boats. It is the more eſſential for you to know this, as there are perſons at the water's edge lying in wait literally to *take you in*, under pretence of their ſailing directly. Your being ſeduced by this appearance of accommodation, may ſubject you to numberleſs inconveniencies; beſides paying for them double the money, which, in the vulgar boats, would be demanded of you for the beſt treatment.

Having mentioned Rotterdam, I will here offer you two circumſtances, which, though gleaned long ſince, were omitted when I gave you a particular account of that populous place.

I was

I was there on the 8th of March, the day which is commemorated as the anniverſary of the Stadtholder's birth. If external ſigns were always expreſſive of the fact, a traveller would preſume that the Prince of Orange is beloved of his people beyond any other potentate of the earth, taking the ſhew of his natal day as a proof of it. For beſides the common ceremonies of firing guns, and other compliments of courſe, civil or military emblems of loyalty were diſplayed, wherever invention, and even whim, could hang them out. All the veſſels were full dreſſed, fore, aft, and midſhip, in their holiday finery: the feſtival literally went off with flying colours. The orange ribbon was not only in every hat, cap, and bonnet of his Highneſs's human ſubjects, but extended to all the beſtial train that have the honour to breathe in his and their High Mightineſſes' Republick. The horſes' heads, tails, manes, cheſts, and fetlocks, were decorated with it; nay, the figure of the Prince, is crammed in little into the buttons of their coats, and flags are hoiſted on every ſteeple: even the venerable figure of Eraſmus, which ſtands in the market-place, is moſt ridiculouſly be-oranged. A filleting of that colour is wreathed round his hat, or rather cap, and faſtened by an orange-ſtring under his noſe, into the

the noſtrils of which is ſtuffed orange-peeling: the ſaſh that ties the robe is fringed with it; the very ſleeves of his gown are filled with real oranges, and his ſhoe-ſtrings are drawn into orange-bows. Somebody either out of zeal or waggery, has ſtopped up the ſage's mouth with more of the orange-peeling, and a capacious offering of that fruit covers the opened folio book which he holds in his hands: Whether it is that volume of his works which contains the celebrated treatiſe on *Folly*, I am not able to inform you; but, whatever may be due to the honours of the day, it would be a pity ſo noble a ſtatue ſhould be thus caricatured more than once in the year.

It is however, a pleaſant ſight to ſurvey from the water, in a tour round the canals, the barges of pleaſure, and thoſe of trade, all dreſſed in their beſt array: the arms and emblems of the Republick, and the colours of the Provinces that conſtitute it, brought under one point of view; many of the pendants reaching from the top-gallant-maſt head to the river.

How far theſe appearances are real indications of an happy or contented people, is not now the queſtion: Permit me yet a little while to amuſe you with more peaceable ſubjects.

To return to Dutch Guelderland.—No one but an humble gleaner would ſtoop to pick up an obſervation on a *warming-pan*, and yet two different kinds of theſe, in the two different provinces of Utrecht and Guelderland, have entertained me more than any thing in which the affections are not engaged, ſince I left England.

In the former place as in the latter, the ſevere weather which gloomed on my firſt viſit to theſe fine Provinces, made a warm bed amongſt the neceſſaries of life: but a warming-bed pan in the Engliſh faſhion, was not in general uſage, and the ſubſtitute was whimſical enough—an open earthen pan, full of living aſhes, was placed in an earthen platter, this again put into a large wicker cover, baſket form, not unlike a magpye's cage. This complicated machinery was placed in the bed, where it remained about twenty minutes, during which I was to freeze in expectation. A ſimple warming-pan would have anſwered a better end in half a dozen turns; for the pertinency of inſiſting on its ſtaying its uſual time, againſt all the arguments I could uſe with the chamberlain, was puniſhed by his ſcorching the ſheets, which induced mine hoſteſs of Utrecht to give in to that monſtrous machine, as ſhe called it, an Engliſh warming pan.

Farther

Farther up the country I was treated with a yet greater curioſity: this was no other than a Seltzer water-bottle filled with boiling materials: What was to be done with this, doſt thou ſuppoſe, my ingenious reader? Why it was to make the tour of the bed in a very regular progreſs, beginning at the head and ending at the feet: an operation that took up at leaſt twenty minutes alſo, and with good attendance, for the bottle was to reſt little, and be rolled much. The night following, in the hope of ſhortening the labour, I ordered three warming-bottles, and the chambermaid being a goodnatured girl, complied ſmilingly with my demand. One was placed at the head, a ſecond in the middle, and a third at the feet. I was going to exult over the ignorance and barbarity in which the country had been ſo long involved, when the middle warmer, which happened to be a common wine bottle, loſt its cork, which dire event not being perceived till I had ſent away the maid, telling her I ſhould be ſome time undreſſing, and would carefully take out the bottles when they had done their duty, myſelf. By this manœuvre the bed was inundated juſt as I ſtepped into it, with the additional *agrèment* of my being in the dark; for that nothing might interrupt the repoſe I promiſed myſelf, I had previouſly put out my candle. This was a worſe calamity to

me, at leaſt, than the ſcorched ſheets; but putting both together, you feel the difficulty which a traveller from the comfortable realm of Great Britain has to prevent being burned or drowned in his bed; ſince he is thus nightly in danger betwixt fire and water.

But the beds themſelves are objects of as humorous ſpeculation, as the machines by which they are warmed. There is a ſcale of inconvenience and abſurdity in them. In Holland they are indifferent, in Guelderland they are worſe, in Weſtphalia they are very hard upon you, and in Pruſſia they are not to be endured, ſcarcely even by thoſe who

> "Have made the flinty and rough couch of war
> "Their thrice-driven bed of down."

Aid me ye powers, who pity aching bones, to deſcribe them! Beſides the delightful cuſtom of frequently cramming a family, with the agreeable circumſtance of now and then introducing a ſtranger to keep you company, in the ſame room, (this is really frequent in Germany, and you may think yourſelf well off if they do not put a being you never ſaw before into your bed,) and that room ſeldom a large one; it is no abuſe of a traveller's privileges to aſſure you, that three of their beds put together

together do not more than make up what in England would be conſidered as a decent bed for a man and his wife. Matter of fact will ſanction me to deſire you will read *four* inſtead of three, if you penetrate far into the Auſtrian country. Nor is their breadth leſs ſcanty than their length. So far from being at your eaſe, ſtretched out into your natural dimenſions and proportions, you muſt contract yourſelf into one half of your natural ſize, and ſometimes curl yourſelf up like the curs of the country. In the Palatinate, I was once abſolutely thruſt into ſuch a crib that a well-grown cat would have been only handſomely accommodated: and for me, I was compelled to fold myſelf up like an eel; or if I were even to lie lengthways from ſide to ſide, the matter would not have been much better, as even in that caſe I muſt have tucked myſelf into a double, as if tied neck and heels for execution: you flounce againſt the foot or ſideboards at every turn; and if to be relieved from committing this outrage and aſſault on yourſelf, you take away either of theſe barbarous pieces of wood which ſlide up and down, you incontinently fall out of bed: And that all the paraphernalia of the bed may be uniformly uncomfortable, the quilts, blankets, and ſheets, are neither broad nor long enough to keep you decently covered through the night, ex-

cept you bundle and pack yourſelf up in the aforeſaid manner, and are beſides a very ſound and quiet ſleeper indeed; the leaſt reſtleſſneſs, though but in a dream, would deſtroy the whole economy of your bed, and on waking you would find yourſelf in a ſtate of nature, though in ſleep you had ſuppoſed yourſelf arrayed in a birth-day ſuit.

You have it, nevertheleſs, in mind, that I ſpeak generally of Table D'Hotes, Taverns, and what in theſe countries are, with too much compliment, called good private lodgings. In private houſes you occaſionally find in theſe countries as in others, good rooms, good fare, good beds, and good company. But thoſe are not properly ſo much the objects of information to a traveller, who requires paſſing accommodations at the publick inns and private lodgings. Theſe merit the character I have given them. Indeed, in all which are juſtly called the *comforts* of life, Holland, Guelderland, Pruſſia, Germany, and other countries, are ſo many hundred years behind us, that we have juſt cauſe to be at once proud and grateful: proud of our happy iſland, and grateful for the benign government under which it flouriſhes. But more of this in its place.

I ſhould entertain you very much about the

ſtorks

ſtorks to be ſeen in the United States of Holland, as *that how* they are lovers of Republicks, and to be ſeen only in countries where freedom is enjoyed, and, *as how*, they are even there only birds of paſſage; viſitors, not natives: and, *as how*, they hold conſultations with one another throughout all the Republick, having as many deputies as the reſpective Provinces; and, *as how*, it is ſettled at a ſolemn Synod, that theſe winged *high* mightineſſes, for when erect they will meaſure to the ſtature almoſt of a man, are to quit Holland on a certain day and hour of a certain month, when the ſtorks of each Province aſſiſt at the general aſſembly, held on ſome palace, barn, or church ſteeple, previous to their departure; and, *as how*, the invalids, and ſupernatural parts of the flocks of theſe liberty birds, being unable to travel, and againſt the laws of the long-legged convention that they ſhould be left behind, are very heroically, but unmercifully put to death by their fellow-creatures, and by them left unnaturally (ſo cruel a thing is a too great love of freedom,) to moulder in a foreign land, while their murderers ſet off, and go the Lord knows whither; and, *as how*, in the laſt place, theſe ſagacious tribes, make their flight bck, after a few months' abſence, and eſtabliſh the hour and moment of their return, by the ſame decrees and formalities, juſt as if their town houſes were

were in one Republick, and their country ones in another. Of all theſe things I ſay, and a great many more which many redoubted travellers have inſiſted on, I ſhould certainly give you my confirmation, but for one of the ſimpleſt reaſons: ſuch *as how*, there is as much truth as will lie in a nutſhell, and more falſehoods than could be crouded into a buſhel, reſpecting theſe feathered gentry: The fact is, ſome go out of Holland, and ſome ſtay in it all their lives. As a proof of the latter part of my poſition, I refer you to the confeſſion of half a dozen of theſe learned perſonages, who (if they are as honeſt as good Republicans ſhould be) will tell you have never left the Hague; nor perhaps, that part of it yclept the fiſh-market theſe many years: in that ſpot I have ſeen them ſwallow down their long throats, as good a ſmall fry as would have ſubſiſted a family: for theſe are amongſt the ſeveral birds protected by ſuperſtition in Holland. I have likewiſe ſeen the ſaid Republick-loving birds in Pruſſia, and in other deſpotick ſtates, and even in ſome where they are knocked on the head with as little ceremony as crows and ſparrows. I had, moreover, an intimate acquaintance with a whole family of them, in one of the little German territories, governed by a petty Prince, who was as inveterate a tyrant, both to man, fiſh, and fowl, as was ever

"Dreſſed in a petty, brief authority."

Another claſs of the privileged birds of Holland are the quails. Theſe, more eſpecially in Guelderland, are preſerved with even a religious care: there is one or more in almoſt every family, but by no means in Republican ſituations. They are caged, and hung at the ſides of the houſes, where they tweedle their plaintive notes, not as Thomſon calls them to their "*running* mates," but to their ſlaviſh fellow-priſoners, rather as if they mourned the loſs of their freedom, than as if they ſung the Io Pæans of Liberty.

A yet more favoured tribe are the ſwans; to kill or even to maim which, is not only an offence of a private kind, but of publick cognizance. A ſwan feaſt, ſuch as is partaken now and then in England, would by the magiſtrates be deemed treaſon, and by the mob ſacrilege; and here it is that this proud bird might indeed ſing while dying, according to poetical fiction, to think that he had paſt ſo comfortable a life.

But of all the race that wing the air, a Nimeguen raven is the moſt diſtinguiſhed. In that town, this croaking creature is of mighty importance to the inhabitants, who hold their very char-

ter on a ſingular cuſtom concerning it. It is neceſſary for one or more of theſe ravenous birds to be maintained at publick expence in great luxury. They are placed in a large wooden cage, which is but the outlet or balcony of a more ſpacious inner apartment, ſituated on the quay, which faces that part of the Maiſe that looks to Arnheim. You never paſs without ſeeing ſome very nice fowls hung up for their repaſt, and picked for them as clean as if it had been for the table of the Burgomaſter. I muſt own, I have often wiſhed ſome of this good fare would have fallen down at the feet of many a poor, pulletleſs wretch, whom I have ſeen caſt up a longing look at the cage;—but all this luxury is to be eaten in an eternal priſon, in the midſt of a Republick that is boaſting of its freedom. Did the charter-ravens know, however, what blood and miſery the ſtruggles for this freedom have coſt the people of Holland, and what miſery and blood may yet flow to maintain it, they would have more occaſion to congratulate themſelves, perhaps, on being priſoners for life, than to *croak*, like many of the Citizens of the Republick, after more liberty. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER LIX.

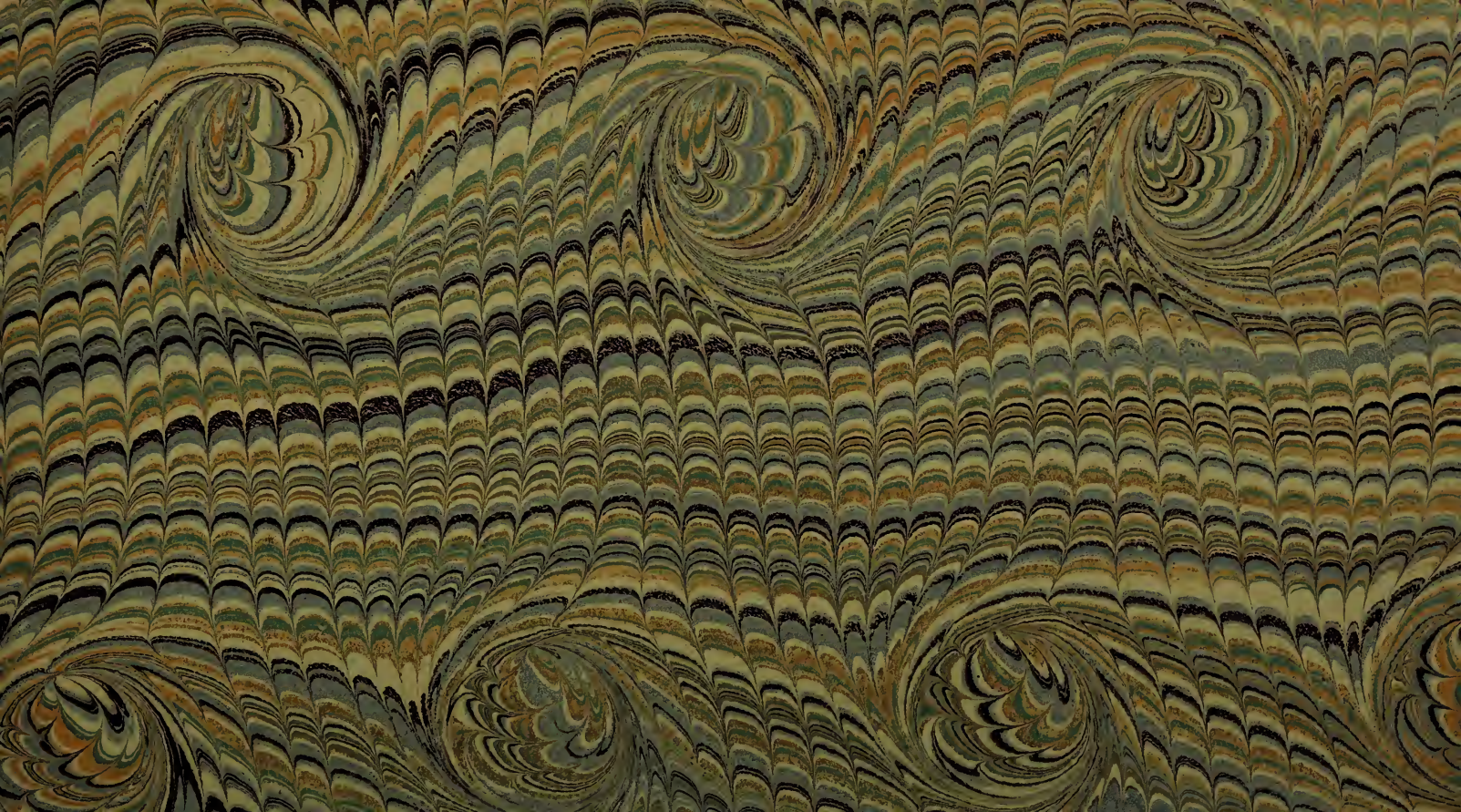
TO THE SAME.

WITH regard to the general hiſtory of this country, for many revolving ages, it reſembles the general hiſtory, alas, of almoſt every other nation in the habitable globe; a rubrick picture of battles loſt and gained, cities ſacked or beſieged, villages buried, burned, or deſolated, the fury of man contending with man, and the diſaſters of human nature, aggravated by the ambition and weakneſs of human creatures.

From the very foundation of the Republick, to the year 1715, the ſtory of Holland, and its beautiful dependencies, is nothing but a tiſſue of difficulties and diſputes, foreign or domeſtick. The inhabitants had ſcarcely time to breathe from one battle, and bind up its wounds or bury its dead, ere another called them to the field. A war of years againſt Spain for ſecuring the independence of the States was ſuſpended by a twelve years' truce it is true, but it was partial and did not extend to their Indian poſſeſſions. The peace obtained in 1648 laſted only four years, after terrible bloodſhed. The firſt war with Great-Britain continued to 1654. And juſt as they began to

reliſh the ſweets of peace they had to cope with three great powers at the ſame time, viz. Denmark, Portugal and Sweden. Their hoſtilities in the North continued to 1660, and in the South to 1661. Then began their ſecond conteſt with Great Britain, and did not end till their pacification treaty at Breda in 1667, and the very next inſtant they were invaded by Louis the XIVth of France. A deceitful ſort of calm then took place for three years, when they were attacked unpreparedly (indeed they appear never to have been prepared) by ſea and land, by the formidable and united forces of France and England. It was not till after a carnage of ſix years more, that the peace of Nimeguen was concluded in 1678. Even that was not enjoyed without alloy; for Louis, amongſt other exactions, inſiſted on their furniſhing troops againſt Spain. This was the epoch, when the liberty endangered by James the Second, invited the Prince of Orange as an auxiliary for freedom. This memorable expedition was undertaken in 1688, and whatever were its effects to Great Britain, involved the Dutch in a war that laſted within a year of the ſiege of Troy. The peace of Ryſwick was ſcarcely concluded when the diſputes about the Spaniſh ſucceſſion opened another ſcene of combat. This war even ſurpaſſed in duration that of the Trojans, laſting

eleven years. The peace of Utrecht indeed gave the government time to lay down, or rather reſt on its arms. But as if this little Republick was fated to have no undiſturbed repoſe, frequent and bloody ruptures broke out betwixt the Dutch and the African Corſairs, which made it neceſſary for the former to keep a ſtrong armament in the Mediterranean.

Thus my friend you ſee, that in a courſe of 147 years, which revolved from their firſt taking up arms in 1566, to the peace of Utrecht in 1713, the inhabitants of this—what ſhall I call it? little floating iſland—this molehill of land in a world of waters, did not enjoy in pacifick intervals more than thirty years. And when all theſe publick hoſtilities were at an end, and in reſpect of foreign tumults, the Republick was bleſſed with a more ſolid tranquillity than it had ever known ſince its political exiſtence, their diſputes, quarrels, and revolutions amongſt *themſelves* again involved them in a ſucceſſion of troubles, triumphs, ſucceſſes and miſcarriages, which filled up the reſt of their time, and which continue in a great degree to this very day.—Adieu.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.